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LUTHER:

A Poem.

BY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A.

AUTHOR OF

"THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY," "THE MESSIAH," "SATAN,"

ETC. ETC.

52876

"The solitary Monk that shook the wo[illegible]"

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Epitaphium

THEOD. BEZÆ IN MARTINUM LUTHERUM.

" Roma orbem domuit, Romam sibi Papa subegit
Viribus illa suis, fraudibus iste suis
Quanto isto major LUTHERUS, major et illa
Istum, illamque uno qui domuit calamo!
I, nunc! Alciden memorato, Græcia Mendax:
LUTHERI ad calamum ferrea clava nihil!"

" Rome once subdued the world by war;
By art the Pope crushed her again:
One monk excels them both by far,
For both were vanquished by his pen!
Go, now, thou fabling Greece, and boast no longer
Alcides' club,—for Luther's pen is stronger!"

TO

MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY,"

THE FOLLOWING ATTEMPT IS GRATEFULLY

Inscribed,

BY THE AUTHOR.

Glasgow, 1842.

Epitaph.

PHILIPP MELANCTHON.

Occidit omnigenâ venerandus laude Lutherus
Qui Christum docuit non dubitante fide.
Ereptum deflet vero, hunc ecclesia luctu
Cujus erat d[illegible]tor, veriùs, imo pater.
Occidit Israel præstans auriga Lutherus,
Quem mecum sanus lugeat omnis homo.
Nunc luctumque suum lacrymoso carmine prodat
Hoc etenim orbatos flere, dolore decet.

SCHEME.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION ix

CHRIST THE CENTRE AND CIRCUMFERENCE OF TRUTH, 1

THE MYSTICAL BODY OF THE CHURCH 11

MAN'S NEED AND GOD'S SUPPLY 22

THE DIVINE PROLOGUE 28

CHARACTERISTICS 40

CHILDHOOD 58

THE UNIVERSITY 69

MAN'S RELIGION 71

HOW THE DAY-STAR RISES IN THE HEART OF FAITH, 77

GOD'S AMBASSADORS 79

THE METROPOLIS OF THE MAN OF SIN 83

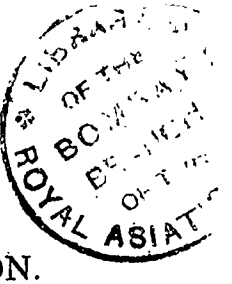
SATAN'S THEOLOGY 86

THE REFORMATION'S DAWN 90

ITS MASTER PRINCIPLE 92

	PAGE
THE GOSPEL according to MAN, IN	
(1) THE SUPREMACY	96
(2) THE MYSTERY	99
(3) THE MORAL ROOT	110
INSPIRATION OF THE IDEAL	121
THE COVENANT OF HEARTS	129
THE UNIQUE OF HISTORY	146
THE INTERLUDE	156
PATMOS	171
THE CRISIS	185
MENTAL RESURRECTION	192
THE AFFECTIONS BY THE TRUTH MADE FREE	201
A LANDSCAPE OF DOMESTIC LIFE	215
THE CATECHISM	228
CONFLICT WITH THE GOD OF THIS WORLD	233
THE DESTINIES OF ROME	263
FAREWELL TO TIME	308
A POET'S RETROSPECT AND PATRIOT'S CONCLUSION,	328

NOTES 381



INTRODUCTION.

"My fixed principle is, that a Christianity without a church exercising spiritual authority is vanity and dissolution. And my belief is, that when Popery is rushing in on us like an inundation, the nation will find it so. I say, Popery; for this, too, I hold for a delusion, that Romanism, or Roman Catholicism, is separable from Popery. Almost as readily could I suppose a circle without a centre."—*Aids to Reflection*, p. 224. Fourth ed.

"Among the dogmas, or articles of belief, that contradistinguish the Roman from the Reformed churches, the most important, and, in their practical effects and consequences, the most pernicious, I cannot but regard as *refracted and distorted truths, profound ideas sensualized into idols, or, at the lowest rate, lofty and affecting imaginations, safe while they remained general and indefinite, but debased and rendered noxious by their application in detail.* * * * * * * * When I contemplate the whole system as it affects the great fundamental principles of morality, the *terra firma*, as it were, of our humanity; then trace its operation in the sources and conditions of national strength and well-being; and, lastly, consider its woful influences on the innocence and sanctity of the female mind and imagination, on the faith and happiness, the gentle fragrancy and unnoticed ever-present verdure of domestic life, I can with difficulty avoid applying to it what the rabbins fable of the fratricide Cain—*that the firm earth trembled wherever he strode, and the grass turned black beneath his feet.*"—*Coleridge on the Idea*, &c. &c., p. 131, 132.

THE following pages are an attempt to reflect in a poetical form, by a series of mental *tableaux*, some of the prominent features and prevailing expressions

in the life, character, and work, of the fearless Luther. Though each view be divided and distinct, yet it is hoped, that in the spirit of its resulting effect, the poem will be found combined into the unity of a moral whole. How far, or not, the writer may have succeeded, in a style of thought and structure of plan somewhat out of the popular track, —must be left to the candour and criticism of others to decide. Whatever may be the reception of these pages, they are at least submitted to the public eye with unaffected deference; and with the entire conviction that, if proved to be meritless, their failure must be ascribed to the incapacity of the author, and not to any deficiency of interest in the subject.

Luther, in the lion-hearted daring of his conduct, and in the robust and rugged grandeur of his faith, may well be considered as the Elijah of the Reformation; while his life, by the stern and solemn realities of its experiences, and the almost ideal evolutions of events by which it was accompanied,— constitutes, indeed, the embodied poem of European Protestantism. But, as with others who make or move the history of mankind, Luther must be contemplated under that twofold aspect, which is answerable to the twofold region, where the moral features of manhood are expressed, or betrayed. In the one, we meet those external palpabilities which

stand forth feelingly and conspicuously on the broad surface of biography and history; in the other, we are presented with those latencies of character which appertain more to the chronicles of the soul, and are to be detected chiefly in the delightful egotisms wherewith Luther has sprinkled his comments; or in the play and sparkle of his colloquial excitement; but above all, in his Correspondence,—more especially in the Letters written from the Wartburg, and those in which he uncurtains the darkness, doubt, and despondency by which his stormy nature was so often haunted and perturbed. Luther the REFORMER is, after all, but the outward and visible index to the inward and invisible characteristics of Luther the MAN; yet is the connexion between both at once interesting and profoundly instructive. And if, in the open light of history, we are struck with the almost miraculous consequences which a lonely monk, from the depths of an Augustinian convent, put in motion; and if, while we yet experience the thrill of that scriptural blow with which he smote the "baseless fabric" of papal superstition;—not less are we affected to perceive, how wonderfully and wisely the trials and experiences of his inner nature were providentially overruled, and wrought into experimental connexion with those gigantic achievements which have made the name of Martin Luther im-

mortal. Indeed, to those who love to enter the penetralia of the human spirit, and to be led by the torchlight of a candid guidance into the inmost shrine of moral consciousness,—the German monk, as he appears behind the scene of public life, beyond most men is an attraction. His letters are the very man, dashed into headlong language: there is no disguise, no concealment, no timidity! At one time he is all elate, high-wrought, and far-soaring,—mounting upward and heavenward in the golden light of hope and joy; at another, he wails and weeps from the very dust of depression and anguish,—uttering either truths of self-exposure, which startle you like thunder-claps heard at midnight; or else, sighing forth his restless mind with broken murmurs, faint and mournful as the cadence of some distant sea. He dipped his pen at all times in the heart-blood of sincerity; and wrote HIMSELF out in a genuine copy, without seeming, for one instant, to care what might be concluded touching the original. In this respect, perhaps, no man has ever unveiled himself with more truthful audacity than he has done; and thus, in his correspondence and confessions, we have an apocalypse of the "*hidden man of the heart*," unshrouded to the very core; and are invited to look into the surging depths of a spirit, adown which the deep eye of Dante would have loved to gaze.

Let us, then, in the first place, dedicate a few pages to some remarks on Luther, in the prominences of his history; and then, venture to add some illustrations of his more secret experiences,—which are related to certain principles and points which could not be so well introduced into the framework of poetry.

"Known unto God are ALL his works, from the beginning of the world," and therefore chance, in the absolute meaning of the term, cannot be predicated of the Deity, without involving a libel on the divine prescience. And thus, connecting our belief in the ordaining counsels of heaven with the events of this world, we read with no common feeling the simple record of Luther's birth—"Martin Luther was born at eleven o'clock at night, on the 10th of November, 1483, at Eisleben, whither his parents had come from their native village Möhra, for the purpose of attending the annual fair." "My parents were originally indigent; my father was a poor miner, and my mother has borne her firewood on her back." So speaketh of his humble origin the now famous Monk of Wittemberg. In his case, as in that of many others who have acquainted the world with the historic childhood of their spirit,—Luther was indebted to the pious simplicities of his parents for much that in after life manifested itself

in deeds of worth, and darings of sublimest import; for it is recorded, that his father "often prayed loudly and fervently at the bedside of his child, that the Lord God would make him partaker of his grace." But preeminently was the Reformer indebted to the piety of his mother. Melancthon* describes her as a kind of pattern-mother, in the glass of whose character were mirrored all those features which give sacredness to womanhood and worth.—Ah! Christian mothers, the apathetic heart of History has never yet done justice to *you!*—you, in the cradle of whose maternal virtues and excellences have been rocked and reared so much of what the trumpet-voice of time and praise has eulogized, and admired. No! never, perchance, till the explaining light of eternity be shed upon the pains and paradoxes, and the scenes and circumstances of time, will a millionth part of the moral debt the souls of the great and good owe ye be understood. Meanwhile,—blessed agents in the hands of the Divine Parent for nursing and training the oracular spirits of this world for their high and stately career!—not unremembered are ye in the

* In matrê Margaretâ conjugê Jo. Lutheri, cum cæteræ erant virtutes, tum vero præcipue lucebat, pudicitia, timor Dei et invocatio; intuebanturque in eam cæteræ mulieres, ut in exemplar virtutum.—*Mel. Vit. Luther Seckendorf*, p. 20.

Biographies which are written and read round the Throne. And He, who in the noontide of his unutterable passion looked down from His cross, and cried, "Behold thy Mother!"—will hereafter put the crown of His approval upon your temples, in the sight of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. Yet, with all the devout earnestness of his parents, Luther in after years regretted that so much of stern discipline was blent with his home education. "My parents," he says, "treated me with so much strictness that I became spirit broken, ran away to a monastery, and became a monk." But, notwithstanding this, may we not presume that, (harsh and severe as this training was,) in the way of moral instrumentality, it helped to impart to the future man that inflexible hardihood and resolute magnanimity which distinguished both his writings and conduct?

Such, in brief, were the earliest years of Luther; and when we compare his after destiny with his original obscurity, and lowly rank, and aidless circumstances,—we are forcibly reminded of a passage, in an essay on Cromwell, by the pensive Cowley:—"I have often observed, (with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Providence,) that when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and

changes in the world, *it usually pleases God to make it appear, by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the divine justice and predestination;* and though we see a man like that we call Jack of the clock-house, striking, as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced that his hand is moved by some secret, and to us who stand without, invisible, direction." (Essays, p. 76.)

The spirit of this is eminently applicable to the comparative disproportions between the agent and the work of the German Reformation; but still, in our passion for analogies, we may carry ourselves a little beyond the truth; it is well, therefore, to remember, that though it can only be said in a remote and indirect sense, that Luther's mind was at all *formed* by the age in which he appeared,—yet had there been slow, but certain, influences at work, which seasoned the intellect and conscience of mankind for the reception of his truths and doctrines. His own parents had caught the educational feeling that was then beginning to stir the humblest rank; commerce and wealth were adding to the capacities, both social and political, of the principal towns; and Pfizer tells us, that "the imperial cities, of which there were at that time many, became the chief support, and sometimes even the nursery, of the Re-

formation; while the ducal cities also asserted their rights, and stood forth as free and independent corporations." In addition to this we must add, that God had raised up, from time to time, direct witnesses for THE TRUTH, and doctrinal pioneers, who cried aloud in the papal wilderness, and helped to make straight a highway for the coming Gospel. Of these we may name the writer of the Sentences, Peter Lombard, who became popular in England; and also helped to educate the reforming spirit of Wickliffe.*

* My venerated friend, Sharon Turner, who unites the candour of a Christian with the philosophy of the historian,—in the fifth volume of his "History of England," has wisely discriminated between a wholesale abuse of the scholastic divinity and a due contempt for its barren logomachies and sophistical jargon. Those who appeal to Luther as to the worth of the scholastic divines, cannot forget that, with all their pedantries, he himself was not unbenefited by perusing some of them, and thereby equipping his powers for nobler and more edifying employment. The following passage is from Sharon Turner, who has also appended to his remarks a most interesting analysis of Lombard's "Sentences," quoted by Wickliffe in his "Trialogus," which was perused by Huss, and which finally assisted the mind of Luther himself in the dawn of his inquiries:—

"But although the popular religion, as taught and practised in the middle ages, was full of those gross superstitions which make the unbeliever believe his infidelity to be his virtue, yet it must be allowed, that they were chosen by voluntary preference, and without any necessity, by all who either inculcated or adopted them. The doctrine of the catholic church,

In the year 1501, Luther enters the University of Erfurt; and from that period until what may be termed the great crisis of his life, and the very hinge of destiny on which the intellectual and moral history of Europe turned,—his appearance at the diet of Worms, — a devout believer in the superintendencies of Providence will trace with profound instruction, how admirably the discipline of Luther was preparing him for the transcendant vocation to which he was hereafter to be called. And everywhere, throughout all the varied trials,

and of the stream of the mighty minds which have upheld it, have been full of better things, and was always presenting better things to the contemplation and use both of themselves and of the public. If Calixtus II. wrote a book to recommend the shrine and fabled body of St. James of Compostella, yet this same pope, in the same work, also urged these highly spiritual feelings, unconnected with either saints or legends. 'By the love of Christ man is approximated to God, and human things are united with heavenly. Oh! how precious, and even glorious, brethren, it is, to love our Redeemer—to love him whom the Father loves. As the affection of the bridegroom to his bride, so does the love of our Father benignly blend us with him in his Son. For when we attach ourselves to him with a dignified regard, we become associated with God. By the sin of the first man we became alienated from the Deity; but by love to our Saviour we are reunited with it. As long as our affection continues to our Lord, so long the Divine Father is with us and we with him.'* The most celebrated works of the catholic doctors abound with the

* Sermones Jacob. 20 Maxim. Bib. Pat., p. 1293.

experiences, and circumstances through which the earnest-hearted monk was led, to his indignant defiance of Tetzel and his lying atrocities,—there is a perfect oneness of integrity, candour, and intense adherence to his own convictions, as maintained and manifested throughout his whole progress into the meridian light of liberty and truth. At this period of his life, too, we find that groundwork of melancholy, arising from the felt inadequacy of mere scholastic philosophy, begins to be laid. And touching indeed is the anecdote which informs us how, in

purest sentiments of affectionate piety. Thomas à Kempis is but one amid a numerous society of congenial minds, among which none more clearly shew the good that was taught, or will more gratify the spirit that loves and cultivates the higher degrees of devout feeling, than the little volume on the union of the mind with the Deity, by the celebrated Franciscan and philosopher, Albertus Magnus.* If, then, the world of the middle ages chose the debasing and the fantastic instead of the true, the sympathetic, the pious, the holy, and the reasonable, it was the wilful and self-degrading selection of their own bad taste, corrupt feeling, and deteriorating habits. The better and the wiser were always before them, and they sank down to folly, debility, and bondage, and drew their teachers after them, as the swine prefers its dunghill, and the crow its carrion carcase.

" Nothing can more satisfactorily prove this to our conviction, than that book on which our countrymen, in the

" * The edition I have is an Italian translation from the original Latin, and was printed at Rome, October, 1525. There is nothing in it but what a Protestant might have written.

one of his sicknesses, an old priest comforted him by words which the grateful Reformer never forgot: —"Be of good cheer! this sickness is not unto death; our God will make of you a great man for the consolation of many of his people. Those whom the Lord loveth he bringeth early under the cross, which is so profitable when borne with meekness." In 1505, we find Luther, with all the rushing decision of his character, entering the Augustinian convent at Erfurt; and here, in the struggles of his bursting heart and bleeding conscience, we

twelfth and thirteenth centuries, wrote more commentaries than on any other works, except those of Aristotle—I mean, the Sentences of Peter Lombard.* This is and was meant to be an epitome of popular divinity. It discusses some of those useless and puerile points which the schoolmen were as fond of agitating as schoolboys of blowing their saponaceous bubbles. But the great body of its instruction is reasonable,

"* He died in 1164. The object which he accomplished was to give the whole doctrine of Christianity in a concise form, with illustrating quotations from the principal fathers. It was commented upon in this country by the following persons, among very many others:—

Adamus, 1170.	Cardinalis, 1325.
Brixius, 1222.	Catton, 1343.
Castriconens, 1270.	Bedeucus, 1380.
Borstal, 1290.	Bewfu, 1390.
Blunt, 1296.	Bokingham, 1398.
Beverley, 1294.	Boteler, 1401.
Brinkelacus, 1310.	N. Cantolupe, 1441.
Acton, 1320.	Barningham, 1448.
Adam Hibern. 1320.	J. Capgrave, 1464.
Buckingham, 1324.	J. Canon, 1482.
Alienantius, 1340.	Beeth, 1498.

behold the commencement of that mysterious spiritual training wherewith God was especially educating him for his apostolic work hereafter. But over this part of his life we need not linger; its principal features are well known. His sense of sin,—going down like a wasting, withering fire to the very roots of an upbraiding conscience; his trembling apprehension of the Infinite Jehovah; his dim, melancholy, and remote views of the riches of compassion in the heart of Christ; his ignorance of justifying righteousness, according to

sincere, and moral Christianity, without any of the tinsel, corruptions, falsehoods, and superstitions, which brought the papal hierarchy into irretrievable disgrace as our country became enlightened. A succinct account of it will be given in the note at the end of the chapter, in order that it may be seen and felt, that as this book was one of the great and authorized and recommended foundations of the Christian education of every academical student, and was highly prized among ourselves, it was in the power of all to have trained their minds to a more intelligent profession of Christianity than the multitude of all classes decided to prefer and would only pursue. In adding superstition to superstition and trick to trick, I believe the catholic hierarchy has often acted like our licentious poets, novelists, and critics, who have made the immediate applause and profit of the day their governing principle: they lowered their compositions to the depraved taste of those whom they sought to interest and influence. The corruption of all the religions that have appeared has arisen from this cause. Mankind will not generally patronise the wise, the moral, and the restraining; and the priesthood,

the jurisprudence of Heaven; and his terrible anguish, arising from the blasting purity of a perfect and inflexible law;—all this is to be found in most of the popular histories of this wonderful and original man. But what he thought of the monastic life, and the doctrines associated with its ascetic impostures, is, for many reasons, far too important not to be here introduced. "I tormented myself," he says, in one place, "to death, to procure peace with God, and to my agitated conscience; but, surrounded with hideous darkness, nowhere did I find

rather than lose their power or their emolument, has too often submitted to be governed instead of governing, and to please, by identifying their tuition with the humours and appetites, which, if not then gratified, might have revolted from their preceptors.* Thus both the clergy and laity of the middle ages became reciprocally the corrupting and the corrupted. It seems strange to say, but every age has shewn that the human taste has no objection to absurdity, either for religion or against it. Anything is by many preferred to it, and anything can be associated with it; and everything, however adverse, will be adopted to discredit or to disguise it, rather than

"* This tendency in many of his contemporaries Peter Lombard himself saw, and thus complained of:—'Who labour to adapt the words of wisdom to the things they dream; not following the true, but the pleasing; whose evil will does not incite to the understanding of the truth, but to the defence of what is agreeable; not desiring the truth to be taught, but turning the ear from that to fables; whose profession is to search out more what will please than what will instruct. Not desiring what ought to be taught, they adapt their doctrines to what is desired, and hold the subject of wisdom in superstition."—*Sentent. Prolog.*, p. 2.

peace."—"I confessed every day, but that availed me nothing. 'See,' I cried, 'behold me still envious, still irascible!'" At this period his friend Staupitz was far beyond Luther in clear insight into the essential verities of the gospel. "It is vain," cries the Reformer to him, "that I make promises to God; sin always gains the upper hand!" And to this, what nobler answer could a preacher of the gospel return now?—"Look to the wounds of Jesus Christ: confide in him, in the justice of his life, in the expiation of his death."

In allusion to this part of his life, Luther afterwards wrote—"If ever a man passed the portals of heaven by monachism, I should also have gained admittance; that testimonial all the holy brotherhood to whom I have been known give me." From

to cultivate that meek and lowly heart, that disinterested and unambitious temper, that active philanthropy, that enlightened docility, that sacred and undeviating faith, that noble confidence in its Divine Master, that cheerful resignation, that obedient fidelity, and that affectionate veneration, which when harmoniously combined and habitually naturalized within us, constitute the true sublime and beautiful of the human soul and character. But all this requires a continuing self-government, a firmness of purpose, and a patient perseverance of life, for which all classes and ages have found it more agreeable to substitute either technical credulity or a contemptuous incredulity—the legend or the objection, the most enslaving submission or the most absolute hostility; nor will this contrasted tragi-comedy now end till human nature expires."

this period, then, until after his call to the chair at Wittemberg, by the Elector, until his return from his official journey to Rome, it is apparent that Luther was nursing no rebellious tendencies against the church of Rome. On the contrary, in the preface to one of his works, with all the bare honesty and blunt eccentricity which are so characteristic, he writes,—"I beg leave to assure the reader, that, when I assailed indulgences, I was a true monk and one of the most absurdly devoted papists; so intoxicated, nay, even so drenched was I with the infallibility of the pope, that I was almost prepared, if I had had it in my power, to kill, or assist in killing, any one who should, even by a syllable, refuse obedience to his will"! We quit this portion of the subject with one remark: that a most eloquent contrast between two moral states, as experienced by the same mind, is afforded by the aspect of Luther as a pale, emaciate, and spirit-broken monk, gróping after God in the pages of a chained Bible found in his convent; and a view of the same man when he was able to say,—not only that "the Holy Ghost is greater than Aristotle," (see his work on *Babylonian Captivity*,) but with a fearlessness, not unworthy the soul of St. Paul,—"If they were to make a fire between Wittemberg and Worms, which should

reach to heaven, I would still appear in the name of the Lord, and enter the jaws of Behemoth, and, treading between his teeth, confess Christ, and leave him to do all his pleasure"!—Or, at a later period, when, on his return from the castle of the Wartburgh, he writes from Borna to the Elector, that he would not hesitate to go to Leipsic itself, though he were assured it would rain Duke Georges for nine days running.* His future braveries proved that this was no empty boast. And surely, if ever applicable to any man, Racine's sublime description of one of his heroes may be safely engraven over the head and heart of Luther :—

"He feared God, and he feared none besides."

In 1510, Luther receives his commission to Rome, touching some disputed points between the convents of his order and the vicar-general. And those who delight to recognise God in history, as well as man in action, cannot but admire the wonder-working hand of the Almighty, in so ordering the monk's experience, that he who was hereafter to make Rome feel *him*, should first of

* "Sperni Ducis iras debere, eoque se esse animô, ut Lipsiam quoque intraturus esset—idque facturum etsi novem diebus non nisi Georgias Duces plueret, quorum singuli hunc novies sævitiâ superarent."—*Seckendorf*, c. 119, p. 195.

all feel Rome,—in all her deep and dense sensuality, sin, and shame. What were the feelings which agitated his tempestuous heart in his approach to,—the Capital of the Faith! the Metropolis of Christianity! the Shrine of Apostles! the Seat of Martyrs! the Palace of Infallibility! and the august Mistress and Mother of all the Faithful!—those who remember the man's electrical enthusiasm, will easily imagine. Surely, never dreaming Moslem took his pilgrimage to Mecca with more impassioned earnestness, or gazed on the embroidered towers of the sacred Kaba,—than he did on the dome of St. Peter's, and the temples and towers of everlasting Rome; or pressed the black stone of Gabriel there, with more venerating lip than he saluted the feet of the then pontiff, Julius the Second. Notwithstanding the old Latin Bible had somewhat quenched the spiritual thirstiness of his parched and fiery soul,—yet, alas! was he in the very bondage of papal darkness and uncertainty. Still unto him was the Pope a talismanic name, at the sound of which all the chivalries of a blind but sincere devotion were at once awakened. "When I first beheld Rome, I fell prostrate to the earth, and, raising my hands, exclaimed, "God save thee, Rome, thou seat of the Holy One! yea, thrice holy, from the blood of the sainted martyrs which has been shed within thy

walls!" Such was *then* the salute he gave the nursing-mother of priestly simulations.—What a scene to the angels Luther's entrance into that mystic Babel must have been! And if Julius could have foreseen the consequences hereafter developed from this visit, would he not have dropped the goblet from his jewelled hand? And would not all the Epicurean monks and Laodicean cardinals round him have grown aghast, while their fancy saw a spectral hand inscribing on the wall, "*Ye* are weighed in the balance, and found wanting"?

How important this pilgrimage to Rome was, Luther's own words well declare:—"Since God has seen fit to engage me in all this detestable traffic, I would not now, for a hundred thousand guilders have omitted seeing Rome; for, otherwise, I should always have feared that I did violence and injustice to the pope."

But notwithstanting the shock of surprise which the black and brutal abominations which then prevailed both in the court and church of Rome must have occasioned him; and in spite of the recoil of disgust with which his genuine nature shrunk from the profanities and buffooneries which he witnessed on the part of the Italian priesthood, even when pretending to celebrate the tremendous mysteries of

the altar; notwithstanding all this, the bandage did not drop from the monk's eyes; and he returned to Wittemberg fully persuaded, amid all the counteracting evidence, that the pontiff was the head of infallibility and the heaven-appointed centre of unity and truth! As to his spiritual estate at this time, he thus unveils it:—

"Though I was," he says, "a holy and irreproachable monk, my conscience was yet full of disturbance and torments. I could not bear the phrase, God's justice. I did not love that just and holy God who punishes sinners: I was filled with a secret wrath against him: I hated him, because, not content with terrifying with the law and with the miseries of life us wretched creatures, already lost through original sin, he still more augmented our torment through the Gospel. . . . But when, by the Spirit of God, I comprehended these words, when I learned how the sinner's justification proceeds from the pure mercy of the Lord by means of faith . . . . . then I felt as it were a new man born within me, and I entered through wide-spread doors into the very paradise of God. I looked, too, thenceforth with quite other eyes on the beloved and Holy Scriptures; I read through the whole Bible, and collected a great number of passages that taught me it was the Work of God. And whereas I had before heartily hated the phrase, God's justice, I now began to esteem and love it as the dearest and most consoling of expressions. In truth, this text of Paul's was for me the true gate of paradise."

"I swear manfully to defend the gospel of truth,"* was the oath which the Reformer took on being a licentiate in theology, in 1512. And right peacefully *would*

* "Juro me veritatem, viriliter defensurum."

he, and right manfully *did* he, stand to his oath—if he had been allowed. So far was he from then wishing to disturb the church, and to disorganize its functions,—that, till 1517, we find him tranquilly, but energetically, devoting himself to his duties, as lecturer, and minister in Wittemberg. Popular declamations, academic instructions, &c., together with an evangelic crusade against Aristotle and Aquinas, absorbed him. It was in 1516, that the first disputation under his presiding sanction took place; and the propositions, or THESES, which one of his hearers, Bernhard, then supported in the hall of the university, may be said to contain the doctrinal results of the Reformation, in germ. Let the reader waft himself back to the distance of three centuries, and then decide,—*what* was the cleaving energy and spiritual force of that mind, that even then forced its way over heaps of scholastic jargon and piles of priestly sophistry,—to the pure glory and perfect simplicity of the gospel, as exhibited in the following, among other propositions; we take them from the first volume of his works in Latin, p. 1. (Ed. Jen.):—

"Homo vetus, vanitas vanitatum, universaque vanitas, reliquas quoque creaturas, alioque bonas, efficit vanas."

"Carnis nomine dicitur homo vetus, non tantum quid sensuali concupiscentia ducitur, sed, (etiamsi est castus, sapiens, justus) quid non ex Deo per spiritum renascitur."

" Voluntas hominis sine gratiâ non est libera, sed servit, licet non invita."

" Christus Jesus virtus nostra, justicia nostra, cordium et renum Scrutator, solus est cognitor meritorum nostrorum, ac judex."

" Cum credenti omnia sint, autore Christo, possibilia, supersticiosum est, humano arbitrio, aliis sanctis, alia deputari auxilia."*

It was at this juncture that an ecclesiastical buffoon of the Dominican order, named John Tetzel, who was appointed by Albrecht of Mayence, the spiritual Elector,—made his appearance in Germany, to market indulgences, for the sakes of the pope's coffers and the prince's pockets. And now, they have roused the lion at length!—" By God's will," cries Luther, " I will make a hole in his drum!" and verily, Luther, a large one you made! The contro-

* " The old man is vanity of vanities; he is the universal vanity; and renders the other creatures vain, how good soever they be.

" The old man is called *the flesh*, not only because he is led by the lusts of the senses, but still more because, even though he were chaste, prudent, and just, he is not born anew of God by the Spirit.

" The will of the man without grace is not free, but it is a slave, and is so of its own accord.

" Jesus Christ our strength, our justice, he who tries the hearts and the reins, is the sole searcher and judge of our merits.

" Since all is possible through Christ to him who believes, it is superstition to seek other succour, whether in human will or in the saints."

versy that followed all this, the interviews and argumentations with Cajetan, Miltitz, and Eckius, are too well known to be introduced here. And yet, we would wish in this part of our review, to direct the attention of those who are tempted to believe that Luther was a mere ecclesiastical chartist, a reckless innovator, a hot-headed, headlong, and lawless monk, who rushed forward with the tomahawk of rebellion in his hand, against orders, degrees, and disciplines—to the fact that even now, (with all the infuriating yells of the base and hired Dominican sounding in his ears)—LUTHER WAS NO REBEL; nor had he the slightest intention of innovating on the order and peace of the church. Part of the following letter is quoted by Du Pin (vol. iii. p. 156); it was addressed to Leo the Tenth, who at *first* said, "'Brother Martin is a man of very fine genius, and these squabbles are the mere effusions of monastic envy;' but who afterwards (when he felt his pontifical chair grow rather uncomfortable under his elegant 'Holiness') altered his tune to—'A drunken German has written them (the Theses); when he becomes sober, he will be of a different opinion.'—Methinks it would have been a fine thing for you, pampered Leo! had *you* set the example; for drunk you then assuredly were, with the fermenting vani-

ties of pontifical assumption." But let us have an extract from the said letter:—

"What can I now do? I cannot recal my assertions, and yet I see that I have excited a great prejudice against myself by this publication. I would willingly retire from this conflict, as I am compelled, against my will, to hear the dangerous opinions of mankind, and more especially, because I am unlearned and inexperienced, and am too mean for such high affairs, particularly in this golden age, when the number of men of letters daily increases, so that, were Cicero still alive, he would quickly seek a corner in which to hide his head. But necessity impels me to come forward, who am but as a goose among the swans, that I may in some degree be reconciled to my opponents, and fulfil the wishes and demands of many of my friends in publishing my thoughts respecting indulgences. Therefore, most Holy Father, I cast myself at the feet of your Highness, and submit myself and all I possess, to your disposal. Your Highness will do with me according to your pleasure; for to you it belongs to accept or to reject my cause, to pronounce me right or wrong, to give or to take my life. Whatever may be the result, I shall still esteem the voice of your Highness, the voice of Christ, acting and speaking through you. If I have merited death, I do not refuse to die, 'for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;' praised be his name for ever and for ever. Amen."

At a later period of his life, this act of obedience was quoted against him, as a proof of truckling subserviency. His own reference to this portion of his public history is very interesting, and occurs in a Latin preface written to vol. i. of his works, 1545:—

"There were, however, and are now, others, who appear to me to adhere to the pope on the principles of Epicurus, that is, for the sake of indulging their appetites; when secretly they even deride him, and are as cold as ice if called upon to defend the papacy. I was never one of these: I was always a sincere believer; I was always earnest in defending the doctrines I professed; I went seriously to work as one who had a horrible dread of the day of judgment, and who from his inmost soul, was anxious for salvation.

"You will find, therefore, in my earlier writings, with how much humility, on many occasions, I gave up very considerable points to the pope which I now detest as blasphemous and abominable in the highest degree. This ERROR my slanderers call INCONSISTENCY; but you, pious reader, will have the kindness to make some allowance on account of the times and my inexperience. I stood absolutely alone at first, and certainly I was very unlearned and very unfit to undertake matters of such vast importance. It was by accident, not willingly or by design, that I fell into these violent disputes: I call God witness.

"In the year 1517, when I was a young preacher, and dissuaded the people from purchasing indulgences, telling them they might employ their time much better than in listening to the greedy proclaimers of that scandalous article of sale, I felt assured I should have the pope on my side; for he himself, in his public decrees, had condemned the excesses of his agents in that business.

"My next step was to complain to my own ordinary, and also to the Archbishop of Mentz; but I knew not at that time that half of the money went to this lastmentioned prelate, and the other half to the pope. The remonstrances of a low, mean, poor brother in Christ had no weight. Thus despised, I published a brief account of the dispute, along with a sermon in the German language on the subject of indulgences; and very soon after I published also explanations of my sentiments, in which, for the honour of the pope, I con-

tended that the indulgences were not entirely to be condemned, but that real works of charity were of FAR MORE CONSEQUENCE.

"This was to set the world on fire, and disturb the whole order of the universe. At once and against me single, the whole popedom rose!"

After the manful simplicity and deep-hearted honesty of this avowal, we need not waste remarks on the fiction invented by Luther's foes, after his death — that, forsooth, it was only the jealousy which Luther bore against the rival order of the Dominican, as employed in the impious jugglery of "Indulgences," which prompted his attacks on the system!*

"Everything, I doubt not, would have been settled in the most peaceable and affectionate manner,

* After the lapse of three centuries, and the manifold evidence given both by Papal and Protestant writers to the integrity and purity of Luther, it is scarcely credible how completely the lower class of the Romish priests have succeeded in preoccupying the imaginations and minds of the ignorant and superstitious, against the character of Luther. Bayle, in his dictionary, (and who will accuse *him* of sympathy with the spirituality of Luther's mind?) has devoted his whole article on Luther to a refutation of all the monstrous falsehoods which have been invented against him. In allusion to the charge of "ATHEISM," made against him by a French slanderer, most truly does this brilliant infidel observe, "There is no need to observe here that all this is to be understood by the rule of contraries; the thing speaks for itself, and I am

if I would but have written down six letters, REVOCO, I recant." But thank God! Luther, you were made of different metal to this; for rather would you have been blasted into cinders by the curse of the Pope's Bull, than have done so; and if you had,—who can say, but on the ground of human foresight, you would have caused every letter in that recreant word to have been an adamantine link in a ruthless chain which might have bound the European world to the Pope's toe, for as many centuries as there were letters in that recantation!—Again we say, God be praised you did no such thing!—not you.

But the war is raging; on the one side, stands the Miner's son, firm and unflinching as granite, for the truth; and on the other,—the Pope, the Devil,

certain there is no honest man, whatever religion he is of, but will detest or pity the extravagance of such a slanderer." Among other polite insinuations with which poor Martin was favoured, was one that gave him the devil for his father! Yes, reader, he was gravely denounced as not a very man, but the mysterious incubus of a black spirit, hatched in the depths of Satanic darkness! We may call this, if we please, PECULIAR to the age; yet, in this very year of boasted illumination, a missionary writes home to say,—that the poor people had been persuaded to avoid him, as the devil in disguise, and that they always looked at his feet suspiciously and tremblingly, till one day he took off his shoes and stockings to prove to them that he had *not* cloven feet! I never heard that Luther did the same.

and the world, with all their pomps and braveries and threats, and arts, against him! And yet, listen!—how the monk will keep them all at bay; shaking them off from him, like a stormful Boanerges, with indignant, but not ungraceful, determination. "The glory of the Pontificate is departed. The wrath of God is come upon it for ever." To every man I am prepared to give way in all things, BUT THE WORD OF GOD I DARE NEITHER ABANDON NOR DENY." Now this prepares us for the scene that shortly followed. The infinitely miserable and detestable Bull of the Pope, having been at last promulgated by Eckius, and Luther's writing being actually burnt in various towns,—the brave Martin is determined to have a bonfire too; and as noble a one it shall be as ever sent up its flaming appeal to the skies!—On the 10th of December an invitation is affixed to a black board for the students at Wittemberg to attend this Lutheran firework. And, lo! at nine in the morning, just as the chime is sounding, forth cometh Luther, from the Elster Gate, encircled by a goodly number of Doctors, Masters of Arts, and Students, and there!—hark to the rejoicing crackle of the flames as they demolish with burning rapidity (as if they loved their work) Canon Law, Decretals, Clementines, the Extravagants, and parts of Eckius and Emser's work. As soon as these are annihilated,

forth steps Doctor Martin, holding the infamous Bull in his hand, and exclaiming aloud,—"Because thou hast grieved the saints of the Lord, so mayest thou be grieved and condemned by the everlasting fire." It must have been a heart-shaking spectacle, this egregious bonfire: one may be excused a desire to have warmed one's hands in the reflection of its blaze; or to have taken a look at the fine, craggy, and open-fronted visage of the redoubtable Doctor, when his great black eyes were glittering with fearless light, while his voice rolled its solemn intonations over the mute and admiring assembly. But that suspended breath was soon unloosed; and what a shout went up at the conclusion of this moral jubilee!—The world is haunted with its echoes still.

Now, if any head mathematically nice, or any heart prudentially frigid, be inclined to question the propriety of this unborrowed proceeding, Martin himself, in his own sinewy, strong, and healthful style, is quite ready with his answer:—

"I Martin Luther, Doctor of the Holy Scriptures, an Augustine Monk at Wittemberg, hereby declare to all whom it may concern, that by my will, counsel, and assistance, were burnt, on the Monday after St. Nicholas, sundry books of the Pope of Rome and his adherents. Should any one feel surprise, and be disposed to inquire for what cause, and by

whose authority I have thus acted, let him herewith receive an answer. In the first place, *it is an ancient, and a very useful custom, to burn wicked and poisonous books.*"

Indeed it is a very "useful custom;"—and, bold monk! were you alive now, we should like you to *encore* the burning scene in front of a certain Popish college, and to consume into ashes PETER DENS and his fraternity of noisome authors, in the very first blaze.—Such garbage is too bad even for this bad world.

But let us hasten to the last and loftiest in the train of those extraordinary events which belong to the public life of our immortal "Heresiarch." "Ye shall be brought before GOVERNORS AND KINGS for my sake,"—is about to receive a new illustration, in the fact that the son of a Saxon miner is about to stand front to front, with cheek unblanched, with brow unfallen, and with eye unquailing, in all the fearlessness of a free and genuine Man, before Charles the Fifth and his myrmidons and his court,—in the imperial hall of Worms. In vain do boding voices and entreating solicitudes of friendship strive to prevent Luther's obedience to the Emperor's summons. "The will of God be done! Christ will give me his spirit to overcome these ministers of Satan. I despise them while I live. I will triumph over them in death. They are striving

hard at Worms to force me to recant. My recantation shall be this!—I said formerly that the Pope was Christ's Vicar; now I say that he is the Adversary of the Lord, and the Apostle of the Devil!" There's a recantation for you!—Framed according to the energies of as dauntless a spirit as ever glowed in the bosom of man for the cause almighty. But, Luther, what will they do with you when they catch you at Worms? They will burn you into silence, though they cannot beseech you into submission!—what then? "MIHI VERO, QUI VOCATUS SUM, DECRETUM EST, ET CERTUM INGREDI URBEM IN NOMINE JESU CHRISTI ETIAMSI SCIREM TOT DIABOLOS MIHI OPPOSITOS, QUOT SUNT TEGULÆ IN OMNIBUS TOTIUS ORBIS TECTIS."*

And now hearken to the spirit of the chivalrous soldier of Christ, Ulric Hutten:—"THE LORD HEAR THEE IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE!" Oh, beloved Luther, my venerated father, fear not! Stand firm—fight valiantly the battle of Christ!"—You need not fear that, Hutten; for Luther is a right proper man for the conflict before him! The

* "I am resolved and determined to obey the summons, and enter the city in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; though I were confronted by as many devils as there be roof-tiles on all the houses of the whole world."—*Luth. Op.*, vol. ii., Ed. Jen., p. 436.

result is known,—and *felt*, too, as far almost as the tides of scriptural truth have since circulated. Amid the excited homage of thousands lining the streets, crowding the gardens, and covering the house-tops,—Luther is led to the imperial hall of the Diet; and towards evening there stood forth, like another Paul before another Agrippa, and uttered words, whose undying majesty and truth have affected more than three hundred years with their consequences and charm. Here they are:—"*Quando ergo Serenissima Majestas vestra, dominationes quæ vestræ, simplex responsum petunt, dabo illud neque cornutum, neque dentatum, in hunc modum.* Nisi convictus fuero testimoniis Scripturarum, aut ratione evidente (nam neque papæ, neque conciliis solis credo, cum constat eos errasse sæpius, et sibipsis contra dixisse) victus sum Scripturis a me adductis, capta que est conscientia in verbis Dei, revocare nèque possum neque volo quidquam, cum contra conscientiam agere, neque tutum sit neque integrum.—Hier stehe ich: Ich kan nicht anders: Gott helfe mir! Amen."*

* "Since your Imperial Majesty and their lordships, require a plain answer, I will give one, which shall neither have horns nor teeth; and that is, that unless I am convinced and overpowered by the testimony of Scripture, or by open, plain, and clear grounds and reasons, (for I will not pin my faith to either popes or councils alone, it being mani-

To retract, or *not* to retract—*that* was then thy question, Luther. And we, who are now the intellectual and moral inheritors of all that thy negative then bequeathed mankind,—may well describe thy bearing in this hour of magnificent trial, as the finest specimen of full-toned Manhood since the apostolic times. It was, indeed, the history of ages epitomized into a single breath; and over the coronation of Principle which was then performed, the angels might again have awakened their song of entrancement—"Good will to man"! Then was the world virtually advanced for centuries of moral freedom and intellectual expansion; above all, then was the inviolable Ark of the human conscience enshrined in the reverence of centuries to come;—for he who is a Helot in conscience, is a machine, and not a Man; he has lost his spiritual personality, and henceforth may take his place upon the dunghill of all degeneracy and contempt.

Perhaps the compound results of this memorable Diet cannot be better stated than by accommodating

fest as day that they have often erred, and contradicted themselves,) so that in the sentiments and dogmas which I have taught, I shall be convicted and set fast in my own conscience and by the word of God, I can and will retract nothing; because it is neither safe nor wise to do anything contrary to conscience. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; so may God help me. Amen!"

to them the following passage from Viller's "Essay on the Spirit &c. of the Reformation," p. 296—298:

"It is, therefore, under this point of view, that the Reformation must be considered as a necessary product of a new age, as a manifestation of a new spirit. What Dante and Petrarch were to poetry, Michael Angelo and Raphael to the arts of drawing, Bacon and Descartes to philosophy, Copernicus and Galileo to astronomy, Columbus and Gama to the science of the earth, such was Luther to religion. Organs of the universal mind, these eminent men expressed correctly what was lurking in a great number of their contemporaries, and at one stroke satisfied the wants of their time. As soon as the spark flashed from their genius, the flame, ready to appear, spread in all directions. What was only a prescience, a vague idea, insulated in a number of heads, acquired a consistence, a fixed direction, appeared externally, was communicated from individual to individual, and a continued chain connected all thinking minds. Such is the natural mode of the tacit conspiration which governs all reformations. Those effected in the dominion of the arts and of the major part of the sciences, being foreign to the passions and to the volcanic commotions of the mass of the people, are generally accompanied by peace, and are accomplished without causing the tears of humanity to flow. It could not be thus with that provoked by Luther. Religion was not then a simple opinion, a simple moral being; it had an immense body, which oppressed all the political bodies, which laid claim to all thrones, to all the possessions of the earth. At the first wound it felt, the colossus shuddered, and the world was shaken; princes and nations flew to arms and engaged in a dreadful struggle—a struggle of opinions and interests, the results of which were so varied and so important.

"I have only sought to prove that, everything being balanced, and the definitive account closed, this revolution offers a surplus of good to humanity; and, finally, that it must be ranked in the number of the major events which have contri-

buted most powerfully to the progress of civilization and knowledge, not only in Europe, but in every part of the earth where Europeans have carried their culture."

Let us now take another and more internal view of this Martin Luther, and endeavour to trace a native harmony between the guiding principle and the manifested character of the man. The first trait that strikes us in perusing his Life and Letters is,—the SIMPLE GRANDEUR OF HIS FAITH. There is a noble simplicity, a deep, intense, and overpowering earnestness and truthfulness about it, whereby you perceive at once that he was not merely an intellectual theologian, conversant with terms ABOUT God;—but a hearty, genuine, confiding realizer and appropriator of the revealed Godhead in Christ, to his individual consciousness, and creed. He did, as it were, substantiate Divinity to his own experience; and felt, that though in himself he was dust, and ashes, and iniquity; yet, in mystical oneness with the Divine Head of the Body, he was an object of *personal* regard and providence, in the counsels of Heaven. Hence (quaint as it is) who is surprised to hear him say, "If I rightly understood, and did believe only these few words, 'OUR Father which art in heaven,' then should I certainly conclude with myself that I am (in a manner) a lord of heaven and earth, that Christ is my bro-

ther, that Gabriel is my servant, and Raphael my coachman; (!) that all the angels, in my necessities, are my attendants, for they are given unto me of my heavenly Father, to keep me in all my ways; in short, it must needs follow that *everything is mine,*" (*Colloquia Mensal.*) And still more characteristic of his persuasion that God individuated him for His own high purposes, is the following passage from his will, dated 1542:—"Lastly, I request, that as I have in this my will (not without a particular reason) dispensed with the usual forms of law, that I may still be considered the person who *in truth I am, one well known in heaven, and earth, and hell.*" And if we wish to know the secret of this sacred boldness in thus attaching himself to the throne of the Eternal, Vert Dietrich, his amanuensis, will inform us, who was with him in the castle of Coburg, while the Diet of Augsburg was sitting; and who speaks thus of Luther in a letter to Melancthon:—"I was once so fortunate as to hear him pray. But, God help me, what a spirit! what FAITH! was in his words! He prayed so devoutly as one who addressed God, and *so full of hope and confidence as one who converses with his father.*"—My heart burned within me for joy that he could speak so devoutly and yet so familiarly with God; but especially that he so urged the promises in the

Psalms, *as if assured that all must come to pass that he desired.*" In short, it appears that Luther did not make his religion his God, but made God his religion. With him, it was a Life, a Substance, a Reality, and a Truth. He acted as a man under the eye-beam of an observing God and ever-loving Parent; and thus incarnated the glorious text of the chief among the apostles—"I can do ALL THINGS, through Christ that strengthens me!" And yet, we are bound to remember, that this intense realization of Divinity and Eternity by faith, never led to fanatic lawlessness, or dreaming mysticism; for while, on the one hand, he was firmly convinced, that on the sovereign WILL of the unaccountable Jehovah depended all the Possibilities and all the principles of "things,—he never forgot," that He who has predestinated events has also predestinated means; and that while the one appertains to the "secret things" above, and beyond our intelligence to reach; the other is revealed openly and plainly *under* the Throne, and brought into contact with duty and care. And, therefore, with all his reverential belief in the absolute pre-ordinations of God, you never find him rushing into reckless fanaticism, or mystical presumptions. His mind was too muscular, his heart too healthy, and his creed too orthodox, for such imbecile conduct. "*When*

they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." The Reformer assuredly acted with the spirit of our Lord's precept. In himself he had no taste for persecution and prisons; there were no sickly vapours in his constitution; the man was too honest to pretend he desired martyrdom; and yet, if a "need-be" had come before him in no questionable shape, as the appointment of God,—assuredly, he possessed an heroic sturdiness, and a spiritual invincibility of temperament, which would have enabled him to face it. Paul and he, in this respect, are counterparts, considered in their human capacity as private Christians. *Events* they knew to be God's—duties they believed to be man's; and their absolute confidence as to the certainty of the one, never allowed them to abstain from prompt and practical obedience to the other.

The next great principle which moulded the character of the Reformer is connected with the Scriptures, as containing the Rule of Faith. On this subject, Seckendorf says—"*Duobus fundamentis omnia scripta Lutheri dogmatica innituntur; affirmat ut certas et credenda, quæ ex Sacrâ Scripturâ probari possunt; negat articulos fidei esse, quæ ex Scripturâ pro talibus, non possunt demonstrari.*" Now, in the result of their meaning, is not this in doctrinal consonance with the sixth article

of our branch of the Catholic church?—"Holy Scripture CONTAINETH all things necessary to SALVATION; so that whatsoever is not READ therein, nor may be PROVED THEREBY, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an ARTICLE OF THE FAITH, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

Concerning this Article and others in the glorious phalanx of the Thirty-nine, although it may be feared that in certain cases Coleridge's sarcasm may be quoted, (viz., that some "clergymen who find it more easy to hide their thoughts than to suppress thinking, and treat the Thirty-nine Articles as the whale did Jonah—i. e., *swallow*, but not *digest* him;") yet, in the main there are few who will not, "*ex animo*," as dutiful sons and servants of our church, put their seal to its essential verity—viz., that the word of God is absolutely and entirely SUFFICIENT for the grand purpose for which it was revealed—to make men "*wise unto salvation.*" But, while adopting (in all the glory of its simplicity) the principle, that the Scripture is a rule of faith in all essentials,—Luther is by no means responsible for the multiform perversions and exaggerations which have been deduced from, or connected with, this great axiom of reason and revelation. It would be equally just to attribute to Lord Bacon a system of induction, as ap-

plied to the interpretation of phenomena in the physical world,—all the distorted scepticism which has arisen from a *false* application of his philosophy to the science of internal consciousness, or mind. Let us hear some of Luther's own sentiments on the Scriptures, and his view of the spirit and style in which they are to be consulted:—"Let us not lose the *Bible*, but with all diligence, and in GOD'S FEAR, read and preach the same; for if that remaineth, flourisheth, and be taught, then all is safe; she is the head and empress of all faculties and arts. If divinity falleth, then whatsoever remaineth besides, is nothing worth." Here we find no encouragement held out to a profane lawlessness in the reading of the Bible; but in another passage, still more guarded is he, in alluding to the position of the heart and intellect before the revealed Will of the Almighty. "Now we ought not to measure, censure, and understand Scripture ACCORDING TO OUR OWN NATURAL SENSE AND REASON, but we ought *diligently*, by PRAYER, to meditate therein, and search into the same." * * * Moreover, the Holy Ghost must be the only MASTER AND TUTOR, to teach us therein and search into the same; and let youth and scholars not be ashamed to learn of this Tutor. Again; how vividly have the hearts of millions of the Priests and Kings in the mysteries of the sacred life, borne witness to the ex-

perimental reality of the following:—"I did not learn my divinity all at once, but was constrained to search deeper and deeper, to which my temptations brought me; FOR NO MAN WITHOUT TEMPTATIONS CAN ATTAIN TO THE TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES." And that Luther did not so hold the sufficiency of Scripture as the Rule of Faith, as to despise all authoritative deductions from it in the shape of creeds, &c., is apparent from another remark of his, touching the Apostles' Creed, in harmony with which, the "Consent of the Fathers" is to be reverently esteemed:—"I believe that the words of our Christian belief were in such sort ordained by the apostles, who were together, and made this sweet symbolum so briefly and comfortable. It is a work of the Holy Spirit to describe these great things with such strong, brief, and mighty words. No human creatures besides the Apostles, and the Holy Ghost, had been able to comprehend them in such manner; no, not although ten thousand worlds had studied to make them; therefore the words therein ought to be well considered. I cannot sufficiently admire the same."

From truths and sentiments like these (which abound in the writings of Luther) an honest mind will at once derive an eloquent answer wherewith to refute the reckless assertion of the Romish assailants,

who accuse Luther of being the great founder of self-willed fanaticism in the interpretation of Scripture. This is far from being true; for while on the one hand he strongly (severely at times) vindicates the inalienable prerogative of the human conscience in matters of essential faith; we do not find him at any one period of his life *so* asserting the independency of private judgment as to hold out a spirit of lawless gratification to all the vagaries of heretical vanity, or intellectual conceit. But we may advance a step beyond this vindication of Luther's guarded view of the liberties of individual judgment in ascertaining the creed of the Bible, and prove that as the mad impetuosities of sectarians began to rage, and convulse the church, and threaten the entire structure of the reformed religion,—Luther himself (at the expense of a minute consistency) had no objection to fall back on the veritable support of a "*quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus creditum est,*" touching essentials in salvation. In the first place, we refer to a passage in the Augsburg Confession, which was based on the seventeen Articles drawn up by Luther. The following is in the conclusion of the first twenty-one Articles:—"This, then, is merely the sum of the doctrine which is taught and preached in our churches as genuine Christian instruction, and a solid foundation for peace of con-

science, as well as for the edification of believers; and since it is plainly founded on Holy Writ, and *neither the universal, nor even the Romish church, so far as can be gathered from the writings of the Fathers, is opposed to it,*" &c. But as an irrefragable proof that, so FAR as it can be fairly ascertained, the unanimous consent of a Christian antiquity was revered and respected by Luther; we direct attention to a passage in reference to the sacramental dispute, after the death of Zuinglius, and written on the field of Kappal. "Moreover, this doctrine is not an article or thesis, beyond the Scriptures, the invention of man; but established in the gospel by the clear and undoubted words of Christ, and UNANIMOUSLY BELIEVED AND HELD IN ALL THE WORLD, FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH TO THIS HOUR, AS IS SHEWN IN THE WRITINGS OF THE FATHERS, IN BOTH THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES," &c. * * * * which testimony of the entire holy Catholic church, even if we had nothing more, would alone be sufficient to warrant an adherence to this article, lending no ear to wild fanatics. *For it is terrible and dangerous to believe or listen to what is contrary to the united testimony or doctrine of the entire holy Catholic church, maintained and published throughout the world for fifteen hundred years. I had*

rather have against me the testimony of all fanatics, and all the wisdom of emperors, kings, and princes, than one Iota, or tittle, of the entire holy Catholic church: for articles of faith thus unanimously and universally maintained, may not be trifled with, like papal bulls or imperial decrees, or even human tradition of councils, or the Fathers." The APPLICATION of this principle of reference to catholic testimony, is a distinct question from the RECOGNITION of it as an element in controversy. From the above, it is obvious that those who appeal to Luther, as a mere ecclesiastical anarch, do so with much injustice to his character, under a misapprehension of his real views.*

* The attention of the reader is directed to the following extracts from the Fathers, which have been adduced by Tillotson in his Vindication of the "Rule of Faith." Pertinent as they are, they constitute but a very minute portion of the patristic evidence for the confirmation of Luther's views regarding the adequacy of Revelation, as a guide to eternal life:—

"The Romans were not content with the doctrine preached, unless it were also committed to writing; and therefore did earnestly beg of Mark, Peter's companion, that he would leave them a monument in writing of that doctrine which had been delivered to them by word of mouth. And this was the occasion of the writing of St. Mark's gospel. And when Peter did understand that this work was published (being suggested by the divine revelation of the Holy Spirit), it is said he was very much pleased with the ready and earnest desire of those persons; and that by his authority he confirmed this writing,

The disasters, heresies, and corruptions arising from the liberty of "private judgment," form a darling theme for the Romish controversialist. But, even if we were inclined to admit his argument, and acknowledge his inferences, it would not tend in the slightest manner to alleviate the criminality of the Roman Dissent in its treatment of the Scriptures. For, under the pretence and cloak of honouring them with intellectual reverence and spiritual homage, Rome has contrived to do more for dethroning the Bible from the heart of mankind, than all the unveiled blasphemies and undisguised attacks of the infidel and sensualist. For (if reduced into their expressive results) the Trentine doctrines seem to

to the end that it might be everywhere read in the church. As for St. Matthew and St. John, he tells us,* that of all the disciples, they two only have left monuments in writing, of whom it is also reported that they betook themselves to write, being drawn thereto by necessity. Matthew, after he had preached the word of God to the Jews, and was resolved to go to other nations, wrote his gospel in the language of his country, and thus by the diligence and pains of writing, did abundantly supply the want of his presence to those whom he left. And when Mark and Luke had published their gospel, it is reported that John (who had always used to preach the word without writing it) being at length wrought upon by the same reason, did betake himself to write." From this account, it is clear that the apostles thought it necessary, for the preservation and secure conveyance of the Christian

* Histor. Eccles. l. iii. c. 18.

amount to this—not only that she alone is the infallible expositor of Almighty truth; but that God's utterances *require* to pass through the revising channel of the church, before they can be adapted to the minds of the people,—thus involving the stupendous falsehood, that the Church (which is a mere

doctrine, that it should be put into writing; and that they judged this a better way to supply the want of their presence than oral tradition. Therefore the same author tells us,* "that the disciples, who immediately succeeded the apostles, as they travelled to preach the gospel to those who had not yet heard the word of faith, did with great care also deliver to them the writings of the holy evangelists. Again,† that Ignatius, as he travelled towards Rome, where he was to suffer, exhorted the churches of every city to hold fast the tradition of the apostles, which, as also by writing he testifieth, for the greater security he held necessary to be copied in writing."

§ 4. That the heretics of old made the same pretence which the papists make now of oral tradition in opposition to Scripture, the same Eusebius tells us: and withal, that books are a sufficient confutation of this pretence.‡ "Those," says he, "who were of the heresy of Artemon said that all their forefathers, and the apostles themselves, had received and taught the same things which they also did, and had preserved the true teaching unto the time of Victor, Bishop of Rome, whose successor, Zephyrinus, corrupted it." "And this," saith he, "would have great probability, were it not first of all contradicted by the Scripture; and next, if there did not remain the writings of other brethren much more ancient than Victor's time, &c., in the books of all whom Christ's divinity is acknowledged. And afterwards, he tells us that these heretics did change and

* Histor. Eccles. l. iii. c. 31. † Ibid. c. 30. ‡ Ibid. l. 5.

creature) has been more solicitous for the INTERPRETATION of Scripture, than God himself has been for the REVELATION of the same! However, this is not the place to discuss the great distinction between the Catholic soundness of the Church of England, in contrast with the *un*-Catholic sophistries of

corrupt the Scriptures, to bring them to their opinions; so Mr. S. tells us, "that the outward letter of scripture ought to be corrected by tradition and sense written in men's hearts."

St. Hierom also tells us* "that the heretics were wont to say, we are the sons of the wise, who did from the beginning deliver down to us the apostolical doctrine;" but he adds, "that the true sons of Judah adhere to the Scripture."

§ 4. That Scripture is sufficiently plain in all things necessary.

St. Chrysostom:† "All things in the divine Scriptures are plain and straight. Whatsoever things are necessary are manifest."

St. Austin having spoken of the profoundness of Scripture, adds,‡ "Not that those things which are necessary to salvation are so hard to be come at: but, saith he, when one hath there attained faith, without which there is no pious and right living, there are besides many dark and mysterious things," &c. Again, §"The manner of speech in Scripture, how easy is it to all, though few can penetrate to the bottom of it? Those things which it plainly contains, it speaks without disguise, like a familiar friend, to the heart of the learned and unlearned." How will Mr. S. reconcile this with his great exception against Scripture? And what these things are, which are plainly contained in Scripture, the same father tells us elsewhere in these words: "Among those things which are

* Com. in Isa. c. 19.
† In 2 Thess. c. 2, hom. 4.
‡ Epist. 3.
§ Ibid.

Rome, concerning the free circulation of the Bible, as far as the pulsations of the human spirit extend. Nor need we comment on the gross paralogism of her endeavours to uphold the most fulsome of all lying impostures, "Infallibility," by appealing, in the same breath, to reason—in order to justify her

plainly set down in Scripture, all those things are to be found which comprehend faith and good manners."* The same St. Austin (as also Clement, in the book which Mr. White quoted, for the understanding of obscure texts of Scripture, directs us not to tradition, but to the plain text, without which he expressly says, "there would be no way to understand them."†

§ 5. That Scripture is so plain as to be fit to determine controversies.

Justin, sure, thought so when disputing with Trypho concerning a point wherein the Jew had tradition on his side. He told him he would bring such proofs, to the contrary, as no man could gainsay. "Attend," says he, "to what I shall recite out of the holy Scriptures, proofs which need not to be explained, but only to be heard. Mr. White might have found likewise much to this purpose in his Clement.

But not to tire my reader in a point which the ancients abound with, I shall only produce the judgment of Constantine‡ in that solemn oration of his to the council of Nice, wherein he bewails their "mutual oppositions, especially in divine things," concerning which, they had the doctrine of the Holy Spirit recorded in writing; "for," says he, "the books of the evangelists and apostles, and the oracles of the old prophets, do evidently teach us what we ought to think of the Divine Majesty. Therefore, laying aside all seditious contention, let us determine the matters in question by testi-

* De Doctr. Christ. l. 3, c. 9. † De Unitate Eccles. c. 5.
‡ Theodoret. Hist. l. i. c. 7.

pretensions; and AGAINST it, to protect her doctrines! In other words, she argues with our *fallibility* to convince us of her *infallibility*, and denies Scripture to be the rule of faith, while at the same time she directs us to that same Scripture as a reasonable proof for herself as a guide, against itself as a rule!—

monies out of the Divine writings." Not a word of any other tradition but Scripture, which was held evident enough in those days, though now Mr. S. tells us it is not sufficient to decide that controversy about the divinity of Christ.

§ 6. Lastly, that Scripture is the rule of faith.

Irenæus:* "The method of our salvation we have not known by any other but those men by whom the gospel came to us, which then they preached, but afterwards by the will of God delivered it to us in the Scriptures, to be for the future the foundation and pillar of our faith."

St. Cyprian, the church hath ever held a good catholic; yet Mr. S.† takes notice that he erred in a point of faith; and perhaps the rather, because Mr. Rushworth‡ had told him that he was not theirs in this controversy. "For," says he, "St. Cyprian seems to think that the resolution of faith was to be made into Scripture, and not into tradition." But that we may not seem to accept of this courtesy from him, nor yet wholly to despise it, I shall offer this one testimony instead of many out of that father, who, being opposed with an argument from tradition, demands, "Whence have you that tradition? Comes it from the authority of the Lord, and of the gospel, or from the epistles of the apostles? For God testifies that we are to do those things which are written, &c. If it be commanded in the gospel, or contained in the Epistles or

* l. iii. c. 1. † p. 314. ‡ Dial. 3, sect. 13.

But we will just venture to remind the reader, that so far from having designed to protect Scripture, by her system of reserve and priestly limitation,—the church of Rome has only avoided the Bible on the same principle as the thief flies from the police,—to *escape detection*. Secondly, in reference to her

Acts of the Apostles, then let us observe it as a divine and holy tradition."*

Hilary† commends Constantius the emperor for regulating the faith only according to those things which are written. And to oblige him to deserve this commendation, he adds, "He who refuses this is antichrist, and who dissembles in it is anathema."

Optatus,‡ concerning the controversy with the Donatists, asks who shall be judge? and answers himself, "The Scriptures:" which he illustrates by the similitude of a father who delivered his will orally to his children while he was living, but when he was dying, caused it to be written in lasting tables to decide all controversies that might happen among them after his death. The passage is large, and it is obvious to apply it.

Basil, maintaining the doxology as it was used in his days, says, "Thus we received it from our fathers;" but adds immediately, "This is not enough for us, that it is the tradition of the fathers, for they followed the authority of the Scriptures, making its testimonies the principles upon which they built.§ He has, indeed, in the same book‖ a passage much insisted on by the papists concerning unwritten traditions; but withal, he says those traditions were secretly conveyed, which makes all the rest of no use to Mr. S.

Chrysostom,¶ having mentioned several heresies, directs how they may be avoided,—viz., by attending to the faith

* Epist. 74. † Ad Constant. ‡ Lib. 5, de Schism. Donat.
§ De Sp. Sancto, c. 7. ‖ Ibid. c. 27. ¶ Hom. 8, in Ep. ad Heb. c. 5.

being the authorized interpreter of the Holy Volume, —either she has, or she has not, an infallible interpretation:—if she *has*, then is she a robber, in keeping the richest of all blessings from the hearts and consciences of her people; if she has *not* such an interpretation,—then may we adopt the fearless language

delivered, and looking upon all that disagrees from that as adulterate. "For," says he, "as those who give rules do not put men upon a curious inquiry after any measures, but bid them keep to the rule given; so it is in opinions. But nobody will attend to the Scriptures; if we did, we should not only not fall into errors ourselves, but also rescue those that are deceived." Again:* "If we would be throughly conversant in the Scriptures, we should be instructed both in right opinions and a good life. Again, among the many sects of Christians† it will be easy to judge of the right, if we believe the Scriptures, because they are plain and true: if any one agree with these, he is a Christian; if he contradicts them, he is far from this rule."

St. Austin calls the Scripture,‡ the divine balance for the weighing of doctrines. Again: "The holy scripture," says he, "fixeth the rule of our doctrine." And accordingly himself uses it both in his dispute with Maximinus, to whom he says,§ "Neither ought I now to allege the Nicene council, nor thou that of Ariminum; for neither am I bound to the authority of the one, nor thou of the other. Let us both contest with the authorities of Scripture, which are witnesses common to us both." And also against the Donatists in these words: "Let them, if they can, demonstrate their church, not by the talk and rumours (or oral tradition) of the Africans, not by the councils of their own bishops, not by the books of

* Hom. 52, in Johan.
† Hom. 33, in Act. Apost.
‡ De Bapt. Cont. Donat. l. 2, c. 6.
§ Contr. Max. l. 3.

of Scripture,—and say, she "lies, and the truth is not in her." Thirdly, we are bound to remember, that the heresies which have infected the church arose, NOT from the perversion of a circulated Scripture in the hands of the people; but rather, from the ambition, pride, envy, and rancour of wily monks, schismatic deacons, envious presbyters, and in some cases, of rival bishops. Fourthly, the whole spirit of pure Catholicism implies, that the REAL WAY TO PROTECT THE BIBLE IS TO CIRCULATE IT;

their disputers, not by deceitful miracles, &c., but by the prescript of the law, prophets, &c.—i. e., by all the canonical authorities of the holy books."*

Hierom saith,† "Of those things, which without the authorities and testimonies of the Scripture, men invent of their own heads as from apostolical tradition, they are smitten with the sword of God."

Theophilus Alexander, whom Hierom hath translated, calls Scripture more than once‡ the rule, and the testimonies of it the firm foundations of doctrine. And again saith, "It comes from a demoniacal spirit that men follow the sophisms of human minds, and think anything divine that wants the authority of Scripture."

Theodoret charges all heresies upon the not following of Scripture, which he calls the inflexible rule of truth. Again: "We have learned the rule of opinion from the divine Scripture."

After the fathers, I shall produce the testimonies of two eminent persons of latter times, Gerson and Lyra.

Gerson, in his book of the Trial of Doctrines, hath this re-

* De Unitat. Eccles. c. 16. † Comment. in Agg. c. 1.
‡ Paschal. l. 3.

and that the true victory over heresy, is to be maintained not by keeping the Scriptures from contact with the popular mind, but rather, by imbuing the heart of the empire more vitally, radically, and experimentally with their divine influence, doctrine, and verity. "The ENTRANCE of Thy Word giveth LIGHT, it giveth understanding to the SIMPLE." Thus saith a coronation hymn, chanted by Inspiration to the glory of Revelation; and there is more than enough in this canon of the Almighty to answer all the sophistries urged against the darkness, difficulty, and

markable passage: "In the trial of doctrines, that which is first and principally to be considered, is, whether a doctrine be conformable to the holy Scripture, &c. The reason of this is, because the Scripture is delivered to us as a sufficient and infallible rule for the government of the whole ecclesiastical body and its members to the end of the world. So that it is such an art, such a rule or exemplar, that any other doctrine which is not conformable to it, is to be renounced as heretical, or to be accounted suspicious, or not at all appertaining to religion." Again: "It is evident how pernicious the rejection of the holy Scripture is, and how certain a preparatory for the reception of antichrist." Once more: "What mischief, what danger, what confusion hath happened through contempt of the holy Scripture, which, sure, is sufficient for the government of the church (else Christ must have been an imperfect lawgiver), let us ask experience," &c.

Lyra also writes thus: "As in philosophy truth is discovered by reducing things to their first and self-evident principles, so in the writings delivered by the holy doctors, truth is discovered, as to matters of faith, by reducing them to the canonical Scriptures."

danger of consulting the Bible. Fifthly, let the genuine Protestant remember, that there is a leading fallacy running through the entire argument of the Romish church on the "Rule of Faith." When the English Catholic pleads for the Bible, as the ground of his faith, he does not mean to assert the unfailing EFFICIENCY, but the universal SUFFICIENCY of the Scriptures, — his guide to salvation: that is, he does not confound Scripture as fallibly interpreted by the individual mind, with the same, as infallibly communicated by God. And this remark conducts us to the last we shall venture to offer on the subject; namely—that unless we are to imagine the mind of man to be reduced into mere intellectual machinery, worked and wielded by a resistless impulse from above—a rule of faith, *absolutely and universally incapable of abuse*, cannot, in the very nature of the case, be given, even by the Supreme Himself. For it is not in moral, as in physical remedies; in the latter, the test of their adequacy lies in the positive harmony between the means and the result attained. For instance, the certain power of medicine can only be proved by a corresponding amount of cure; and in proportion as the cure is not effected, we may assert that the adequacy of the medicine in this respect is unproven. But in the former case (that of moral remedies), this reasoning

is fallacious. Here, in order to prove that a remedy is *sufficient*, it is not necessary to shew that invariably it is *successful;* because, unless man is to be degraded into an automaton, there must always remain in him, (even to the last,) in every remedial process, a positive amount of election, or moral responsibility; so that he can, if he *will*,—resist the evidence that is brought before him. And this holds in Scripture. We claim for it infallibility, as a rule of faith in all the essentials of salvation. But we do not mean by this,—that to all it will prove an EFFICIENT guidance: because we are aware that man, as a rational and accountable agent, must be allowed, even in the things of eternity,—to exercise his moral nature responsibly, or cease to exercise it at all. If, therefore, (which we are far from granting,) the Romish controversialists could shew that the principles of the Reformation, as maintained by Luther, and held by the Church of England, concerning the right of reading the Scriptures, had been a thousand times more abused to heresy and schism than they have been,—they would still leave the whole argument for the sufficiency of Scripture as a Rule of Faith, unviolated and unmoved. For the Bible's sufficiency depends not on the reception with which it is greeted by man; but rather, on the real suitability of its doctrines, promises,

and principles, to the condition of our nature, as contemplated by God. And thus, while we plead for all the fulness of divine inspiration, we expect to the last, it will be perpetually frustrated by all the vileness of human perversion. We conclude this allusion to the Rule of Faith by an eloquent passage from one who, both as churchman and Christian, is well entitled to be heard on this theme:—

"Its very presence, as a believed book, has rendered the nations emphatically a chosen race, and this, too, in exact proportion, as it is more or less generally known and studied. Of these nations, which in the highest degree enjoy its influences, it is not too much to affirm that the differences, public and private, physical, moral, and intellectual, are only less than what might be expected from a diversity of species. Good and holy men, and the best and wisest of mankind, the kingly spirits of history, enthroned in the hearts of mighty nations, have borne witness to its influences, have declared it to be beyond compare the most perfect instrument, the only adequate organ, of humanity; the organ and instrument of all the gifts, powers, and tendencies by which the individual is privileged to rise above himself—to leave behind and lose his dividual phantom self, in order to find his true self, in that distinctness where no division can be—in the eternal I AM, the everliving WORD, of whom all the elect, from the archangel before the throne to the poor wrestler with the Spirit, *until the breaking of day*, are but the fainter and still fainter echoes."—*Coleridge's Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, p. 72.

We now revert to another view of the man Luther, and are struck with the truth of a remark made by Coleridge, in the curious parallelism which he has

instituted between the Apostle of the French Revolution, and the Apostle of the German Reformation. "Each (i.e., Rousseau and Luther) referred all things to his own ideal. The ideal was indeed widely different in the one and in the other; and this was not the least of Luther's many advantages, or, to use a favourite phrase of his own, not one of his least favours of prevailing grace. Happily for him, he had derived his standard from a common measure already received by the good and wise; I mean, the inspired writings."* In other words, God's actual,

* Sir J. Mackintosh concurs with Coleridge in describing the intellectual *idealism*, that so mastered and moulded the whole of Luther's teaching and conduct. In reference to our great Reformer, he observes (*History of England*, chap. 5, *on Reformation*)—"The ardour of his mind, the elevation of his genius, and the meditative character of his country, early led him to that *contemplation of the vast and invisible, to that aspiring pursuit of the perfect and boundless*, which lift the soul of man above the vulgar objects of sense and appetite, of fear and ambition." And afterwards, when alluding to the momentous "THESES," which Luther published in opposition to Tetzel's doctrinal blasphemies concerning "Indulgences," he thus remarks—"It was fortunate, also, that the enormities of Tetzel found Luther busied in the contemplation of the principle which is the basis of all ethical judgment, and by the power of which he struck a mortal blow at superstition: 'MEN ARE NOT MADE TRULY RIGHTEOUS BY PERFORMING CERTAIN ACTIONS WHICH ARE EXTERNALLY GOOD, BUT MEN MUST HAVE RIGHTEOUS PRINCIPLES IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND THEN THEY WILL NOT FAIL TO PERFORM VIRTUOUS ACTIONS.' Whether Luther rightly understood the passages of the New

was Luther's ideal; or, we may assert that the symmetries, splendors, and prerogatives of the Church of Christ, as realized in Scripture, in distinction from the mean, emasculate, and vitiated THING, which then presented itself to the scorn of the holy, and the sneer of the unbelieving,—gradually took possession of the Reformer's mind; and deepened more and more his spiritual yearnings, that what was described as a pure and perfect church in the letter of the Bible,

Testament on which he founded the peculiar doctrines for the sake of which he advanced this comprehensive principle, is a question of pure theology. But the general terms which are here used enunciate a proposition equally certain and sublime; the basis of all pure ethics, the cement of the eternal alliance between morality and religion, and the badge of the independence of both on the low motives and dim insight of human laws."—"He saw the pure moral principle in its religious form; *but his words evince it, as it exists in itself, independent of all application.*" And again, (p. 142,)—"To follow Luther through the perils that he braved and the sufferings that he endured, would lead us too far from our proper province: but in justice to him, the civil historian should never omit the benefits which accrued to the moral interests of society *from the principle on which to the end he founded his doctrine*—that all rites and ceremonies, all forms of worship, nay, all outward acts, however conformable to morality, are only of value in the judgment of God, and in the estimate of conscience, when they flow from a pure heart, and manifest right dispositions of mind."—"Where these are wanting, outward acts can make no compensation for their absence; because the mental qualities themselves, are the sole objects of moral approbation.—From the promulgation of this principle, therefore, may be dated the downfall of superstition," &c.

should find its actual counterpart in the visible church. In addition to this, we perceive that as the doctrines of Reformation began to spread, and the hopes of the good to brighten, under their diffusion, a principle of sacred energy (almost amounting to enthusiasm) inspired the heart of Luther at times; till he rose to the style of a prophet, and spake like one who felt himself summoned to a lofty work, and whose mission was more and more consecrated by an impulse from above. "Luther," says one whom we have often quoted in this volume, "did not *write*, but *acted* Poems." And thus to him may be well applied a remark of Victor Cousin's (see "Exposition of Electicism"), "Humanity is inspired. The divine breath which is in it, always and everywhere reveals to it all truths under one form or another, according to the place and time. The soul of humanity is a poetical soul, which discovers in itself the secrets of beings, and gives utterance to them in prophetic chants which ring from age to age." As an illustration of this, read what the monk says of his Infernal Antagonist, and also of his felt predestination:—

"Satan seems to have anticipated in me, from my infancy, some of those qualities which have since appeared; and to prevent the progress of the cause in which they have been instrumental, *he affected my mind to such a degree as to make me often wonder whether I was the only human creature whom he tormented.*

Now, however, I perceive that *God directed* that I should acquire, by personal experience, a knowledge of the constitution of universities and monasteries, that my opponents might have no handle to boast that I pretended to condemn things of which I was ignorant. IT WAS ORDAINED, THEREFORE, *that I should pass part of my life in a monastery.*"

This strong belief in the predestinating ordinance of God, together with the innate poetry of his keen highly susceptible heart, will explain the oracular style in which Luther sometimes expresses himself. With little men, or with minds whose faculty was less gigantic, or whose feelings were less imaginative, this mode of expression would often seem inflated and arrogant. But in Luther's case, we do not feel thus. He wrote, spake, and acted, as " one well known in Earth, and Heaven, and Hell!"

But we must not dilate here; and therefore will just add, that when we analyse the character of the Reformer as a man, next to the *Idealism* of his nature,—we delight to recognise the exquisite sociality of his temperament, there was no ascetism, cant, or pharisaic airs and graces about him. He hated trick, pomposity, and pretension; and shook from him, with a hearty disdain, all those mean accompaniments which appertain to the mere drama of external piety, but have nothing to do with the healthful spirituality of the genuine Christian. At the fireside, in the bosom of his family, or amid the circle

of attached friends,—Luther seems to have been the very fascination of companionship. He could laugh, and sing, and converse; utter his witticisms, and throw forth those gleams and sparkles of innocent mirth, which the hypocrite, or mere practiser of religious pantomime, can neither admire nor understand. And then, what bursts and outbreaks of thrilling pathos, and poetic feeling, and impassioned enthusiasm were blent with all this! Truly, it was worth a walk of some few hundred miles to have heard Doctor Martin hold his vivid conversations with those assembled round his family board; and there behold the same man, whose unquailing heart had faced and fronted all the batteries of Rome, subsiding into the laughing simplicity of childhood and mirth:—after all, he has lost one of the finest elements of a feeling manhood, both in faith and character, who retains none of the child about him.

But Luther's radiant happiness arose not only from the fervour and freshness of an elastic temperament, but his very religion was the divinity of joy. He was a PARDONED man; and felt himself to be so, on the intelligible basis of gospel truth, and therefore had (with some intermissions) "*joy* and peace in believing." With him, Christianity was not an insulated act, a sacramental rite, or an observed institute alone; it was far more than this,—it was a

renewal of NATURE, evidenced by all the tangible experiences of a new life: it was "Christ within—the hope of glory." He *lived* up to what he believed; and thus, there is a spiritual ease, heartiness, and simplicity in all the motions of this man's religious character. Religion was not put *on* him by imitative effort, but put *into* him by efficient grace. And thus the sociality of the man was not checked or chilled by the sanctity of the Christian; but, on the contrary, expanded, purified, and ennobled by being brought into contact with it. All relations were redeemed into him in Christ; and he had learned the blessed science of connecting *every* thing with the atoning purchase of the Saviour's blood. As to the honesty, unworldliness, and thorough-paced integrity of Luther,—even the bitterest of his Jesuitical foes have admitted *this*. He never defiled himself with the "Mammon of unrighteousness;" but lived, in the main, a poor man all his days, perpetually refusing imperial bounties and aid. But we must not omit to remark, in this glance at Luther's private character,—how strangely, and almost mysteriously, the chords of his whole spiritual and moral being vibrated to the appeals of melody. In fact, to him, music was almost the religion of sound; it hovered, and trembled, and played like a subtle and subduing magic over his fine imagi-

nation, and seemed to have an effect upon his wasted mind,—akin to that which the balm, and breeze, and beauty of a rustic walk in the May-time has upon a convalescent frame.*

And yet, it was not all cloudless ether with the experience of Luther. Towards the close of his eventful life, some of those dark melancholies and dreary pangs which preyed upon his youth, revived; and threw round his latter days shades of sadness beyond the sunbeams of *this* world to dissipate. Nor were his solicitudes reasonless. The political aspect of Germany, threatened with a rising war; the rabid animosities of the papal party; some doubts as to his own conduct in the Schmalcaldic league; the harassing vexations connected with the Sacramentarian controversy; together with the debilities attendant on exhausted health and shattered nerves; —all this will easily explain those bodements and complainings which characterized the few last years

* "Some idea may be formed of his state of mind, when we read that once, overpowered by despondency, he locked himself into his cell for several days, refusing to admit any one; and at last, as he took no notice of repeated knocking, his door was broken open, and *he was found in a state of insensibility, from which he was recovered by means of music, of which he was passionately fond, and which was his sole recreation.* These severe trials which Luther endured and overcame, were as a preparatory school to the struggle in which he joyfully engaged with the," &c. &c.—*Pfizer*, &c. &c.

of his life. But this explanation does not alleviate the keenness of our sympathy, when we listen to the wails of a heart, at times half-broken, and the pinings of a spirit wearied and worn almost to the roots,—when we connect them with the former heroism of his high career. Yet, be it remembered, Luther's melancholy was not the repining fretfulness of the mere sentimentalist; much less was it the sore rebellion of a spirit that was so wedded to this world as to be reluctant to pass into another. Far otherwise: he often devoutly wished to "depart, and be at peace;" and that, too, in the tranquil magnanimity of one who knew "in WHOM he had trusted." Read, for instance, the last farewell he gave to his friend Pomeranus, for his beloved Ketha, when he apprehended his speedy death:—

"Tell her, that she must bear patiently our separation, and remember with gratitude that we have lived together for twelve years in peace and happiness. She has been to me," he continued, "not alone a faithful wife, and nursed and attended me with constant fidelity, but she has shewn all the obedience of a willing servant. God will reward her in the great day, and enable her also to bring up our children as is suitable and proper. Take, also, my parting benediction to the servants of God's word, and to the citizens of Wittemberg, whose kindness I have so often experienced; take my respectful farewell to our right worshipful Elector, my gracious master, and to the Landgrave, and tell them not to despond, but be of good courage. I am ready to die, if it be the will of my Master; yet I would gladly have lived till Whitsuntide, that I might have published once more my accusations of the Roman beast—the pope and his kingdom."

The anti-papal spirit in the closing paragraph of this quotation, brings us to a brief view of those imperfections which candour must allow to have sometimes shaded the lustre of Luther's mind, and to have occasionally darkened the brilliancy of his apostolic achievements. We do not, then, wish to insinuate, what common sense and historic justice instantaneously refute,—that the German monk *always* combined the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove; still less dare we assert that he *ever* maintained that intellectual meekness of tone, and exhibited that moral harmony of temper, which are to be admired and admitted among the consummate graces of the Christian hero. On the contrary, it comes within the limits of the warmest appreciation of the character of Luther, not to question (in the main) the justice of Robertson's view of the Reformer, in his "History of Charles the Fifth:"—"His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty and human passions." . . . "His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feebler spirits, or such as are placed in more tranquil situations."—"His confidence that his own opinions were well

founded approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in confuting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility."

This is a severe, but, on the whole, not an exaggerated account of what was infirm and faulty in the great Reformer. In truth, there were moments when his whole nature seemed to boil over with a most outrageous orthodoxy. His natural temper was quick, fiery, headstrong, and impetuous; and when excited by the atrocities and perfidies of the Roman court and sycophantic priesthood; or when brought into sudden contact with a reasonless opposition to what he firmly believed to be the everlasting cause both of God and Man;—then it is, that we find Doctor Martin, in a hurricane of theologic rage, carried along with immitigable fury over Princes, and Popes, and Priest, and Councils, and Canons!—now cleaving this man to the earth, with the sledge-hammer of indignant scorn; and then withering another with the most blasting irony which galling language can express. It was in moods like these, when blinded by a passionate trust in his own convictions, and assuming to himself the entire arbitration of questions which minds equally spiritual with his own hesitated to adopt,—that he often approached to the very brink of that assumed

infallibility, whose baseless pretensions he had done so much to overturn. In fact, Luther then becomes the Hildebrand of dogmatic Protestantism; and somewhat justifies the sarcastic reflection of Victor Cousin, in his "Exposition of Electicism:"—"Indeed, we cannot but smile to see a Protestant sect, after having separated from the church in the name of the right of free inquiry, end with denying the authority of the faculty which inquires."* Neither is

* Protestants in general, as well as Luther in particular, must be content to come within the charge of this inconsistency. For in fact, if the ABSOLUTE extent of the term—Private judgment, is, in all matters ecclesiastical, to be admitted and revered, then assuredly it is difficult to imagine how the visibilities, and orders, and sacraments, and creeds, and institutes of a CHURCH can be maintained. It is here that one of the greatest difficulties arose in the arrangement of the church, as a visible constitution, which neither the fortitude of Luther nor the prudence of Melancthon could overcome. The latter, it is well known, while in perfect concord with his friend on all matters essential to the salvation of the soul, differed with him in points connected with the ancient form of church government; and also (in the close of his life) with his views on the presence of Christ in the sacrament. In reference to the nice question, of church orders and discipline, Melancthon thus expresses himself, in a letter to a friend:—"To speak my own opinion, I could wish not only to confirm the power of the bishops but to re-establish their jurisdiction; for I plainly perceive what church order will prevail when the constitution of the ancient church is dissolved; I see that a much more intolerable tyranny will break forth than that under which we formerly groaned." And if the attainment of a formal

it wise or honest to conceal from our regret, that Luther's views concerning the relative importance of the apostolic commission, the witnessing character of the visible Church, and the spiritual presence of Christ in the blessed sacramant, were not more what the Word of God, as interpreted by our own Reformers, and as authenticated by Catholic antiquity,—appears to authorize.

But perhaps the portion of Luther's life which awakens the most discomfort in the minds of his most impassioned admirers, is that which was occupied by his controversy with the Sacramentarians, and with Caroldstadt* in particular. The hero is often no hero here; and it is depressing, to a painful ex-

unity is impossible, while individual opinion is permitted in all its lawlessness, so neither can articles, creeds, and institutes be imposed on any member of a church, while NO surrender of the individual liberty for the sake of collective order,—is required. For the mocker of Protestantism will be inclined to assert an absolutely free right to read the Word of God, and to educe from it an independent creed, as not in consistency with Articles and Confessions which antedate and decide the *result* of such perusal.

* It is right, however, to remember that the papists, in their harsh allusions to Luther's writings against this fanatical personage, never have the candour to state the *whole* case. Their object is, to represent Luther as far more tyrannical than even the Pope himself, whom he so abused, in his treatment of his opponent, as if no other element but a difference of opinion on the Sacrament were at work. While the fact is, that Carold-

tent, to see Luther's noble heart, frank spirit, and ingenuous mind, often lacerated with temper, weakened with rage, and fretted and chafed into most unbecoming and unchristian exaggerations. "Cease ye from MAN! whose breath is in his nostrils!"—is, perhaps, the most charitable comment every heart that knows itself, will here make.

But, with this candid avowal of Luther's occasional violence, arrogance, and asperity, we must never forget the language in which he wrote, the times in which he lived, the bad taste which prevailed, and the cast-iron corruptions which he had to oppose. Perhaps, after all, it may be a matter of fair discussion, how far the fury, and fierceness, and force of Luther's style were *required* by the peculiarities of opposition which were to be overcome. At all events, the subject is so interesting, and verges so closely on some of the finest principles of ethics, that we must allow the Reformer to plead his own apology;—just premising, that Luther himself, in calmer hours, made the violence of his language and

stadt was opposed by Luther, not only as holding views contrary to his own touching the Sacrament, but as a wild, haughty, and blustering fanatic, who had from the beginning, more or less, supported the mad views of Munzer and his lunatic disciples. The reader is referred to Seckendorf's "HISTORIA LUTHERANISMI," for a satisfactory elucidation of this.

the vengeance of his reproof, the express subject of prayer and penitence before God. To Spalatinus he thus remarks (*Epist.*, lib. 1):—

"I own that I am more vehement than I ought to be. I have to do with men who blaspheme evangelical truth; with wolves; with those who condemn me unheard, without admonishing, without instructing me; and who utter the most atrocious slanders against myself and the Word of God. Even the most senseless spirit might be moved to resistance by their unreasonable conduct, much more I, who am choleric by nature, am possessed of very irritable feelings, and of a temper easily apt to exceed the bounds of moderation. I cannot, however, but be surprised whence this novel taste arose, to call everything spoken against an adversary abusive language. What think ye of Christ? Was he a reviler, when he calls the Jews an adulterous and perverse generation, a progeny of vipers, hypocrites, the children of the devil? What think ye of Paul, who calls the enemies of the gospel dogs and seducers; who, in the thirteenth chapter of the Acts, inveighs against a false prophet in this manner:—'O full of all subtilty and all malice, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness?' Why does not Paul gently soothe the impostor, rather than thunder at this rate? A mind conscious of truth cannot with easy indifference endure the obstinate enemies of truth. I see that all persons demand of me moderation, and especially those of my adversaries who least of all exhibit it. If I am too warm, I am yet frank and open; in which point I think that I excel those who always act with artifice and guile."

In another letter he thus vindicates himself:—

"I see clearly that Erasmus is very far from a right knowledge of the nature of saving grace. In all his writings, his grand object is to avoid the cross, give no offence, and live at peace. Hence he thinks it proper, on all subjects, to display a sort of

civility, good nature, and good breeding; but I say Behemoth will pay no regard to such treatment, nor ever be amended by it. Popery will never be reformed one tittle by writings that give no offence, that make no attack—in a word, that do not bite; for the pontiffs consider these gentle and civil admonitions as a species of servile cringing: they are content to be feared, while they persevere in their wicked courses, as though they had an absolute right to remain incorrigible."

Let us also remember that, compared with the natural dialect and native accent of popery in its curses, bulls, and excommunications,—Luther's language (in its most masterless rage) is mild and merciful in the extreme. He is often angry, but never cruel; nor did he ever desire to burn the persons of men, in order to silence their arguments. But we will venture to quote one more passage on the style of Luther's writings, which occurs in a most interesting letter of his to Brentius, the Pastor of Halle:—

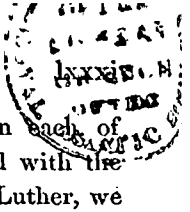
"Grace and peace to you in Christ Jesus our Lord. I return you, my dear friend, your 'AMOS,' which you sent me long ago. It is not my fault that it has not been published sooner, but that of the person to whom you entrusted it. In the humility of your heart you submitted your work entirely to my judgment, that I should alter, add, expunge, at my pleasure; but far be it from me to do anything of the kind. It is in no case very creditable to exercise one's ingenuity in working upon another man's foundation; and, among Christians, it would be intolerable for one man to set up for master over others who are taught by the same Spirit. It is enough 'to prove the spirits, whether they are of God;' and *that* being

once ascertained, we ought instantly to shew reverence, to lay aside all magisterial airs, and humbly to sit down as scholars; for it is impossible for the Holy Spirit to speak without delivering truths before which every man should bow, and receive them with childlike simplicity.

"But, beside this general deference to what the Spirit teaches, I declare to you that my own writings are very mean in my eyes when compared with yours, and those of men like you. I do not here flatter you, or put on an assumed humility. I am not praising Brentius, but the spirit with which he is endued, and which shews itself in him much more mild, gentle, and calm than in me. Then, also, your composition is much more skilful than mine; your language flows much more pure, clear, and neat; and thus is more attractive and more efficient. My manner is, *to pour forth a torrent and chaos of words. Moreover, it is my destiny to be engaged in an endless succession of fierce conflicts with monsters that baffle description; so that, if it be allowable to use such a comparison, I seem to resemble the fire and the blustering wind in Elijah's vision, while you and your associates are the 'still small voice,'* a gentle air which refreshes, and softens, and unbinds. Your writings, therefore, please me; and much more will they please others, better than my own. I comfort myself, however, with this thought, that the great heavenly Lord and Father, in the amplitude of his household, has work for servants of different descriptions, and some must be like hard wedges to cleave rugged blocks. God must appear in thunder, as well as in the gentle rain; by his lightning and thunder he agitates and purifies the air, and thus prepares for rendering the earth more richly fruitful."*

* The Author cannot resist calling the reader's attention to the following passage from the oracular Milton, which is taken from his "*Apology for Smectymnuus.*" The Author of "Paradise Lost," be it remembered, was no gentle hitter in controversy. Thus, then, speaks the inspired old man:—

"But to the end that nothing may be omitted, which may



There now remain three subjects, on each of which, as emanating from, or connected with the character, principles, and sentiments of Luther, we

further satisfy any conscionable man, who, notwithstanding what I could explain before the animadversions, remains yet unsatisfied concerning that way of writing which I there defended, but this confuter, whom it pinches, utterly disapproves; I shall essay once again, and perhaps with more success. If, therefore, the question were in oratory, whether a vehement vein throwing out indignation or scorn upon an object that merits it, were among the aptest ideas of speech to be allowed, it were my work, and that an easy one, to make it clear both by the rules of the best rhetoricians, and the famousest examples of the Greek and Roman orations. But since the religion of it is disputed, and not the art, I shall make use only of such reasons and authorities, as religion cannot except against. It will be harder to gainsay than for me to evince that in the teaching of men diversely tempered, different ways are to be tried. The Baptist, we know, was a strict man, remarkable for austerity and set order of life. Our Saviour, who had all gifts in him, was Lord to express his indoctrinating power in what sort him best seemed; sometimes by a mild and familiar converse; sometimes with plain and impartial home-speaking, regardless of those whom the auditors might think he should have had in more respect; otherwhile, with bitter and ireful rebukes, if not teaching, yet leaving excuseless those his wilful impugners. What was all in him, was divided among many others the teachers of his church; some to be severe and ever of a sad gravity, that they may win such, and check sometimes those who be of nature over-confident and jocund; others were sent more cheerful, free, and still, as it were, at large, in the midst of an untrespassing honesty; that they who are so tempered, may have by whom they might be drawn to salvation, and they who are too scrupulous, and dejected of spirit, might be often strengthened with wise conso-

will venture to offer a running comment. The first is, Satanic agency and personality. No one, then, we presume, can take even a rapid and superficial

lations and revivings: no man being forced wholly to dissolve that groundwork of nature which God created in him, the sanguine to empty out all his sociable liveliness, the choleric to expel quite the unsinning predominance of his anger; but that each radical humour and passion, wrought upon and corrected as it ought, might be made the proper mould and foundation of every man's peculiar gifts and virtues. Some, also, were induced with a staid moderation and soundness of argument, to teach and convince the rational and sober-minded; yet not therefore that to be thought the only expedient course of teaching, for in times of opposition, when either against new heresies arising, or old corruptions to be reformed, this cool unpassionate mildness of positive wisdom is not enough to damp and astonish the proud resistance of carnal and false doctors, then (that I may have leave to soar awhile as the poets use) Zeal, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond, ascends his fiery chariot drawn with two blazing meteors, figured like beasts, but of a higher breed than any the zodiac yields, resembling two of those four which Ezekiel and St. John saw; the one visaged like a lion, to express power, high authority, and indignation; the other of countenance like a man, to cast derision and scorn upon perverse and fraudulent seducers. With these, the invincible warrior, Zeal, shaking loosely the slack reins, drives over the heads of scarlet prelates, and such as are insolent to maintain traditions, bruising their stiff necks under his flaming wheels. Thus did the true prophets of old combat with the false; thus Christ himself, the fountain of meekness, found acrimony enough to be still galling and vexing the prelatical pharisees. But ye will say, these had immediate warrant from God to be thus bitter; and I say, so much the plainer is it proved, that there may be a sanctified bitterness against the enemies

glance at the writings and letters of Luther, without being struck with the bold prominence and uncompromising simplicity of statement with which the

of truth. Yet that ye may not think inspiration only the warrant thereof, but that it is as any other virtue of moral and general observation, the example of Luther may stand for all, whom God made choice of before others to be of highest eminence and power in reforming the church; who, not of revelation, but of judgment, writ so vehemently against the chief defenders of old untruths in the Romish church, that his own friends and favourers were many times offended with the fierceness of his spirit; yet he being cited before Charles the Fifth to answer for his books, and having divided them into three sorts, whereof one was of those which he had sharply written, refused (though upon deliberation given him) to retract or unsay any word therein, as we may read in Sleidan. Yea; he defends his eagerness, as being 'of an ardent spirit, and one who could not write a dull style:' and affirmed, 'he thought it God's will, to have the inventions of men thus laid open, seeing that matters quietly handled were quickly forgot.' And herewithal how useful and available God hath made his tart rhetoric in the church's cause, he often found by his own experience; for when he betook himself to lenity and moderation, as they call it, he reaped nothing but contempt both from Cajetan and Erasmus, from Cocleus, from Ecchius, and others; insomuch that blaming his friends, who had so counselled him, he resolved never to run into the like error: if at other times he seem to excuse his vehemence, as more than what was meet, I have not examined through his works, to know how far he gave way to his own fervent mind; it shall suffice me to look to mine own. And this I shall easily aver, though it may seem a hard saying, that the Spirit of God, who is purity itself, when he would reprove any fault severely, or but relate things done or said with indignation by others, abstains not from some words not civil at other times to be spoken."

Reformer ever introduces his allusions to the Evil One.* For instance, in his Patmos, on hearing of the dissenting tumults and disorganizing heresies of Carolstadt, he writes thus to his royal defender:— "Other agents besides merely human are at work. Don't be afraid, but be prepared for more events of this sort. This is only the beginning of the business: *Satan intends to carry matters much further yet.* Believe me in what I now say; I am but a plain, simple man; *however, I know something of the arts,*" &c. Almost countless, indeed, are the references made by Luther to Satanic temptation, guile, and dominion over the hearts and purposes of evil men. And here it is, that the majority of those who have written on Luther, have thought it right to say a great many soft things, and utter many apologetic tones about the dreaminess of the German mind, superstitions of a barbarous age, heats of imaginations, relics of popish darkness, &c.; all of which,

* In allusion to these letters, so redolent of Luther's real heart and mind, Coleridge says (*Friend*, vol. i., p. 186,)—"I can scarcely conceive a more delightful volume than might be made, if they were translated in the simple, sinewy, idiomatic mother-tongue of the original." The Author is happy to say, that Coleridge's wish will shortly be accomplished. A translation of Luther's letters is commenced by one in every respect admirably fitted to the high task, both as an elegant scholar and profound theologian,—the Rev. Henry Christmas, of Sion College, the editor of the first volume of the Parker Society's works.

if concentrated into a moral result, seem to amount to this—that though Luther was indeed a brave man and a great one, yet in all his ideas and creed concerning the devil there is much to be lamented,—savouring of that religious imbecility which borders on fanaticism and superstition. Now, with all deference to these writers, the question may fairly be asked, whether, on the whole, Luther is not justified by Scripture, as to his principal doctrines concerning the agency of Satan in the affairs of this fallen Creation? Let it be allowed (as, indeed, all sober Christians readily grant) that in his ideas of visible and personal MANIFESTATION of the Evil One, the Reformer was under the illusion of an over-heated brain;* yet, when we are assured by the infallible

* The occurrence to which this remark applies has been made a theme for heartless irony and profane babbling among the papists and rationalists, down to our day. Yet, in contrast with this, let us hear how a man of consummate genius can treat a subject which in the hands of so many has awakened little else but "the loud laugh which shews the vacant mind."

"Methinks I see him—the heroic student, in his chamber in the Wartburg,—with his midnight lamp before him, seen by the late traveller in the distant plains of Bischofsroda, as a star on the mountain! Below it lies the Hebrew Bible open, on which he gazes, his brow pressing on his palm, brooding over some obscure text, which he desires to make plain to the simple boor and to the humble artisan, and to transfer its whole force into their own natural and living tongue. And he himself does not understand it! Thick darkness lies on the original text: he counts the letters, he calls up the roots of

Spirit of God—"for this PURPOSE, the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the WORKS OF THE DEVIL;" when we call to mind that Christ

each separate word, and questions them as the familiar spirits of an oracle. In vain; thick darkness continues to cover it—not a ray of meaning dawns through it. With sullen and angry hope he reaches for the Vulgate, his old and sworn enemy, the treacherous confederate of the Roman antichrist, which he so gladly, when he can, rebukes for idolatrous falsehoods, that had dared place

'Within the sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations!'———————————

Now—O thought of humiliation!—he must entreat its aid. See! there has the sly spirit of apostasy worked in a phrase, which favours the doctrine of purgatory, the intercession of saints, or the efficacy of prayers for the dead; and, what is worst of all, the interpretation is plausible. The original Hebrew might be forced into this meaning: and no other meaning seems to lie in it, none to hover above it in the heights of allegory, none to lurk beneath it even in the depths of cabala! This is the work of the tempter; it is a cloud of darkness conjured up between the truth of the sacred letters and the eyes of his understanding, by the malice of the evil one, and for a trial of his faith! Must he, then, at length confess—must he subscribe the name of Luther to an exposition which consecrates a weapon for the hand of the idolatrous hierarchy? Never! never!

"There still remains one auxiliary in reserve, the translation of the Seventy. The Alexandrine Greeks, anterior to the Church itself, could intend no support to its corruptions—the Septuagint will have profaned the altar of truth with no incense for the nostrils of the universal bishop to snuff up. And here, again, his hopes are baffled! Exactly at this perplexed passage had the Greek translator given his understanding a holiday, and made his pen supply its place. O honoured Luther! as easily mightest thou convert the whole city of

Himself was humanly placed in a perpetual antagonism with Satan, and warned a disciple that "Satan" had "DESIRED" to have him, that he might sift him "like

Rome, with the pope and the conclave of cardinals inclusively, as strike a spark of light from the words, and nothing but words, of the Alexandrine version. Disappointed, despondent, enraged; ceasing to think, yet, continuing his brain on the stretch in solicitation of a thought; and gradually giving himself up to angry fancies, to recollections of past persecutions, to uneasy fears and inward defiances, and floating images of the Evil Being, their supposed personal author; he sinks, without perceiving it, into a trance of slumber; during which his brain retains its waking energies, excepting that what would have been mere thoughts before, now (the action and counterweight of his senses and of their impressions being withdrawn) shape and condense themselves into things, into realities. Repeatedly half-wakening, and his eyelids as often reclosing, the objects which really surround him form the place and scenery of his dream. All at once, he sees the Archfiend coming forth on the wall of the room, from the very spot, perhaps, on which his eyes had been fixed vacantly during the perplexed moments of his former meditation; the ink-stand which he had at the same time been using, becomes associated with it; and in that struggle of rage, which in these distempered dreams almost constantly precedes the helpless terror by the pain of which we are finally awakened, he imagines that he hurls it at the intruder; or not improbably, in the first instant of awakening, while yet both his imagination and his eyes are possessed by the dream, he actually hurls it. Some weeks after, perhaps, during which interval he had often mused on the incident, undetermined whether to deem it a visitation of Satan to him in the body or out of the body, he discovers for the first time the dark spot on his wall, and receives it as a sign and pledge vouchsafed to him of the event having actually taken place."

wheat. And finally, when we recollect the inspired teachings of one who in many respects (when regarded in his individual experience) resembled Luther, both before and after his conversion,—even those of St. Paul;* when we do this, and look fairly and honestly in the face of the matter, few Christians who take their entire theology from the revelation of God, and not from the reasoning of man,—will hesitate to admit that Luther is not an object of pity for his belief in the constant agency and actual personality of Satan. On the contrary, he will rather admire and reverence the glorious simplicity of a great Mind, that was enabled by divine grace to "watch and pray," that it entered not into temptation; and which was deeply convinced that if the Master was tempted, and tried, and

* The resemblance between the character and experience of the Apostle and Reformer has not escaped the German historian of the church, Neander, who remarks—"that he (viz., Paul) may be considered as the representative among the apostles of the Protestant principle;" and that, "by the whole course of his previous development, he was formed for what he was to become, and for what he was to effect," &c. And most truly does this writer observe, in reference to the irritating energy of the law—"Paul could not have depicted this condition so strikingly and to the life, in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, if he had not gained the knowledge of it from personal experience." . . . "*In his conflict with himself, while a pharisee, Paul's experience resembles Luther's in the cloisters of Esprit.*"

wrung by the Evil One, it was not to be doubted that his disciple should be subjected to an experience like his own.

And who will deny (except those who consider God's solemnities to be man's frivolities) that a penetrating conviction that Satan is no theological Abstraction conjured up from the vasty depths of superstition; but an actual, living, intellectual PERSONALITY, moving to and fro among the hearts and homes of mankind, curtained with immateriality;—who will deny, that such a conviction received into the public mind, would operate with power upon Christian vigilance and warfare? Surely it appertains to the infidelity of a professing Church, that while in Scripture we are perpetually warned to "RESIST THE DEVIL,"—in the common experience of mankind, Satan is allegorized away into a terrible Nonentity; while (as might be expected) the entire subject of Hell is smiled down by the sneer of the sceptic, as the imbecility of a childish mind, or the bugbear of a weak and womanish heart. Yet amid all this, the truth of God touching Satanic agency remains unshaken; and albeit that agency be inexplicable in the mystery of its principle, it is highly practicable in the doctrine of its application. Still is it a scriptural revelation, that this Creation is the haunt of Devils; and is especially tried and tempted

by a vast and immitigable ADVERSARY, moving inaudibly around us with a sleepless appetite for the ruin of souls, acting *on* us through sensible media, and *in* us by moral and mental delusion. And would to God the Devil were more preached, proclaimed, and all his infernal wiles more scripturally and faithfully set before the people! Then, haply, would the Epicurean calm of the Church be rippled, and the Laodicean neutrality of the formalist would be disturbed, and our nation and Christianity (both public and private) would become not mere nominal distinction, but a *felt contest;* and instead of coolly resolving the doctrines of St. Paul, when speaking of the Evil One, into a metaphor, we should realize their counterpart in our own experience, and pronounce them—description. Most heartily, therefore, do we subscribe to the spirit of the following passage from Irving:—

"The influence of the Devil over human affairs is little discoursed of, and to combat with him is little undertaken; yet is he the Prince of the Darkness of this world, the Spirit which now ruleth in the children of disobedience. With what levity do we mention his name who once had us all, and still hath myriads of our race, under his dominion. * * * One would think that Satan had gone to sleep, or that he was already bound, so little discourse is there of his wiles, so little apprehension of his presence. Truly, it is taken in the light of a slander, and mocked at as a folly, if you ever hint to the religious that Satan is as busy leavening them as ever he was with the primitive church. But, in the name of common

sense, not to say religion, what protection hath England or Scotland against the activity of that spirit which hath subverted all the Protestant churches on the Continent? Lutheran is no charm against Satan, nor is Calvinistic, nor is Arminian, as the churches of Saxony, Geneva, and Holland testify. And that Dissenter is not, the Huguenot churches do testify. But in the religious world of Britain there is such obstinate ignorance, that they will not believe that they are in danger from Satan, though an angel from heaven should come and tell it them. And this I take to be the first great cause of their present hypocrisy: THEY ARE IN LOVE WITH A LIE. The lie is, that all is safe, that all is well; to this lie their writers and speakers minister unwittingly; and a blind person may be easily led, for what can he say who seeth nothing?"

We need hardly say, that the wish to resolve the statements of the Bible concerning a Personal Satan into mere Orientalisms or poetical impersonations, is to be traced to the native dislike of the unrenewed heart to admit into its experience any principle that calls for "reasoning pride," to submit itself, and be dumb before God. But beyond this, no thoughtful watcher over the times can hesitate to allow, that for the last twenty years the habits, literature, science, and philosophy of this country have been gravitating with a fearful impetus towards the adoption of a SENSUAL HERESY; or towards the practical belief that the Real is bounded by the Visible; and that no evidence that does not thrill our materialism (in some mode or other) can be admitted by a truly philosophic mind. Thus the hands, and eyes,

and ears are lifted into a more than logical dominion over the Intellect; and Faith, or "the evidence of things not SEEN," ceases to be retained in the canons of our world's orthodoxy. For much of this infidel carnality we are indebted to that heartless libel on all that is spiritual in taste and pure in feeling, Utilitarianism,—a system that concentrates within its grasp the elements of a most debasing grossness; adapted only to a world peopled with bodies out of which the soul has been evaporated; and which, if carried out in all the fearless enormity of its principle, would speedily transform the Empire into a mere national shop, Creation into a huge warehouse, and represent the UNCREATED MIND as little more than an Infinite Manufacturer! There is, however, one encouragement derived even from the cultivation of the physical sciences themselves—viz., that true philosophy cannot enshrine a single principle into a system without authenticating the REALITY OF THE INVISIBLE; for, after all, what is electricity, chemical affinity, and galvanism, and gravitation,—but the expression of something that is UNSEEN, of which all the visible phenomena of matter and sensitive life are only the tokens and significances? Physical Science, therefore, if consistently faithful to the law of analogy, cannot reject the statements of Scripture with reference either to the Deity or the

Devil, on the simple ground of invisibility; inasmuch as science itself cannot *exist* without a belief in the unseen presidency of some master Principle. Well, therefore, does Victor Cousin observe, on this very subject:—

"What physical inquirer, since Euler, seeks anything in nature but forces and laws? Who now speaks of atoms, and even molecules, the old atoms revived? Who defends them as anything but an hypothesis?"—"If the fact be incontestable, if modern physics be now employed only with forces and laws, I draw the rigorous conclusion from it, that the science of physics, whether it know it or not, is no longer material, and that it became spiritual when it rejected every other method than observation and induction, which can never lead to aught but forces and laws. Now what is there material in forces and laws? The physical sciences then, themselves, have entered into the broad path of an enlightened spiritualism; and they have only to march with a firm step, and to gain a more and more profound knowledge of forces and laws, in order to arrive at more important generalizations."*

We now revert to a second subject, which the reader will find frequently introduced in the follow-

* Lord Bacon is considered by Cousin as the Father of Sensual Philosophy, though he candidly states that it is only through a perverse application of this great man's principles that he can be said to stand in this relationship to much that his heart and head would equally have abhorred. Bacon's doctrines on experience were afterwards adopted by Hobbes, and Locke, and Hume, and Voltaire, and Condillac, and applied by them to the phenomena of human nature; the central principle in all these writers being this—the EXCLUSIVE certainty of the senses,—and hence the conclusion that ALL the sources of

ing pages, and in regard to which the sentiments of Luther are frequently set forth with masculine force and amazing beauty,—we mean, the sacramental meanings of this visible creation, in connexion with, and in subservience to, the Cross of our Divine Redeemer. In other words, the author desires, with

human knowledge are two — *sensation* and *reflection.* But this is quite puerile, in comparison with the profound conclusion to which Cabanis has arrived!—e. g., that the "Soul is not a separate principle in our nature, a real existence, but merely the product of the nervous system. Sensibility is the property of the nerves; and sensibility explains the moral faculties!—*Man is a moral being, because he is capable of sensation. The brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile!*"

We cannot conclude this note without reminding the reader, that, in regard to the Personal Agency of Satan, the Church of England is in perfect consonance with the Bible. Among other attributes of that Prayer-book which is as perfect in its catholicity, as it is profound in its spirituality,—nothing is more striking than its perpetual recognition of the great Enemy of the Human Spirit, against whose wiles we are instructed to pray with unceasing watchfulness.—Would that the chastened fervour, the calm devotion, the majestic purity, and apostolical soundness of this doctrinal bulwark to our beloved church, were made far less the subject of controversy, and far more the standard of personal experience in the divine life! Far be it from the sound churchman, as well as the sincere Christian, to cry out "The Prayer-book!" merely as a shibboleth of a party demonstration; still further be it from every reverential son and minister of our church to bring the Prayer-book into a mawkish rivalship with the pulpit; and thus, by mean and miserable comparisons, endeavour to decry the usefulness of the one, by superstitious hosannahs to the glory

unaffected reverence, to illustrate to others and to himself—the exceeding glory of Messiah, not only as the source of all spiritual good; but as the anointed King, and ever-present, ever-active, and ever-prevailing Adminstrator of all our mercies in Provi-

of the other; as if, forsooth, the reading-desk and the pulpit were not (in an ecclesiastical sense) correlatives; and intended to act and react on each other in the way of mutual light and influence. Rather may we all strive, by God's assistance, to imbibe the spirit, embody the principles, and carry forth into our daily conduct and lives, the truths and motives, which this blessed volume everywhere inculcates. To laud the Prayer-book is an easy task, and *may* be done for the worst of purposes; but to *live* the Prayer-book *cannot* be done, without a leaven of grace in our hearts, and the character of God in our lives. Even in the important matter of unity, let us adopt the exquisite pathos of that petition—"Fetch them HOME, blessed Lord! to Thy flock, that they may be saved, and be made ONE fold under ONE Shepherd."

If, however, the mania of reformation is to reach even the pages and principles of that unrivalled book of primitive devotion, under the teachings and ritual of which the loftiest Intellects which England has ever produced, have been spiritually nurtured, and some of the holiest in the "goodly army of saints and martyrs" have been trained for the bright Companies above;—if, we say, this *must* be the case, to meet the exactions of individual restlessness, and soothe the prejudices of narrow hearts and nervous minds,—then, with all humility, we do venture to express a hope that our faithful Bishops will cause the following passage, which appeared originally in King Edward the Sixth's Litany, to be restored:—

"From all sedition and privy conspiracy, from THE TYRANNY OF THE BISHOP OF ROME, AND ALL HIS DETESTABLE ENORMITIES, &c., good Lord deliver us!"

dence, and all our enjoyments in the august Theatre of nature. The meaning and importance of thus beholding and partaking ALL THINGS in the light and love of the Redemptive Economy, will be seen by the following extract from the Creed, or "Confession of Faith of Lord Bacon:"—

"I believe that God is so holy, pure, and jealous, as it is impossible for him to be pleased in any creature, though the work of his own hands; so that neither angel, man, nor world could stand one moment in his eyes, WITHOUT BEHOLDING THE SAME IN THE FACE OF A MEDIATOR; and, therefore, that before Him, with whom all things are present, the Lamb of God was slain before all worlds; without which eternal counsel of His, it was impossible for him to have descended to any work of creation." . . . "He ordained, in his eternal counsel, that one Person of the Godhead should be united to one nature, and to one particular of his creatures, that so, in the person of the MEDIATOR, the true ladder might be fixed whereby God might descend to his creatures, and his creatures might ascend to God; so that God, by the reconcilement of the Mediator, turning his countenance towards his creatures, though not in equal light and degree, made way unto the dispensation of his most holy and secret will." . . . "All with respect to the Mediator; *which is the great mystery and centre of all God's ways with his creatures, and unto which all his other works and wonders do but serve and refer.*"

We consider, therefore, that those who realize the transcendent verity, (even that they are the blood-purchased property of a crucified Lord) will readily grant that both piety and poetry may find the elements of divinest beauty, pathos, and grandeur in the creed—that all things are INSTINCT WITH CHRIST; and that

all our mercies, in His merit, live, and move, and have their being. But especially with regard to the harmonies and sublimities of the natural creation, from which Religion, Philosophy, Science, and Poetry are wont to derive so much food for their high purposes,—may we not regret that the CHRIST-GOD is not more intelligibly and expressly referred to?—Are we not too apt to mistake the sounding orthodoxy of the mere *name* of God, when we use it with as much cold apathy, or with as much blind negation of belief as that which an elegant Pagan would have done, when philosophizing on a first cause? For let it be considered, 1. That the world was created *by* Christ. 2. That it was so created *for* Him. 3. That it is perpetually sustained *by* Him. 4. He endows it with all its powers and attributes; and then, the conclusion is natural—that its object is, —to be a visible medium for assisting the Senses into religion, and making even Matter preach lessons of Christianity to the regenerated Mind.* It is thus

* The theological reader will not require the abundant references which the Bible offers on this subject of Christology. Nor need we remind him, how the most thoughtful and spiritual of the Fathers delight to regard the visible materialism of earth and heaven as designed to illustrate the cross. We subjoin the beautiful comment which Chrysostom gives on Col. i. 17, by which it will appear the avowed belief of the primitive church:—Τουτεστιν, εις αυτον κρεμαται η

that we may reverence the whole Creation as an expressive Emblem, and kind of sacramental Type of the marvels and mysteries and mercies of Redemption. The earth is a huge PARABLE of hidden truth, of which the CROSS is the noblest expression. And even as a human face when cold and dead, or mindless and meaningless,—may be contrasted with the same countenance when lighted up with all the living play of intellect, and radiant in every line with the lustre of the spirit;—so are the Forms of outward nature around us little else but a torpid mystery of matter, till the glory of Christ is reflected upon them, and with animating beauty quickens and transforms the whole.—Thanks be to the Gospel for this great discovery—that "All Things were created BY HIM and FOR HIM! Why, there is more profound philosophy enshrined in these syllables than Plato ever dreamt, Socrates taught, or Newton discovered. "BY him and FOR him,"—here both the origin and design of creation are magnificently unveiled. And moreover, we may doctrinally infer, that the "invisible Things" of the Saviour are "clearly seen" by the Things which are made. The world of Matter

παντων υποστασις· ου μονον αυτος αυτα εκ του μη οντος εις το ειναι παρηγαγεν, αλλα και αυτος αυτα συγκρατει νυν· ωστε αν αποσπασθη της αυτου προνοιας, απολωλε και διεφθαρται.

becomes a typical counterpart to the world of mind;—but the relation between them is not one of metaphorical accident, but arises from a divinely established connexion between the two. In a word, if we surrender our hearts to this august philosophy of the Gospel,—both Christian and poet may alike so have the eye of their Faith unfilmed of earthly mist, as finally to perceive the entire creation transmuted into a mute Christianity,—a parable of eloquent Materialism, where from the sun in the heavens to the insect on the earth, there is to be detected a DESIGNED ANALOGY between the outward sign which the Sense apprehends, and some inward significance which the Intellect is to receive.

And now, let us venture some final remarks on that fell IMPOSTURE which trades upon the agonies of the World beyond the grave, virtually sets up the Divine Attributes to auction, and coins Eternity itself into an income in order to enrich the church—even POPERY!—with all its apparatus, of infallibility, transubstantiation, celibacy, purgatory, and so forth. And truly, this is the right moment for the voice of Luther, and its echo, the Reformation,—to make themselves heard and influential. For, on all sides the Romish dissent is stirring; and (see Professor Sewell's article in the Quarterly Review) hundreds

of Jesuits (the black Beetles of Romanism) are darkly, secretly, and silently scattering themselves over the united Empires. Chapels are raised, societies organized, periodicals established, newspapers enlisted,—and so we find ourselves, to use Dr. Croly's eloquent words, "in all the vaunted illumination of the nineteenth century," with "Rome sending back among us the morals, the discipline, and the darkness of the thirteenth." And most justly does the same lofty writer remark in his sermon (entitled, THE REFORMATION A DIRECT GIFT OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE):—

"THIS is the true antagonist, the colossal challenger with the helmet of brass and the spear like a weaver's beam. . . . We must not fall into the capital danger of mistaking the dangers. Compared with this solid and progressive usurpation, Dissent is nothing. The true peril of the mariner is not in the ice-island, shaped in chill and obscurity, sure to break up into fragments by its nature, and vanishing as it meets the sun. The danger is in the shoal, growing beneath the surface, continually shifting its shape, yet continually advancing, till it spreads over the waters, and makes wreck inevitable and irretrievable."

Yes, never has the murderous fallacy,—that the cultivated intellect is in itself perfectly adequate to protect the Heart from religious delusion,—been more thoroughly refuted, than by the ecclesiastical events of the last twelve years. And yet, how were those

Champions of the Reformation, who came forward, and warned us of the coming danger, reiterating again and again, that although Popery in ASPECT changes ever, in PRINCIPLE she changes never—how were these Patriots of Truth, branded as fanatics, ranters, and insane prognosticators of impossible things! "We (says Coleridge) are endangered by the twaddle of humid charity, which used to drizzle a something between mist and small rain from the higher region of our church atmosphere, . . . and once more the church of Rome, in contrast with Protestant dissenters, became a 'right dear though erring sister!'" And truly the "humid twaddle," we fear, continues to drizzle yet! For in the face of a warning History, in defiance of God's word, and with a suicidal oblivion of all that is high, holy, and great, in connexion with our Altar and Throne—we are once more beginning to tamper with the "scarlet Lady," and basely forget the glory of all our Forefathers gained, and the agony which our Martyrs suffered, as they waved the banner of the Bible over their heads, and shouted from their flames the battle-cry of the Reformation—"NO PEACE WITH ROME!"

*** Dr. Croly has prefixed to his work on the Apocalypse, an invaluable historical analysis of our country's position

during the ascendancy or the decline of Popery. Well known as it is, it is far too valuable to be omitted here:—

"There is the strongest reason to believe, that as Judæa was chosen for the especial guardianship of the original Revelation; England has been chosen for the especial guardianship of Christianity.

"The original Revelation declared the one true God; Paganism was its corruption, by substituting many false gods for the true. The second Revelation, Christianity, declared the one true Mediator; Popery was its corruption, by substituting many false mediators for the true. Both Paganism and Popery adopted the same visible sign of corruption, the worship of images!

"The Jewish history reveals to us the conduct of Providence with a people appointed to the express preservation of the faith of God. There every attempt to receive the surrounding idolatries into a participation of the honours of the true worship, even every idolatrous touch, was visited with punishment; and that punishment not left to the remote working of the corruption, but immediate, and, by its directness, evidently designed to make the nation feel the high importance of the trust, and the final ruin that must follow its betrayal.

"A glance at the British history since the Reformation shews how closely this Providential system has been exemplified in England. Every reign which attempted to bring back Popery, or even to give it that share of power which could in any degree prejudice Protestantism, has been marked by signal calamity. It is a memorable circumstance, that every reign of this Popish tendency has been followed by one purely Protestant; and, as if to make the source of the national peril plain to all eyes, those alternate reigns have not offered a stronger contrast in their religious principles than in their public fortunes. Let the rank of England be what it might under the Protestant Sovereign, it always went down under the Popish; let its loss of dignity, or of power, be what it

might under the Popish Sovereign, it always recovered under the Protestant, and more than recovered; was distinguished by sudden success, public renovation, and the increased stability of the freedom and honours of the empire.

"Protestantism was first thoroughly established in England in the reign of Elizabeth.

"Mary had left a dilapidated kingdom; the nation worn out by disaster and debt; the national arms disgraced; nothing in vigour but Popery. Elizabeth, at twenty-five, found her first steps surrounded with the most extraordinary embarrassments; at home, the whole strength of a party, including the chief names of the kingdom, hostile to her succession and religion; in Scotland, a rival title, supported by France; in Ireland, a perpetual rebellion, inflamed by Rome; on the Continent, the force of Spain roused against her by the double stimulant of ambition and bigotry, at a time when Spain commanded almost the whole strength of Europe.

"But the cause of Elizabeth was Protestantism, and in that sign she conquered. She shivered the Spanish sword; she paralyzed the power of Rome; she gave freedom to the Dutch; she fought the battle of the French Protestants; every eye of religious suffering throughout Europe was fixed on this magnanimous woman. At home, she elevated the habits and the hearts of her people. She even drained off the bitter waters of religious feud, and sowed in the vigorous soil, which they had so long made unwholesome, the seeds of every principle and institution that has since grown up into the strength of empire. But her great work was the establishment of Protestantism. Like the Jewish King, she found the Ark of God without a shelter; and she built for it the noblest temple in the world; she consecrated her country into its temple.

"She died in the fulness of years and honour; the great Queen of Protestantism throughout the nations; in the memory of England her name and her reign alike immortal.

"James the First inherited the principles, with the crown, of Elizabeth. His first act was, to declare his allegiance to Protestantism. From that moment Popery lost all power against

him. It tried faction, and failed. It then tried conspiracy, and more than failed. Its conspiracy gave birth to the most memorable instance of national preservation, perhaps, in the annals of Europe. The gunpowder plot would have swept away the King, the Royal Family, the chief Nobles and Commoners of England at a blow. The secret was kept for a year and a half. It was never betrayed, to the last. It was discovered by neither treachery, nor repentance, and but on the eve of execution. Yet its success must have been national ruin. A Popish Government was to have been set up. The country, in its state of distraction and destitution, must have lain exposed to the first invader. The consequences were incalculable. The hand of God alone saved the throne and altar of England.

"Charles the First ascended a prosperous throne; England in peace, faction feeble and extinct; the nation prospering in the new spirit of commerce and manly adventure. No reign of an English King ever opened a longer or more undisturbed view of prosperity. But Charles betrayed the sacred trust of Protestantism. He had formed a Popish alliance, with the full knowledge that it established a Popish dynasty. He had lent himself to the intrigues of the French Minister, stained with Protestant blood; for his first armament was a fleet against the Huguenots. If not a friend to Popery, he was madly regardless of its hazards to the Church and the Constitution.

"Ill-fortune suddenly gathered around him. Distracted councils, popular feuds met by alternate weakness and violence, the loss of the national respect, finally deepening into civil bloodshed, were the punishments of his betrayal of Protestantism. The late discovery of his error, and the solemn repentance of his prison hours, painfully redeemed his memory.

"Cromwell's was the sceptre of a broken kingdom. He found the fame and force of England crushed; utter humiliation abroad; at home, the exhaustion of the civil war; new, and arrogant faction, and old, intractable partisanship, tearing the public strength in sunder.

"Cromwell was a murderer; yet, in the high designs of Providence, the personal purity of the instrument is not always regarded. The Jews were punished for their idolatry by idolaters, and restored by idolaters. But, whatever was in the heart of the Protector, the policy of his government was Protestantism. His treasures and his arms were openly devoted to the Protestant cause, in France, in Italy, throughout the world. He was the first who raised a public fund for the relief of the Vaudois churches. He sternly repelled the advances which Popery made to seduce him into the path of the late king.

"England was instantly lifted on her feet, as by miracle. All her battles were victories; France and Spain bowed before her. All her adventures were conquests; she laid the foundation of her colonial empire, and extended that still more illustrious commercial empire, to which the only limits in either space or time may be those of mankind. She rapidly became the most conspicuous power of Europe; growing year by year in opulence, public knowledge, and foreign renown, until Cromwell could almost realize the splendid improbability, that 'before he died, he would make the name of an Englishman as much feared and honoured as ever was that of an ancient Roman.'

"Charles the Second ascended an eminently prosperous throne. Abroad, it held the foremost rank, the fruit of the vigour of the Protectorate. At home, all faction had been forgotten in the general joy of the Restoration.

"But Charles was a concealed Roman catholic.* He attempted to introduce his religion; the star of England instantly darkened; the country and the king alike became the scorn of the foreign courts; the royal honour was scandalized by mercenary subserviency to France; the national arms were humiliated by a disastrous war with Holland; the capital was swept by the memorable inflictions of pestilence and conflagration!

"* He had solemnly professed Popery on the eve of the Restoration.

"James the Second still more openly violated the national trust. He publicly became a Roman catholic. This filled the cup. The Stuarts were cast out, they and their dynasty for ever; that proud line of kings was sentenced to wither down into a monk, and that monk living on the alms of England, a stipendiary and an exile.

"William was called to the throne by Protestantism. He found it, as it was always found at the close of a Popish reign, surrounded by a host of difficulties; at home, the kingdom in a ferment; Popery and its ally, Jacobitism, girding themselves for battle; fierce disturbance in Scotland; open war in Ireland, with the late king at its head; abroad, the French king domineering over Europe, and threatening invasion. In the scale of nations, England nothing!

"But the *principle* of William's government was Protestantism; he fought and legislated for it through life, and it was to him, as it had been to all before him, strength and victory. He silenced English faction; he crushed the Irish war; he next attacked the colossal strength of France on its own shore. This was the direct collision, not so much of the two kingdoms as of the two faiths; the Protestant champion stood in the field against the Popish persecutor. Before that war closed, the fame of Louis was undone, and England rose to the highest military name. In a train of immortal victories she defended Protestantism throughout Europe, drove the enemy to his palace gates, and, before she sheathed the sword, broke the power of France for a hundred years.

"The Brunswick line were called to the throne by Protestantism. Their faith was their title. They were honourable men, and they kept their oaths to the religion of England. The country rose under each of those Protestant kings to a still higher rank; every trivial reverse compensated by some magnificent addition of honour and power, until the throne of England stood on a height from which it looked down upon the world.

"Yet, in our immediate memory, there was one remarkable interruption of that progress; which, if the most total con-

ready condemned by the voice of the country, it was to be its own executioner. It at length made its promised attempt upon the Constitution. A harmless measure* was proposed, notoriously but a cover for the deeper insults that were to follow. It was met with manly repulse; and, in the midst of public indignation, perished the Popish ministry of one month and one year.†

"Its successors came in on the express title of resistance to Popery; they were emphatically 'The Protestant Administration.' They had scarcely entered on office when the whole scene of disaster brightened, and the deliverance of Europe was begun with a vigour that never relaxed, a combination of unexpected means and circumstances, an effective and rapid renown, of which the very conjecture, but a month before, would have been laughed at as a dream. The scene and the success were equally extraordinary.

"Of all countries, Spain, sluggish, accustomed to the yoke of France, and with all its old energies melted away in the vices of its government, was the last to which Europe could have looked for defiance of the universal conqueror. But, if ever the battle was fought by the shepherd's staff and sling against the armed giant, it was then. England was there summoned to begin a new career of triumph. Irresistible on one element, she was now to be led step by step to the first place of glory on another; and that protestant ministry saw what no human foresight could have hoped to see, Europe restored; the monarch of her monarchs a prisoner in its

"* The granting of commissions in the army. Mr. Perceval opposed this, as only a pretext; he said, 'It was not so much the individual measure to which he objected, as the system of which it formed a part, and which was growing every day. From the arguments that he had heard, a man might be almost led to suppose that one religion was considered as good as another, and that the Reformation was only a measure of political convenience.'

"† March, 1807.

trast to the periods preceding and following can amount to proof, proves that every introduction of Popery into the legislature will be visited as a national crime.

"During the war with the French Republic, England had gone on from triumph to triumph. The crimes of the Popish Continent had delivered it over to be scourged by France; but the war of England was naval; and in 1805, she consummated that war by the greatest victory ever gained on the seas;* at one blow she extinguished the navies of France and Spain. The death of her great statesman at length opened the door to a new administration.† They were men of acknowledged ability, some, of the highest; and all accustomed to public affairs. But they came in under a pledge to the introduction of Popery, sooner or later, into the legislature. They were emphatically 'The Roman-catholic Administration.'

"There never was in the memory of man so sudden a change from triumph to disaster. Disgrace came upon them in every shape in which it could assail a government; in war, finance, negotiation. All their expeditions returned with shame. The British arms were tarnished in the *four quarters* of the globe.‡ And, as if to make the shame more conspicuous, they were baffled even in that service to which the national feeling was most keenly alive, and in which defeat seemed impossible. England saw, with astonishment, her *fleet* disgraced before a barbarian without a ship on the waters, and finally hunted out of his seas by the fire from batteries crumbling under the discharge of their own cannon.

"But the fair fame of the British empire was not to be thus cheaply wasted away. The ministry must perish; al-

"* Trafalgar, Oct. 1805. "† February, 1806.

"‡ The retreat from Sweden, 1807.—Egypt invaded and evacuated, 1807.—Whitelock sent out to Buenos Ayres, 1807.—Duckworth's repulse at Constantinople, 1807. All these operations had originated in 1806, excepting Whitelock's, which was the final act of the ministry.

hands; and the mighty fabric of the French Atheistic empire, so long darkening and distending like an endless dungeon over the earth, suddenly scattered with all its malignant pomps and ministers of evil into air.

"It is impossible to conceive that this regular interchange of punishment and preservation has been without a cause and without a purpose. Through almost three hundred years, through all varieties of public circumstance, all changes of men, all shades of general polity, we see one thing alone unchanged—the regular connexion of national misfortune with the introduction of Popish influence, and of national triumph with its exclusion."

"These remarks were originally published on the eve of the year 1829. The bill of that calamitous year replaced the Roman Catholic in the parliament from which he had been expelled a century before, by the united necessities of religion, freedom, and national safety. The whole experience of our Protestant history had pronounced that evil must follow. And it has followed.

"From that hour all has been changed. British legislation has lost its stability. England has lost alike her pre-eminence abroad, and her confidence at home. Every great institution of the state has tottered. Her governments have risen and passed away like shadows. The church in Ireland, bound hand and foot, has been flung into the furnace, and is disappearing from the eye. The church in England is haughtily threatened with her share of the fiery trial. Every remonstrance of the nation is insolently answered by pointing to rebellion, ready to seize its arms in Ireland. Democracy is openly proclaimed as a principle of the state. Popery is triumphantly predicted as the universal religion. To guide and embody all, a new shape of power has started up in the legislature, a new element at once of control and confusion—a central faction, which has both sides at its mercy, holding the country in contempt, while it fixes its heel on Cabinets trembling for existence, possessing all the influence

of office without its responsibility, and engrossing unlimited patronage for the purposes of unlimited domination. Yet those may be 'but the beginning of sorrows.'

"But if we give way to Popery we sin against the most solemn warnings of Scripture: we have the apostolic declaration,—'Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that MAN of SIN be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, *sitteth in the temple of God*, shewing himself that he is God."

And now, as an appendix to this, let the admirer of national CONSISTENCY ponder over the startling facts contained in the following statement, as given by authority of parliament:—

Gibraltar	£300	a-year, for Popery.
Cape of Good Hope ...	200	———
Mauritius	2595	———
Lower Canada ...	2000	———
Upper Canada ...	1600	———
New Brunswick ...	50	———
Newfoundland ...	75	———
Jamaica	550	———
Trinidad	3262	———
Demerara	1370	———
Berbice	532	———
New South Wales ...	1830	———
Van Dieman's Land ...	300	———
And besides all this, there is,		
Maynooth	9000	———
Education Board (which is almost entirely in the hands of Romanists) ...	50,000	———
Board of Works ...	2,000	———

There, Englishmen, is more than £70,000, which your government is actually paying in your name, *for the absolute cultivation of the Romish apostasy!*

But, moreover, when we consider, from time to time, how the sacred Instincts of humanity have risen with indignant horror against the big and black outrage of Romish tyranny,—we can scarcely explain the seeming immutability of its strength, and the enduring pertinacity of its claims. Verily, there is a paradox of perpetuity, a mystery and a might of prevailing conjuration about it, not to be unravelled by an easy explanation. For let us look the matter in the front, and see how it stands. Here is a system of ecclesiastical assumption, a species of SATANIC JUDAISM, existent in the world, and operating unblushingly among ourselves, the whole tendency of which is to evaporate the very design of Christianity,* and to incarcerate the Human Faculties in the fellest bondage of bigotry, blindness, and superstition:—yet Reason has often confronted it with triumphant exposure; Philosophy has hooted it with

* Donne has commented on the spiritual tyranny and chicanery of the church of Rome, with surpassing vigour, in one of his sermons preached on Whitsunday,—e. g., "About four hundred years since came out that famous infamous book in the Roman church which they called '*Evangelium Spiritus Sancti.*' * * * By this gospel the gospel of Christ was absolutely abrogated; for it was therein taught that only the literal sense of the gospel had been committed to them, who had thus long governed in the name of the church; but the spiritual and mystical sense was reserved to the Holy Ghost, and that now the Holy Ghost would set

terrific sarcasm; and Science has anatomized it with the keenest ridicule; Conscience has shuddered back with frequent disgust from its claims; and often have the purity and power of the Affections recoiled from its polluting guile; and, in addition to all this, again and again have Law and Legislation, and Authority and Persecution, partially overcome its pretensions; yet, what is the truth,—but, that at this moment, here in the meridian light of this age of scientific acumen, and intellectual advancement, Popery, in all its native character, is as flourishing as ever!—How are we to account for this? A full answer could not be given in this rapid survey; but yet we may venture succinctly to assert, that if Popery be the Gospel according to man, and if Man (unless renewed by the divine Spirit) be always according to himself,—then need we not be surprised, that inasmuch as Romanism oscil-

that on foot. * * * Now when they could not advance that heresy, they are come to an heresy clean contrary to that heresy,—that is, *to imprison the Holy Ghost; and since they could not make him king over Christ himself, they have made a slave to Christ's vicar, and shut him up there in scriniô pectoris* (as they call it), *in that close imprisonment in the breast and bosom of one man, the bishop;* and so the Holy Ghost is no longer a slave; * * * but now in a bull, in bulls worse than Phalaris's bull, bulls of excommunication, bulls of rebellion and deposition, and assassinates Christian princes."—*Donne's Works*, vol. i. p. 545-6.

lates with responsive adaptation to all the requirements of our restless and exacting Nature,—such a scheme involves a certain kind of perpetuity in its very essence. Let us add to this consideration, that there is a strange awfulness in the bare IDEAS of an eternity when brought (however falsely and feebly) to *act* on the pursuits and principles of time,—which will, more or less, wield an enslaving charm over the imaginations of even the haughtiest and the most profane, on some occasions. For—

"There is no man so wicked, but at some times his conscience will wring him with thoughts of another world, and the peril of his soul; the trouble and melancholy, which he conceives of true repentance and amendment, he endures not, but inclines rather to some carnal superstition, which may pacify and lull his conscience with some more pleasing doctrine. None more ready and officious to offer herself than the Romish, and opens wide her office, with all her faculties, to receive him; easy confession, easy absolution, pardons, indulgences, masses for him both quick and dead, Agnus Deis, relics, and the like: and he, instead of 'working out his salvation with fear and trembling,' straight thinks in his heart (like another kind of fool than he in the Psalms) to bribe God as a corrupt judge; and by his proctor, some priest, or friar, to buy out his peace with money which he cannot with his repentance."—*Milton, on Heresy, &c.*

To this may be added the imposture of a pretended antiquity, whereby the church of Rome wields over her victims the spell of association, operating through the medium of the past; and thus, while she is (in historic reality) herself a lying

NOVELTY of Trentine manufacture, which came to its full maturity at the close of the sixteenth century,—this feigned antiquity enables her to affix the stigma of an upstart recency on the churches of the Reformation; and to repeat, with cuckoo monotony, the absurd cry—"Where was your church before Luther?" Connect with it, also, some other principles and elements which contribute to the marvellous influence of the Papal apostasy: such are—her impure dominion exercised by a Confessional; her assumed and actual forgiveness of sins, by virtue of priestly Absolution; her emotional Cheats, addressed to the sensitive feelings of our nature; her reciprocating system of Penance, in order to lull the conscience, and of Indulgence, in order to gratify the passions;—above all, her determination, if possible, to strangle the Bible, and gag, not only the mouth, but even the very mind of man itself. Recollect all this, in its combined and concentrated work,—and brought into operation by a machinery of multiform and amazing adaptation,—and we can (in some measure at least) account for the sway of the Roman dissent over the baptized Gallios, and the benighted portion of mankind. Nor must we omit to observe, that Rome can never be rightly estimated, unless we remember the distinction between her OUTWARD POLICY and her INWARD PRINCIPLE. NOW,

of the latter, we may boldly assert, it was, and is, and ever will be, *one*—viz., self-aggrandisement; but, as to the other, we have a specimen under our eyes,—that it is capable of assuming every aspect and expression which either the spirit of the age or the requirements of circumstance, may demand. Thus (as some writer has truly stated) Rome is an idolatress in China, an autocrat in Italy, republican in North America, despotic in South America, a rebel in Canada, and a radical in England; and yet, under all these conventional metamorphoses, she is at unity with herself in that one grand Principle which energizes throughout her whole character—even that of ILLIMITABLE SUPREMACY. By virtue of this adaptation of outward policy to every crisis and contingency,—the Roman church is now attempting to *get up* a species of artificial existence in the light of Protestant England; and thus, by a crafty process of *external* assimilation to the moral atmosphere around her, to deceive the World into the idea that she is conformably actuated from a changed principle *within*.*

* Ranke, (vol. ii. p. 20,) in allusion to the masterly skill of the Romish church, in antedating the movements of mankind, and in providing for the evolutions of circumstance and opinion, says, with profound accuracy and truth, "We may affirm, generally, that she was once more inspired with a fresh and living energy; that she regenerated her creed in accord-

Let us hear also the opinion of one, not less a Master of eloquence than a truthful Witness on all subjects connected with the actual workings of Romanism:—

" Nobody said, now-a-days, that the inquiry was unnecessary because the subject was an insignificant one, or because the church of Rome is obscure or feeble in this country. From all sides accounts were heard of her increasing strength, of her enlarged resources, of her bolder spirit of enterprise; and there was a class of persons who objected to inquiry, not in the spirit of scorn, but of fear. But if they would open their eyes, they would see far more to encourage than alarm them, provided they honestly did their duty. It was quite true, that to whatsoever part of the world we turned our eyes, we saw Romanism in a state of activity. He had alluded to the stages through which Romanism had already passed, and it was impossible to look to its present activity, without seeing that it was making preparation for some change more momentous than any that had taken place yet. Romanism was now endeavouring to provide itself organs by which to exist in an atmosphere where there is freedom of thought and inquiry; and to prepare itself for such a state, it must cast away thought, and assimilate itself to the condition of the times. But would Romanism continue in such a state? If she gain the power, will she not endeavour to impose heavier fetters than were ever imposed on human reason, when she sees it no longer necessary to accommodate herself to circumstances? Everywhere varied manifestations of activity, and

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ance with the spirit of the age, and originated a reform which, on the whole, satisfied its demands. *She did not allow the religious tendencies then existing in the South of Europe to grow into hostility; on the contrary, she incorporated them with her own, and gained the absolute direction of them.* This was the process by which she renewed her strength and repaired her disasters."

even of discrepancy were to be seen; but in those manifestations of energy there was unity of purpose. In one region was to be found the grossest, the most childish, the most debasing superstitions of the darkest ages repeated, and even surpassed; in another region and society statements were put forth, from which it appeared that she was resolved to be judged at the tribunal of human reason. In one place she was aggregating multitudes into democratic masses, and disseminating and propagating democratic principles; elsewhere, she was muffled up in the curtains that surround the throne, whispering counsels to monarchs, and describing how popular movements might be arrested. But everywhere she pursued the one great object of gathering the people to herself in masses, detaching them from all national feelings and interests, marshalling and arraying them, and furnishing them with arms, moral or physical, and all for some vast enterprise not yet announced, and in which they would, according to their respective powers, be made to labour for her interests." —*Sullivan.*

The idea, therefore, of the church of Rome being changed in the positive essence of her principles, is baseless. She is now what she has ever been—the DEVIL'S LIE set up to imitate GOD'S TRUTH; and so, designed to keep man FROM the Almighty, under the pretension of bringing him TO the Almighty. In short, we do not know that (looking at Popery as it now stands before us in all its Trentine ghastliness) we can do better than apply to it Luther's own description of an image set up in the monastery at Isenach:—

"THE IMAGE WAS MADE HOLLOW WITHIN, AND

PREPARED WITH LOCKS, AND WIRES, AND SCREWS, AND BEHIND STOOD A KNAVE TO WORK THEM. IN SUCH SORT WERE THE PEOPLE MOCKED AND DECEIVED, WHO TOOK IT FOR A MIRACLE, AND THAT IT MOVED BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE."

What, therefore, certain writers mean when they talk about the re-union of the Church of England with the Church of Rome, is best known unto themselves. If they have such "bowels and mercies" for this Matricide of Souls — if these yearnings for their "dear sister" be sincere, why, probably, the really Catholic Church of England* can contrive to exist without them. "Miserable comforters are they all!" who, for the sake of a varnished peace and vain unity, would propose such an adulterous connexion;—for as long as the Church of

* The position of the Anglo Church, in reference to adherence to the catholic antiquity, is well put by Donne, in his "Sermon preached on Trinity Sunday;"—"which day our church, according to that peaceful wisdom, wherewithal the God of peace, of unity, and concord had inspired her, did in the Reformation retain and continue, out of her general religious tenderness and holy loathness, to innovate anything in these matters which might safely, and without superstition, be continued and entertained. *For our church, in her Reformation, proposed not for her end how she might go from Rome, but how she might come to the truth; nor to cast away all such things as Rome had depraved, but to purge away those depravations; and conserve the things themselves, so restored, to their first good use.*"—*Donne's Works*, vol. ii. p. 248.

Rome allows all her Councils, maintains all her Canons, holds all her Decrees unrescinded, and her persecuting, heretical, and anti-social Doctrines unaltered, —the only way in which a friendship can possibly be struck between the Catholic church of England and the Roman dissent, is that by which Pilate and Herod one day contrived to become "friends"—i. e., by consenting to SACRIFICE the Saviour between them!"*

* The fine old writer, Thomas Fuller, with delightful quaintness and orthodox simplicity, thus ridicules the idea of a proposed alliance between the English and Roman churches, in his "HOLY STATE," (p. 50):—

"Sure they light on a labour in vain, who seek to make a bridge of reconciliation over the μέγα χάσμα betwixt Papists and Protestants; for though we go ninety-nine steps they (I mean their church) will not come one to give us a meeting. And as for the offers of Clara's and private men, besides that they seem to be more of the nature of baits than gifts, they may make large proffers, without any commission to treat, and so the Romish church is not bound to pay their promises. In Merionethshire in Wales, there are high mountains, whose hanging tops come so close together that shepherds on the tops of several hills may audibly talk together, yet will it be a day's journey for their bodies to meet, so vast is the hollowness of the valleys betwixt them. Thus, upon sound search, shall we find a grand distance and remoteness betwixt Popish and Protestant tenets to reconcile them, which at the first view may seem near and tending to an accommodation."

And to confirm this, let us adduce the recent opinion of one, whom no candid man will accuse of exaggerating the inherent opposition between the Romish church and our own

There yet remains, however, another method of explaining much of the tremendous power which the church of Rome has exercised in past ages, and is still attempting to prolong and apply—even by that APPARENT UNITY which she maintains before the eyes of the world. Now that this unity is not that of spiritual life in the soul, but rather that of death—that it is "not a natural union produced by the active heat of the spirit, but a confusion arising from the want of it—not a knitting together, but a freezing together, as cold congregates all bodies, how

—even that of Dr. Pusey, who thus alludes to what he latterly witnessed in Ireland:—

"You may know, perhaps, that we have said that 'an union with Rome (i. e., as she now is) is impossible.' It is right to add, that while I acknowledge the great personal kindness with which my inquiries were answered at the several institutions I visited, and deeply respect individuals in them, the result of what I saw of the opinions of Romanists in Ireland, was a painful conviction that Rome had at present no disposition to amend those things in her which make continued separation a duty. We must all long for the unity which our church prays for; and if we earnestly pray for it, God may again restore a visible unity to his church in truth and holiness; but until God gives to Rome grace to lay aside her corruptions, and to us to act up to the principles and standard of our church, it cannot be without a sacrifice of duty—we might even each become worse by an union. If we each grow in holiness, the spirit of Christ, which alone can give real unity, will pervade the church so as to knit it into one; and for this we must long and labour."

heterogeneous soever, sticks, stones, and water," (Coleridge's AIDS TO REFLECTION, p. 73) is perfectly true ;* but, notwithstanding this, the artificial cement has succeeded admirably well for all outward and aggressive movement; and thus, in comparison with our Babel-tongued and multiform Sec-

* On the boasted unity of Rome, the Rev. Edward Nangle says, when speaking of the *Dublin Review* :—

"But what we wish our readers to remark in the above extract is the bold effrontery with which the writer charges the Protestant world with an imperfection most manifestly chargeable on his own sect. We allude to the want of unity displayed in the variety of denominations into which the Protestant world is divided. Are there no such divisions in Rome?—We need not go further than the Number of the *Review* from which we have made the above extract for an answer. Glancing over its pages, our eye is attracted by the following names:—Jesuits, Jansenists, Hermesians, Anticelibitaires, Ursulines, English Dames, Benedictines, Sons of Francis, Sisters of Charity, Christian Brothers, Daughters of the Good Shepherd, Capuchins, Piarists, Redemptorists; to those might be added, Carmelites, Patricians, Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Augustinians, Josephites, Dominicans, &c. &c. All these birds of various plume, and some of them manifestly unclean and hateful, shelter themselves in great Babylon under the common title of Roman catholics. So that if diversity of denomination be a reproach to Protestantism, it is equally a reproach to Popery; or if the pith of the reproach consist in the diversified peculiarity of opinion which characterizes the different denominations, we pledge ourselves to prove, by an examination of the peculiar tenets of the Protestant sects who are labouring to evangelize South Africa, and the Popish sects enumerated by the Reviewer, that in

tarianism, the church of Rome has contrived to stand forth as the fairest Image of external unity which the world has witnessed; and by this excellent TRICK, has managed to pass off her fictitious concord

this respect, too, the reproach preponderates to the side of Popery."

But on the subject of "DIVISIONS" in the Church of Rome we append an extract from a rare work of Stillingfleet:—

"As to matters of doctrine. The least thing any one could imagine by all the boasts of unity among them, and upbraiding others with their dissensions, is, that they are all of one mind in matters of doctrine; but he must believe against common sense and experience that can believe this. For we know their divisions well enough, and that it is as easy a matter to compose all the differences among us as among them. We may as soon persuade the Quakers to uniformity, as reconcile the Dominicans and the Jesuits; and all our sects will agree as soon as the factions of the Thomists and Scotists; the Presbyterians and Independents will yield to episcopal jurisdiction, as soon as the monastic orders will quit their privileges; the Arminians and Calvinists will be all of a mind when the Jansenists and Molinists are; and we are apt to think that our controversies about ceremonies are not altogether of so great importance as theirs about infallibility. But it is a very pleasant thing to see by what arts they go about to persuade credulous people, that what would be called divisions anywhere else, is an admirable union among them; they might as soon persuade them that the seven hills of Rome are the bottomless pit; or that contradictions may be true. For either the Pope is infallible or he is not; either the supreme government of the church is committed to him alone as St. Peter's successor, or to the representative church in a council; either he hath a temporal power to command princes, or he hath not; either the Virgin Mary was conceived with original sin, or she was not; either there is a predetermina-

for that higher and holier (both visibly and invisibly contemplated) Union, in behalf of which the Redeemèr Himself petitioned. But we shall here avail ourselves of two writers, who, in allusion to this,

tion, or there is not; either souls may be delivered out of purgatory, or they may not. Dare any of them say they are all of a mind in the church of Rome about these points? I am sure they dare not. But what then? Do they not differ from one another? Do they not write, and preach, and rail against each other as much as any sectaries can do? Are there not factions of long continuance among them upon these differences? Where, then, lies their unity they boast of? Alas! we speak like ignorant persons, and do not consider what artificial men we have to deal with; who with some pretty tricks and sleights of hand make all that which seems to us shattered and broken in pieces, to appear sound and entire, without the least crack or flaw in it. It will be worth the while to find out these arts, for I do not question but by a discreet managing them, they may serve us as well as them, and our church will have (though not so much splendor) yet as much unity as theirs. They tell us, therefore, that it is true they are not all of a mind, and it is not necessary to the unity of the church that they should be; but they have the only way of composing differences; and they do not differ in matters of faith from each other; and their differences lie only in their schools, and do not disturb the peace of the church. This is the utmost I can find their best wits plead for the unity of the Roman church; and if these be sufficient, I believe they and we will be proved to be as much at unity as they are among themselves.

"1. They say the unity of the church doth not lie in actual agreement of the members of it in matters of doctrine; but in having the best means to compose differences, and to preserve consent; which is, submission to the Pope's authority. So Gregory de Valentiâ explains the unity of their church; for actual consent, he grants, may be in other churches as much

and some of its consequences and principles,—have thrown out thoughts worthy our deepest attention. The first is from a volume of "Essays," by the Rev. Henry Woodward:—

"The high claims of the Romish church have always appeared to me, not so much absurd in theory as in point of fact. That the church which the Son of God came down to establish upon earth, should possess such powers and prerogatives as the papacy assumes, is what any man reasoning, *à priori*, would suppose." "If the church of Christ had, in her corporate and visible capacity, always kept herself undefiled and pure, she would have been arrayed in the very attributes which the church of Rome vainly and arrogantly pretends to. * * * * There is a secret charm in Popery, a contrivance in the system, by which the machinery can work

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as theirs, and there is nothing singular or peculiar attributed to their church, supposing they were all of a mind, which it is plain they are not; but therein, saith he, lies the unity of their church, that they all acknowledge one Head, in whose judgment they acquiesce; and therefore they have no more to do but to know what the Pope determines. If this be all their unity, we have greater than they, for we have a more certain way of ending controversies than they have, which I prove by an argument like to one in great request among them, when they go about to persuade weak persons to their religion—viz., that it must needs be safer to be in that religion wherein both parties agree a man may be saved, than in that where one side denies a possibility of salvation; so say I here, that must be a safer way for unity which both parties agree in to be infallible, than that which one side absolutely denies to be so; but both parties agree the Scriptures to be infallible, and all Protestants deny the Pope to be infallible; therefore ours is the more certain way for unity. But this is not all, for it is far from being agreed among themselves that the Pope is infallible; it being utterly denied by some among them, and

itself, in spite of the misconduct or mismanagement of its agents. This inherent power binds its votaries as by a magic spell. Whence, then, hath the church of Rome this wisdom, and these mighty works? My own belief is, that the foundations of her system are laid in the wisdom of God," (pp. 80, 85.) After analyzing the genius of Judaism, Mr. Woodward, from whose interesting and thoughtful "Essay" the above extracts are taken, the author, sums up his estimate of the necromancy of Romanism, by stating his belief that "the devil, as his last and best expedient, brought in Judaism again, under the name and title of the Catholic church."

Our second is from Edward Irving—a man of brave heart, mighty spirit, and splendid imagination;

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the asserting it accounted heresy, as is evident in some late books written to that purpose in France and England. What excellent means of unity then is this among them; which it is accounted by some no less than heresy to assert?

"But supposing they should yield the Pope that submission which they deny to be due to him, yet is his definition so much more certain way of ending controversies than the Scriptures? Let them name one controversy that hath been ended in their church merely by the Pope's decrees, so as the opposite party hath declared, that they believed contrary to what they believed before, on the account of the Pope's definition. We have many instances to the contrary, wherein controversies have been heightened and increased by their interposing, but none concluded by them. Do they say the Scripture can be no means of unity, because of the various senses which have been put upon it? and have they no ways to evade the Pope's definitions? Yes; so many, that his authority, in truth, signifies nothing, any further than they agree that the upholding it tends to their common interest."—*Stillingfleet*, "*Of the Divisions of the Church of Rome*," p. 443—447.

and adorned, moreover, with powers of eloquence and thought of the highest order — a Being whom Martin Luther would have delighted to have embraced and welcomed; but one, unfortunately, whose fearful speculations on the "peccant humanity" of Christ, and whose insane parodies on the "Gift of Tongues," in his closing days,—abridged his usefulness, embittered his life, and have left a cloud on a Name, which, in many respects, deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by "all the churches." The passage is long, but assuredly it puts the subject of Romish influence in somewhat a new and startling light:—

"The Popedom, if it had not been a usurpation, would have been the fullest and fairest model of the kingdom of Christ which hath been ever exhibited; having in it the absoluteness of power, combined with the holiness of priesthood; being the very form of our Melchizedek, a priest upon his throne; who, without armies and without expenses, by nuncios and legates merely, did accomplish the same ends which the absolute kings did accomplish by force; who did establish himself upon the earth, not only as the object of dread, but likewise as the object of reverence, bringing under his dominion the emperor who represented the last and most enlarged of the autocratic dominations; and not only so, but he did make himself to be revered by all the people, insomuch that his pontifical word could dissolve allegiance and abolish natural ties. He even attained unto the claim of absolving from all guilt, of dispensing from all obligation; and his word canonized saints, dispensed righteousness, changed laws and time, and otherwise usurped the office of Christ, the Ruler of the earth, and the Dispenser of the Divine will. And into his city flowed the

riches of the Gentiles; and up to his city went the most holy of the people. Yet he himself removed not thence, neither shewed himself openly, save at the high solemnity, when the assembled myriads knelt before him, and he bestowed upon them his blessing, as the blessing of God. Time would fail me to explain, point by point, this full-length portraiture of our true Melchizedek; which, had it been an idea written in a book, and held up unto the church as the great object of its hope, would have been the greatest, the noblest, the best performance of piety and wisdom; but, being a reality embodied unto sense, a pageant contrived by the devil and informed by a man, is the fiend's arch-mock, the master-piece of delusion, the consummation of idolatry, the most daring attempt of men and devils to parody the purpose of God, and destroy the expectation and desire of the whole earth. If idolatry before the coming of Christ was the great object of Divine hatred and prevention because it attempted to inculcate the great secret before the time, by giving form unto God before he had taken form in the seed of the woman, and so anticipating the glory set apart for his Son, as the *Eikon*, or statue, of the invisible God; so, after Christ, the image of the invisible God, had been manifested in humility, together with a promise of bringing him in the second time in glory, then it became the great act of sacrilege to attempt, by any device, to forestal, or upon any person to fix, that glory which God hath reserved for his Son; whereof, indeed, every baptized man is constituted a witness, having the Holy Ghost given unto him, as his earnest, that he himself shall in the like glory appear; but if, instead of witnessing that the Priest-King, the Infallible, the Absolute, is not yet in the world; we do give that honour to a man like unto ourselves, who is in the world, or oppose him not unto the death who claimeth it; then, I say, are we guilty of a tenfold sacrilege and a tenfold idolatry, and are servants of Satan far beyond the most gross, crude, and cruel image-worshippers on the earth. There is no language, there are no similitudes, for expressing the abhorrence of an enlightened and pious Christian towards the Papacy; and there is no such

sign of lukewarmness in the Christian church, as to have become so tolerant and so fair-spoken towards that abomination. Nevertheless, while I thus speak, like the Fall, and the natural world under the Fall, and the constitution of universal absolute kingdoms, there is nothing so worthy the study of a wise and patient man, as that master-piece of Satan's invention, the Papacy; through which he hath inflicted such a blow upon Christendom, as that all the disciples of the Lord, saving a handful of stragglers here and there, have entirely forgotten the Melchizedek kingdom of Christ which is to come. I will say it over again, for the use of Protestants, and especially for the sister churches of Scotland and England, that the Papacy, as it formed itself in the times of Jerome and Augustine, and from an earlier time, did gradually abolish the primitive hope of the church concerning Christ's coming and kingdom: which hope hath never yet dawned again upon the spiritual heavens, though oft and oft it hath struggled in the midst of the clouds, and darkness, and mists of hell which that superstition brought over the face of heaven. We have had such a bout to maintain and keep the single point of justification by faith, that we have never got to the subject of our hopes at all. Oh, this Protestantism is become a beggarly thing!—a poor, beggarly system of expediency! Verily, it is like the last tatter of a beggar's outward garment, hanging shivering in the wind, without comfort and without shelter. It took too low an aim when it merely set itself to contradict the Pope; it should have studied him, it should have profited by him, it should have interpreted the wisdom of Satan, and turned it against himself; then, instead of merely denying purgatory of the soul, Protestantism would have gone into the whole question of a Christian's hope, as they went into the whole question of a Christian's faith; and then the primitive doctrine of the advent and kingdom of Christ would have come out in its fulness and its beauty. No religion can be founded upon negatives. The Protestant religion necessarily took up a negative, and it should have been more guarded against the peril which arose out of this singular prerogative."

The reader will of course form his own judgment on these sentiments; but assuredly it is a great truth, that no church can be maintained, and no creed secured, by merely a cold and negative theology; and equally true, that our manifold dissensions, differences, and hostilities, *do* expose us most cruelly and dangerously to the taunts and sneers of the Roman "mock." Even Milton, with all his *amphibious* churchmanship, writes thus in 1673:—

"It is written, that the coat of our Saviour was without seam; whence some would infer that there should be no division in the church of Christ. It should be so indeed; yet seams in the same cloth neither hurt the garment, nor misbecome it; and not only seams, but schisms will be while men are fallible: but if they who dissent in matters not essential to belief, while the common adversary is in the field, shall stand jarring and pelting at one another, they will be soon routed and subdued. The papist with open mouth makes much advantage of our several opinions: not that he is able to confute the worst of them, but that we by our continual jangle among ourselves make them worse than they are indeed. *To save ourselves, therefore, and resist the common enemy, it concerns us mainly to agree within ourselves, that with joint forces we may not only hold our own, but get ground.*"

And is there not something worthy our attention also in the following remark from one who loved our church with no common love, and died "looking unto Jesus" only,—the source of his salvation?—

"The papacy elevated the church to the virtual exclusion or suppression of the Scriptures: the modern church of England, since Chillingworth, has so raised up the Scriptures as

to annul the church: both alike have quenched the Holy Spirit, as the MESOTHESIS, or indifference of the two, and substituted an alien compound for the genuine preacher, which should be the SYNTHESIS of the Scriptures, and the church, and the sensible voice of the Holy Spirit."—*Coleridge's Lit. Rem.*, v. iii. p. 93.

But the important subject of a visible unity, involving, as it does, the entire argument connected with the platform and polity of a church considered as the "GROUND AND PILLAR" of the truth, is quite beyond the range of a Preface. We therefore hasten to wind up these remarks, which have extended themselves far beyond the writer's original intention. He cannot, however, dismiss these pages without observing and lamenting, as an attached minister of that church, the controversial bitterness which now rages within and around her, on all sides. And yet (in common with others, whose heads have grown grey and whose hearts have been made wise in her service,) does he hope that it may finally please the GREAT HEAD of "The Blessed Company of all faithful People,"* to overrule this strife of tongues and war of pens, for the expansion and purification of our venerated church. Dr. Croly speaks (in his noble sermon on "The Reformation") "of a new element being infused to disturb or renovate the old order of society," and that "the prin-

* Communion Service.

ciple of population is expanding with a force wholly incalculable." But may we not also assert, that the ECCLESIASTICAL PRINCIPLE is also beginning to expand and operate with a force beyond the mathematics of moral judgment to define, or describe? Of all "signs of the times," we know none that strikes with a more intelligible thrill on the mind of a thoughtful observer than this—viz., not only in England, but on the Continent, and throughout America, all parties are beginning to put forth the vigorous cry—"WHAT IS A VISIBLE CHURCH?" Now, there, is a double aspect under which this theological excitement may be regarded. The first is one of danger,—and that arises from the machinations of Romanism, and the artifices of prowling Jesuits, who will foment our controversies to the utmost,—and then craftily turn round upon us, and point with triumphant gratulation to their own Church, as presenting, forsooth, a blessed refuge and beautiful repose for those who seek to come out of the ecclesiastical tempest, and find peace! But—"*Sic* notus Ulysses?"—is that all we know of Ignatius Loyola?—No! thank God, it is *not* all we know.

The other aspect is one of a more auspicious character. For, after making a merciful allowance for some bad temper, bitter pamphlets, sarcastic

epistles, absurd exaggerations, and foolish "*tu quoques*,"—who will deny that it is far better for an Empire to be agitated with the Things of Eternity, than to be absorbed in the pleasures of time? And, for our parts, we honestly believe, that while corn, and cash and currency, and manufactures, and exports and imports, and saving banks, canals and railways,—may, and ought to have their fair pre-eminence in public discussion; yet is it good for both the mind and morals of a nation to feel, and believe also, that with the fashion of this world all these themes pass away; while the Principles and Prerogatives of a Church reverently contemplated as an ORGANIZED INSTRUMENTALITY in the hands of the Holy Spirit for bringing an alienated world back to God,—*however* discussed, relate to those Interests and Truths which cast their shadows into eternity; and are therefore, in themselves, calculated to act nobly and healthily on the deepest and most enduring elements of our Being.

Meanwhile, in behalf of the Anglo-catholic church, we desire, with unfeigned humility, but with all boldness,—to put in our protest against her being considered as responsible for the two extreme parties who are now contending within her bosom. She is *Catholic* in the profoundest sense of that abused word, and therefore stands aloof from both. For

assuredly, if we allow her to be apostolical in foundation, primitive in rites, and scriptural in her creed,—then, assuredly, we affirm, that she is by no means responsible for those who *condescend* to receive her wages, and yet resolve the whole of her Polity and Ritual into an ecclesiastical Nullity; and are ashamed to carry out into practice those principles of canonical obedience, under the banner of which they were ordained, and in harmony with which they SWORE to exercise all their ministerial functions.

On the other hand, the catholicity of the Anglo stands aloof from that Party who desire to hand her over to the putrid embraces of her "dear sister" of Rome; and who speak of "the church" in terms of such sacerdotal audacity, that verily a plain man might think that "THE CHURCH," and not "THE CHRIST," was our Saviour; and so magnify ordained Instrumentalities as if they were essential almost to the Divine attributes themselves. — No! that noble Church, under the shade and shelter of whose Catholic doctrine, and creed, and institutes, and sacraments, the bravest, the wisest, and the best of England's Churchmen, Patriots, Orators, Poets, Statesmen, and Philosophers, have grown and flourished—rejects, with holy disdain, affinity with either of these ultra Parties, who now rend her peace and disturb her usefulness. She is a true branch of

Christ's Holy, Catholic and Apostolic church, and *therefore* she cannot authenticate the self-originated ministries of rash Sectarianism, to gratify the one; and as she presents also, in the FOREGROUND of all her services, "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world,"—she cannot put The Atonement in a parenthesis, to please the petrified formalism of the other.*

* South says (Works, vol. vii. p. 516) that "unity without uniformity is like essence without existence, a mere word or notion, and nowhere to be found in nature." However this may be, either in theology or philosophy, we think that, at any rate, those who are apt to conclude that ALL sound churchmanship is of a bigoted, intolerant, and pharisaic tendency, will thank us for the following extracts. They well deserve the attention of different parties; and will shew to some that it is quite possible to respect the apostolic succession as a secondary principle, and to regard it as an ecclesiastical fact, and yet, at the same time, not to presume to limit the actings of the Spirit, or exclude all from salvation who may have the misfortune not to see precisely with our eyes, nor to hear exactly with our ears, "what the Spirit saith to the churches." The first extract is from Bishop Andrews, the second from Archbishop Bramhall, and the third from an able modern writer on Episcopacy, Professor Bowden, of Columbia College, in America:—

BISHOP ANDREWS.

"It being then neither personal nor peculiar to them as Apostles, nor again common to all as Christians, it must needs be committed to them as ministers, priests, or preachers; and consequently to those that in that office and function do succeed them, to whom this commission is still continued. Neither are they that are ordained or instituted to that calling, or-

The author will now take his leave of the reader, and humbly commit this volume to the protecting love and guidance of that high BEING, "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works, do proceed." Whatever in this volume is in harmony with His word, may He condescend to bless it;—whatever is not so, may He graciously overrule; and

dained or instituted by any other words or verse than this (John, xx. 23): *Yet not so that absolutely without them, God cannot bestow it, on whom or when Him pleaseth; or that He is bound to this means only, and cannot work without it. For, gratia Dei non alligatur mediis, the grace of God is not bound, but free, and can work without means either of word or sacrament; and as without means, so without ministers, how and when to Him seemeth good.* But speaking of that which is proper and ordinary, in the course by Him established, this is an ecclesiastical act, committed as the residue of the ministry of reconciliation to ecclesiastical persons. And if at any time He vouchsafe it by others that are not such, they be in that case *ministri necessitatis, non officii*,—in case of necessity ministers, but by office not so."

ARCHBISHOP BRAMHALL.

"Excuse me for telling the truth plainly: many who have had their education among sectaries and non-conformists have apostated to Rome, but few or no right episcopal divines. Hot water freezeth the soonest.

"He addeth, that 'Grotius himself assures him (whom he hath reason to believe) that there were not a few such among the prelatical men.' How! not a few such as these, who have apostated from the church of England? For ingenuity's sake let him tell us where Grotius saith any such thing. Grotius hath not one word to his purpose, when it is duly examined:

pardon the sin of the writer. "Satis me vixisse, arbitrabor, et officium hominis implesse, si labor meus aliquos homines, ab erroribus liberatos ad iter cœleste direxerit."—*Lactantius.*

That he is indifferent as to the critical reception

but this it is to confute books in less time than wise or modest men would require to read them.

"Hitherto, he is not able to shew us any tolerable reason of his warning. But he sheweth us the occasion, p. 82, 'Those that unchurch either all or most of the Protestant churches, and maintain the Roman church and not theirs to be true, do call us to a moderate jealousie of them.' This is far enough from proving his bold suggestion, that they have a design to introduce the Pope into England. So though all he say were true, yet he can conclude nothing from thence to make good his accusation or insinuation. I wish he would forbear these imperfect enthymematical forms of argument, which serve only to cover deceit, and set down both his propositions expressly. His assumption is wanting, which should be this; but a considerable party of episcopal divines in England do unchurch all or most of the Protestant churches, and maintain the Roman church to be a true church, and these to be no true churches. I can assent to neither of his propositions, nor to any part of them, as true, *sub modo*, as they are alleged by him.

"First, I cannot assent to his major proposition, that all those who make an ordinary, personal, uninterrupted succession of pastors, to be of the integrity of a true church, (which is the ground of his exception,) have, therefore, an intention, or can justly be suspected thereupon to have any intention, to introduce the Pope. The Eastern, Southern, and Northern churches are all of them for such a personal succession, and yet all of them utter enemies to the Pope. Secondly, *I cannot assent to his minor proposition, that either all or any considerable part of the*

which this volume may have,—would be ludicrous hypocrisy for him to assert. It has caused the author some little reading, study, and reflection; and he will be more than thankful, if, as this work haply winds its way through the world,—it may here and there please a good man, attract a wise,

Episcopal divines in England do unchurch either all or most part of the Protestant churches. No man is hurt but by himself. They unchurch none at all, but leave them to stand or fall to their own Master. They do not unchurch the Swedish, Danish, Bohemian churches, and many other churches in Polonia, Hungaria, and those parts of the world who have an ordinary uninterrupted succession of pastors, some by the names of Bishops, others under the name of Seniors unto this day. (I meddle not with the Socinians.) They unchurch not the Lutheran churches in Germany, who both assert episcopacy in their confessions, and have actual superintendents in their practice, and would have Bishops, name and thing, if it were in their power. Let him not mistake himself: those churches which he is so tender of, though they be better known to us by reason of their vicinity, are so far from being 'all or most part of the Protestant churches,' that being all put together, they amount not to so great a proportion as the Britannic churches alone. And if one secluded out of them all those who want an ordinary succession without their own faults, out of invincible ignorance or necessity, and all those who desire to have an ordinary succession, either explicitly or implicitly, they will be reduced to a little flock indeed.

"But let him set his heart at rest. I will remove this scruple out of his mind, that he may sleep securely upon both ears. *Episcopal divines do not deny those churches to be true churches, wherein salvation may be had.* We advise them, as it is our duty, to be circumspect for themselves, and not to put it to

or gratify a tasteful, one. With all its faults, he hopes and believes it contains Truths neither uninteresting to the mere reader of poetry, and perchance,—not despicable in the eyes of those who love to retire at times to the hidden sanctuaries of their own hearts; and ponder on Things beyond the grave.

more question, whether they have ordination or not, or desert the general practice of the universal church for nothing, when they may clear it if they please. Their case is not the same with those who labour under invincible necessity. What mine own sense is of it, I have declared many years since to the world in print; and in the same way received thanks, and a public acknowledgment of my moderation, from a French divine. And yet more particularly in my reply to the Bishop of Chalcedon, Pres. p. 144, and cap. i. p. 164. Episcopal divines will readily subscribe to the determination of the learned Bishop of Winchester, in his answer to the second epistle of Molineus. 'Nevertheless, if our form (of episcopacy) be of divine right, it doth not follow from thence that there is not salvation without it, or that a church cannot consist without it. He is blind who does not see churches consisting without it; he is hard-hearted who denieth them salvation. We are none of those hard-hearted persons, we put a great difference between these things. There may be something absent in the exterior regiment, which is of divine right, and yet salvation to be had.' This mistake proceedeth from not distinguishing between the *true nature and essence of a church, which we do readily grant them, and the integrity or perfection of a church, which we cannot grant them, without swerving from the judgment of the Catholic church.*"

PROFESSOR BOWDEN.

"In a church in which there is not a Scriptural and valid ministry, both those who administer what are deemed sacra-

For the imperfections of the work he cannot be too humble; but for the Christian principles which it attempts to embody,—he neither has, nor desires to have, any apology. They are in consonance with the Articles, Homilies, and Creed of his own venerated Church; they are those for which sainted

ments, and those who receive them, may receive considerable benefit from them. And as the ministers who officiate, sincerely believe that they have a right to do so, and the people also have the same persuasion, *there can be no doubt, that a God of mercy will pardon their involuntary error, and dispense that grace to their well-meant endeavour to do his will, which is not attached by promise to unwarranted admininistrations.* If you should not deem these observations satisfactory, you will be under the necessity of excluding from divine grace and mercy those Christians who have no ministry.

"Once more, Sir. The whole of your reasoning upon this point appears to me to rest upon a false foundation. It supposes that the ministry is of the essence of religion. There may be, and we know there is, faith in CHRIST, and love to GOD and man, which are the essentials of Christianity, where there is no ministry. A ministry is, in my opinion, essential to a *visible* church. In this I believe Episcopalians and Presbyterians are generally agreed. It is therefore of great importance to preserve it. What GOD has appointed, no man, no church, has a right to reject. Still some good people may be so unhappy as to err upon this point. Of the cause of their error we are not competent judges. We must leave them to him who judgeth righteously.

"Upon the whole matter, in the words of Dr. Hobart, 'HE who *worketh all things according to the council of his own will,* may dispense with his own institutions, and depart from the settled order of the economy of grace. It may please him to bless the *sincere* exertions and labours of those who reject the

martyrs have burnt; and which ever have, and ever will,—constitute the great MORAL BULWARK of this land; and which (above all) he conscientiously believes to be in full accordance with the infallible Word of God.

"Thou, therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of angels and men! next, thee I implore, omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting Love! and thou, the third subsistence of divine infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one Tripersonal Godhead! look upon this thy poor and almost spent and expiring church, leave her not thus a prey to these importunate wolves, that wait and think long, till they devour thy tender flock; these wild boars, that have broken into thy vineyard, and left the print of their polluting hoofs on the souls of thy servants.

positive institutions and laws of his house. *He giveth not to man an account of his doings.* The inefficacy of these institutions on the lives of many, and the piety and holiness which others exhibit who reject them, may be trials of our *humility* and *submission*; tests, whether under these inauspicious appearances we may not arrogantly exclaim, To what purpose are these positive ordinances? We may be virtuous and pious without them. Ah! let not the humble believer be seduced by this specious, but arrogant reasoning from the ways of GOD'S appointment. It was this proud spirit which urged our first parents to violate a *positive institution* of the ALMIGHTY.'"

O let them not bring about their damned designs, that stand now at the entrance of the bottomless pit, expecting the watchword to open and let out those dreadful locusts and scorpions, to reinvolve us in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, where we shall never more see the sun of thy truth again, never hope for the cheerful dawn, never more hear the bird of morning sing. Be moved with pity at the afflicted state of this our shaken monarchy, that now lies labouring under her throes, and struggling against the grudges of more dreadful calamities.

" O thou, that, after the impetuous rage of five bloody inundations, and the succeeding sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore, didst pity the sad and ceaseless revolution of our swift and thick-coming sorrows; when we were quite breathless, of thy free grace didst motion peace and terms of covenant with us; and having first well-nigh freed us from antichristian thraldom, didst build up this Britannic empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter-islands about her; stay us in this felicity, let not the obstinacy of our half-obedience and will-worship bring forth that viper of sedition; that for these fourscore years has been breeding to eat through the entrails of our peace, but let her cast her abortive spawn without

the danger of this travailing and throbbing kingdom, that we may still remember, in our solemn thanksgivings, how for us the northern ocean, even to the frozen Thule, was scattered with the proud shipwrecks of the Spanish armada, and the very maw of hell ransacked, and made to give up her concealed destruction, ere she could vent it in that horrible and damned blast.

" O how much more glorious will those former deliverances appear, when we shall know them not only to have saved us from greatest miseries past, but have reserved us for greatest happiness to come! Hitherto thou hast but freed us, and that not fully, from the unjust and tyrannous claim of thy foes, now unite us entirely, and appropriate us to thyself; tie us everlastingly in willing homage to the prerogative of thy eternal throne.

" And now we know, O thou our most certain hope and defence, that thine enemies have been consulting all the sorceries of the great whore, and have joined their plots with that sad intelligencing tyrant that mischiefs the world with his mines of Ophir, and lies thirsting to revenge his naval ruins that have larded our seas: but let them all take counsel together, and let it come to nought; let them decree, and do thou cancel it; let them gather themselves,

and be scattered; let them embattle themselves, and be broken; let them embattle, and be broken, for thou art with us.

"Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day when thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of this world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shall put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth: where they, undoubtedly, that by their labours, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders of the blessed the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones into their glorious titles, and in super-

eminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in overmeasure for ever."—*Milton.*

LUTHER.

Christ, the Centre and Circumference of Truth.

——"The TRUE LIGHT, which lighteth EVERY man that cometh into the world."—JOHN, i. 9.

"I am the Way, THE TRUTH, and the Life."—JOHN, xiv. 6.

"By HIM were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created BY Him and FOR Him: and He is before all things, and BY HIM all things consist."—COLOSS. ii. 16, 17.

FOR ever, and for ever in the Deep
Of GODHEAD bosom'd, vast and viewless Lord!
Thou wert: but, when in mortal flesh array'd,
Myst'ry and mercy both in Thee combined,—
Eternity in Form of time became
Apparent; then, the covenant of Peace,
Plann'd in the purpose of God's secret will,
At length stood forth, embodied and complete;—
And thou, O Christ! the diapason wert,

Where all the harmonies of Heaven unite
Incessant, far beyond the harp of Mind
To echo, or the ear of man to drink.

Who can express Thee, oh! thou Great PROFOUND,
Of glory, where all miracles in one converge,
And God himself in concentration shines
For ever!—Thee The FATHER only knows,
And truly fathoms. Thee the Spirit proves,
And drops the plummet of perpetual Truth
Within thy deeps of glory,—drawing out
Splendor on splendor with redoubling blaze,
And added beauty:—Thee bright angels bend
Around, and ever, with enchanted gaze,
Centre and strain their intellectual eyes
Full on thy wonders!—dazzled, awed, and dim
With Thine excess of all-exceeding love
For sin that suffer'd:—oh! stupendous Lord!
Then, how shall man, so erringly begirt
With clay and darkness, to the heights of grace
Incarnate, lift one clear and cloudless view?—
For in the glories of Thy cross we find
That miracle, where God alone on God
Is acting,—where the heart Almighty beats
With mercy, and the pangs of Calv'ry prove
His attributes in full pulsation met.[1]

Expression dies, before a theme like this
Completely mastered; but the heart of Faith,
Breaks into language with out-bursting love,
And, taught by Scripture, thus presumes to cry :—
" Thou art, O Christ! our intellectual SUN,
Thron'd in the firmament of deathless mind,—
The radiant centre of Almighty love,
The mystic VINE of everlasting life,
And all the Trinity in Thee is crown'd
By saints and angels, with commingled praise.

Oh! all we have, and are, or hope to be,
Hangs on Messiah, as the holy source;
Who shades with mercy that consuming fire,
That else Creation would at once have smit
To ashes, when the curse for sin was due.
But, in the cross and by the cross perused,
How featured with significance sublime
And beautiful, this breathing world becomes!—
Creation, by the plastic charm of faith
Transmuted, like a boundless temple stands,
Haunted and hallowed with perpetual Christ.
Lo! the broad earth a solemn area seems,
And the arch'd sky a bended ceiling grows,
Whose lamps are planets in their burning shrines;
Wonder is priestess; and the mingled choirs,—

The organ music roll'd from waves and winds,
While the deep worship is th' unconscious swell
Of Nature, when her blent hosannahs rise,
To bless the Architect and Lord of all.

And say, what merit must The Blood express,
That guilt from God in vindication hides?
Oft in the night, when musing thought awakes,
And well remembers all the world has been,—
How sin hath never yet a sabbath kept,
From the first pulse in man's apostate mind,
To the last throb in treason's bosom now
Unfalt'ring,—while in light and bloom,
Shielded and shelter'd by Almighty care
Incessant,—yet that rebel orb remains:—
Well may the heart, with big emotion charged,
Empty itself in adoration's tears:
Or, mind devout, with awed amazement, think,
How infinite must Calv'ry's pleadings be,
That thus around a throne of judgment ring
Their glory!—and, attuned with blood divine,
Roll their rich music in the ears of God.

Thus ev'ry mercy our creation holds,
Baptized in merit, bears Immanuel's name,
And through his rent and riven side descends,

Reaches all hearts, and radiates all worlds
With some reflection!—Therefore in the Cross
We glory; all our creed round *That* revolves;
For there the mountings of the mind are topp'd
With such transcendencies of truth,—they pierce
The Trinity, with altitudes of love
Trackless,—or leave imagination lost
In mute religion, at the mystic base:
And therefore, while in nature God we greet,
And in the wrappings of this outer world
His Garments witness, that from sense infold
A SPLENDOUR INFINITE, a felt UNSEEN,—
Yet, not o'er these the heart's most epic strain
Lift we of lauding rapture.—Though the sun
Burn like a sacrament of beams,
Filling our eyes with reverential light
To watch him; though the moon's poetic brow
Be lovely, calm'd with most celestial grace,
And yonder meek and melancholy stars
Thrill like the pathos of eternity
Our pensive bosom, not in these we boast,
Though beautiful; nor in the sacred Deep,
That chants his lone and everlasting hymn
Of waters, like the psalmody of waves
In worship; nor in all the gorgeous Things
That Nature in her granaries of life

Concentres, can the God-taught spirit trace
Matter for largest triumph.—Nor can Mind,
Such wonder claim as that GREAT SCENE demands,
That once on Zion did on God reflect
Back on His glory with retorted blaze—
HIMSELF!—in full expression there revealed,
When burst thy heart, IMMANUEL! into blood
Atoning:—there, indeed, Devotion's harp
In lyric ecstasies may high resound;
There, on the cross, were Powers of hell empaled,
Earth uneclipsed, the dooming curse disarm'd,
And thoughts that tune eternity with praise
Rose into life, and with new radiance clad
The Mind of angels* by their bright display.

And, therefore, "God forbid!" the rapt apostle cries,—
(And let one echo human Being make,
Till "God forbid!" creation's motto be,)—
In aught we glory, but the Cross sublime;
Which, planted in this wilderness of worlds,
Hath bloom'd with second paradise to man,
Unfading,—hung with fruitage, ripe from Heaven.
And think!—unless the terror of that thought
Palsy thy mind, and stop thine intellectual pulse

* Ephesians, iii. 10.

From beating,—think what Man and Earth had been
If never from IMMANUEL's veins had roll'd
The tide of merit our atonement drew!—
What but a curse, a prison, and a pang
Had reason, life, and apprehension proved?—
Amid the howlings of the Law unkept
Encompass'd ever, like incarnate hells
Men would have lived, have wept, blasphemed, and died!—
Then, why not, Priests of sentiment and song,
Yourselves baptized, baptize your pages too?
Oh! let the cross your admiration deck
With teaching beauty, when o'er Nature's types,
Her hues and scenes, your mantling fervors rise:
For all creation is with CHRIST inlaid.—
And ye, who down th' abyss of mind delight
To plunge your glances, lo! the Christ is there;
Reason is but a ray from HIM derived,[2]
That sparkles only with the light He makes.—
Monarchs that rule! remember, lawless Will,
But for His pangs, would rank and order crush;
And ye, who legislate for Church, or Crown,
From the deep science of salvation draw
Canons of truth, by creed Almighty sign'd;
For there, both Law and Love together meet
Their mingled answer in the Son of God.
Or ye, who in domestic bowers enjoy

Heaven's fairest miniature, a virtuous home,—
'Tis from the homeless MAN of GRIEF ye draw
The sweets of gladness, when the hearth-sides glow.—
And Christian! what art thou, but human Christ—
In creed and conduct, character and life
Evolved, and still evolving? Thou in Him,
And He in thee,—thy life but echoes His;
Thy foremost graces are but falling gleams
Directly from His typing glory cast.
But *all* thou art—can faith alone depict:
Experience only is description here,
And that, internal:—for the life of truth
Is learnt by feeling, and by love acquired:
Mere language only is a dead pretence,
Aping the life that love alone can reach,
Or, e'er unravel. But if thus the life
Of faith imperfect, far beyond the soar
Of speech, to altitudes of secret awe
Itself exalteth,—who, by climbing words,
The Lord of Being, in His life of faith,
Presumes to follow? *There* all language ends,
As tenses in eternity are lost!

But this, enough for sinful man to know—
In Christ, the sum and substance of all Truths
Are met, and manifest; in Him, full-orb'd,

Religion ev'ry saving virtue finds,—
For there alone the heart of God unveils
Its vast expression :—in the Face Divine
Of HIM—the arch ELECT, before all worlds
In secrecy of love divine embraced,
In Christ, the counterpart of Godhead,—shines
That moral radiance which Himself repeats
By humanized reflection. There alone
The fallen spirit, with an eye unfilm'd
By grace, from sin and sensual darkness freed,
The will and purpose, pardon, love and peace
From God to man adoringly may find.
All other media which inventive pride
Presumes to fashion, are but barren dreams :—
Man's Deity is only dust refined,
Himself re-cast in some ethereal mould,
A finite into infinite enlarged;
And this dilation for a God mistook!—
But Thou! IMMANUEL! art the way we come,
The truth we know, the endless life secured,
The all in all of God to us reveal'd,
And us to Him restored!—Creation's book
Lies blotted o'er with sin's perplexing stain,
And no erasure can Thy name detect,
In full divinity of sound and sense
Conspicuous and complete. And what can Law—
That dreadful paraphrase of Justice!—speak

To lawless Guilt, but condemnation dire?
And how can Reason in her light resolve
That problem, deep as God, and dark as guilt,—
How sin is punish'd and the sinner spared,
When falls the sabre of celestial Wrath,
And in one flash both Heaven and Hell illumes?—
Or, say, can conscience, whose rebuking voice,
A jealous echo of the jealous God,
For aye reverberates the soul within,—
Can this alarmist, to the shrinking gaze
Of guilt—the trembler!—mercy's plan unfold?
Ah! no; in CHRIST alone we Godhead find;
In CHRIST alone His character evolves;
On Calv'ry's hill God's attributes were throned,—
Jehovah *there* in coronation shined!

The Mystical Body of the Church.

"Perfect through sufferings."—Heb. ii. 10.

God's epic in the poetry of worlds,
The Incarnation hath our system made.
But who, of mortals, by corruption blind,
Can read it? or its meanings vast unwind?
For what but myst'ry doth the Church unfold!—
From the last breath that play'd on Stephen's lip,
Adown the rolling ages, e'en till now,—
Through suff'rings dire, through persecution dread,
Through blood and havoc, through disastrous wrong,
And burning martyrdoms, her way has been.
And who that way, with love and watching Heaven
Can reconcile, and keep cold reason down?
But here, let silence be Religion's soul,
And may this truth august our faith o'erawe,—
That God in time, eternity reflects,
And on the mirror of the church's life

Doth glass the features of a sov'reign WILL,
Secret, and not to faculties create
In flesh, or spirit, ere to be reduced.—
But still we rest not; and our reason longs
Madly to question what no finite mind
On earth can answer, when the musing eye
Roves o'er the moral waste the Church hath been,
And dares to criticize what God hath done,
Or Christ permitted, in this world of ours!—
For what, but good and evil, strangely mix'd,
Seems the dark myst'ry of the church's doom?—
Here saint and sinner, grace and nature blend;
Here dust and Deity in clash appear,
Angels and fiends for blood-earn'd souls combine;
All passions, principles, and powers remote,
(From the high daring of celestial hearts,
To the low horrors of consummate guilt,)—
All strive with each, and each with all conflicts:
And who can wind his labyrinthine way,
Through shades of providence, like these, profound?
We see in part: but when perfection dawns,
Both part and whole shall then Thy name uplift,
Almighty!—then the choir of chanting worlds
Around salvation, one stupendous tide
Of deep'ning rapture, shall for ever roll,
And God his own great vindication be.

But, here we lisp the alphabet of grace
Alone, and scarcely *that* at times pronounce.
Infants of time, we yet have much to learn,
And more to suffer, ere we find resolved
The paradox of wrong the church endures.—
If to our pang the purpose we could link,
Patience might sing, where now vexation sighs,
And hail the Trinity behind our tears,
In wisdom perfect;—but the Vision tarries yet!
Between God's purpose and our pang there lies
An Infinite, where baffled reason, blind
With gazing, would in vain some landmark see.—
But grief, when sanctified, is God to man
Himself imparting, for some end conceal'd
Deep in the core of His eternal Plans.—
Here may we rest: beyond we cannot rise;
Or, on the infinite unknown we dash
The mind to madness, and our faith to fears.
Perchance our World to higher Being proves
A platform, where the truths of Heaven enact
Their natures, and to angels wisdom shew?—
Or, hearts on earth are moral schools to Heaven,
And pangs below are Preachers to the skies,
And glory shines around each sainted tear
That faith, or feeling, in our warfare sheds?

Perfect through suff'ring!—Such IMMANUEL was.

And can the members of that mystic HEAD
Refuse to echo what their Master felt?—
A suff'ring Image must the church become,
If with her archetypal Lord complete
Her oneness prove; and what in pangs the HEAD
Endured, each member must on earth repeat,
By thrilling counterpart, in truth and tone,
To all HE suffer'd.—Nor in Heaven forgot,
Though there unfelt, MESSIAH'S woes remain;
Still *through* His splendor point the piercing nails;
There in His glory yet the gash is seen;
E'en on the Throne, the sacramental LAMB
Types, to eternity, the Manhood slain.
And, like her Bridegroom, must the Bride elect,
From suff'ring deep to endless glory climb.

We see in part, but suffer in the whole;
There lies the myst'ry!—there the flesh complains,
Hurt feeling staggers, and the heart recoils.
Meanwhile, in vain would souls their doom avoid,
Or mould, or master; each in turn must weep,
Writhe on some rack, or drink their cup of woe,
Down to the dregs—if such their God present.
All have their pangs, their penalties, and woes,
Some thorn to fester in their spirit's frame,
Or fret the mind to feebleness, or fear

Unholy.—But the COMFORTER abides;
And while to sense the Church an orphan seems,
The FATHER pities, and his children find
A green oasis in the promise left
Though all look herbless, to the eye of men,
Carnal, or clouded.—Nor will more be felt
Than Wisdom, for some destined rank above,
Apportions; cross and crown related are,
The one is suffer'd, as the other shaped,—
Responsively. And as the artist's hand,
Plastic with genius, to the picture gives
Line after line, and touch on touch repeats,
Till colours image what the mind contains
Of beauty,—so in faith, experience feels
Pang after pang, till God at length transcribes
The secret copy of celestial life
His purpose imaged, ere our souls were born;—
Or even, as the skill'd refiner bends
O'er the fused metal, in the furnace laid,
And heaps new fire, till back its molten face
His own retorteth, by reflection bright;
So, in the flame of hot affliction, man
By Heaven in myst'ry is awhile retain'd,
Till, purged of dross, and purified of sin,
At last the metal of the heart is clear,
And back on Deity by love reflects
A radiant image that His glory casts.

We learn by suff'ring, while by faith we live,
And graces brighten as our griefs expand;
But *where*, indeed, between the woe endured
And height of glory in a heaven to come
Of being,—is the true connexion found,
Baffles our reason, in this cloud of flesh
To now unfold. But this at least we learn:—
The HEAD of manhood was a suff'ring HEAD,
And all his members, by their mystic pangs,
But echo back what thy pure bosom felt,
Thou, GREAT SIGNIFICANCE! of life and faith,—
Whom all things emblem. Here alone there dawn
Gleams that illumine what might else appear
Darkness infernal, deep, and black, and dense
To suffocation. Here some aims profound
(Whose roots are in eternity's result)
Arrest the tear, and calm to chasten'd awe
The sigh'd rebellions of the soul within.
The good shall suffer; but if goodness be
To nature fallen, but the noble part
Of trial, when by sin-consuming grace
Season'd and hallow'd,—not for this repine
The brave adorers of The CRUCIFIED!
They glory rather in the racking fires;
The more of grief, the more of God they have,
And do (what Seraphin have never done)
Suffer for Christ!—man's pure distinction this!

His high prerogative, His peerless crown
Appointed.—Devils for themselves endure,
And angels, quick as sunbeams, glide and go
At His command, and own Him Liege and Lord;
But Virtue, by the Church's heart reveal'd,
Mounts to a range sublimer, and excels
Beyond the burning Watchers round His throne:
For she can suffer; and by suff'ring teach
Lessons of Godhead, such as angels prize.

And more than this th' afflicted church evolves.—
From Abel's cry to Luther's convent groan,
Self was our ruin; *into* that, direct
From God, creation's first apostate fell;
And *out* of that alone can Flesh arise,
By will surrender'd, crucified, and slain,[3]
And by the sov'reignties of WILL SUPREME,
Master'd and moulded. Thus the saints are train'd
From strength to strength, by educating woes,
To loathe the vampire of creation—Sin,
With hate celestial, and on God to live;
While in that Book, whose promises, like stars,
Rule in the night, a radiant charm they have,
O'er all the dim perplexities of doom;
Beaming mild comfort through the blackest woe
That palls a Christian, or the church portends.

Glory to grief!—when thus for God endured;
'Tis but the pang the Saviour's bosom shared
Reduplicate, and by vibration thrill'd
Back on each Likeness, whom The SPIRIT loves.
The MAN OF SORROWS forms no men of smiles;
Our hearts must bathe in His baptismal fire,
Or ne'er be whiten'd; Cross and Crown were His:
We grant it,—but in order each He took.
The first He suffer'd ere the last He wore.
And as the Bridegroom, must the Bride be form'd,—
Repeat his cross, and then reflect his crown;
That Like on earth, in heaven alike may prove
In grief below—in glory,—one above!
And in th' eternal Consciousness to come,
Salvation will be sympathy entire
'Tween Head and members—unity august!
When Christ in each will Self from all absorb,
And the loved church, like ONE IMMANUEL shine!

Meanwhile, to us, eternal SPIRIT! grant
The wisdom meek, that lives on truth divine,
However veil'd; a waiting mind impart,
And in our weakness shew our strength to dwell,
Like, as of old, the pensive Mary sat
Low at his feet, and listened to her LORD,
Absorb'd and self-renouncing,—be our soul
Before the cross in docile rev'rence bent.

For Thou, O Christ! amid the fires hast been;
And o'er the flames, that on Thy church advanced,
The promise—*I am with you, till the end of time,*
Breathed, like the spell of some almighty breeze,
And cool'd them into impotence, or calm.—
No! never hath the murd'rous hoof of hell
Trampled the heart from out the church of heaven;
Within her, life, when all seem'd lifeless, glow'd,
Within her, grace, when all seem'd graceless, dwelt,
Within her, truth, when all seem'd truthless, reign'd;
While ever and anon, amid that gloom
The priest, the tyrant and the devil made,
Star after star in radiant grandeur rose
To shame the midnight of the soul away!—
But, chief o'er all the galaxy of lights
That stud the firmament of Christian fame,
Shin'd LUTHER forth,—that miracle of men!
The gospel hero, who with faith sublime
Fulmin'd the lightnings of God's flaming word
Full on the towers of superstition's home,
Till, lo! they crumbled!—and his with'ring flash
Yet sears the ruin with victorious play.
But thou, who o'er the church a thoughtful mind
Haply, in moods of mournful awe hast bent,—
Revere the fact, whose deep foundations lie
Far in the Infinite, beyond the wings
Of faith, though plumed with apostolic strength

To follow—CHRIST HATH GOD WITH MAN CONJOIN'D,
By union so unutterably close,
Divine, unfathom'd, and for ever firm,—
That sun shall wither, all the stars wax pale,
Mountains depart, the heavens to air dissolve,
And the dread Universe itself shall die,—
But this Conjunction shall unweaken'd stand,
When time is dead, and Nature drops extinct
Into her grave eternal.—Voiceless truth!
That *out* of Deity, all others dwarfs
To less than littleness—beyond compare.
All unions type it, all connexions preach;
Nature, and art, and pure affection's ties
Are fill'd with emblems, shadowy, dim, and faint,
Th' exceeding glory of this bond to tell:
Wherein, by unity of mystic power,
Christ and His church are into ONE transformed
Colossal PERSON, spirit, life, and frame,
And fellowship, and feeling!—Let that church
Suffer a pang—the SAVIOUR feels it too!
Touch but a member, and you thrill the HEAD
With shock electric, on His Throne perceived;
And therefore, tyrants! when ye wound a hair
Of God's anointed, up to heaven your wrong
Ascendeth, and the heart of Jesus strikes.—
Rays in the sun are not so brightly close,
Trees to their root are not so firmly knit,

And streams to fountains not so close allied,—
Body with breath, and both with soul combined
Together,—as the Church and Christ cohere.
Hence Earth, nor Heaven, nor Hell that fights with each,
The Bridegroom from His Bride can tear.
Thy MAKER is thy Husband, Church elect!
And all Eternity thy radiant dower.
And thus we lift the shout and song of faith
Victorious,—for the oneness is so vast
Between the members and their living HEAD,—
In vain creation may be tax'd for types,
Or meaning shadows, to portray its power.
For, soon analogy in light is lost;
Upward and upward, illustration mounts,
Till, at the base of GODHEAD* overawed,
Faith cannot soar, but folds her duteous wing,
Dazzled—and disappears in Deity!

* Vide John, xvii. 21—23, for this ineffable unity.

Man's Need and God's Supply.

"The only way of extricating ourselves, is to light our torches, and go searching through the earth for LUTHER.—The nation will have him."

From Letter to Archbishop of Mentz.

"Moreover, as he lived a moral life, and was not given in the smallest degree to covetousness, or any other vice, he was universally held to be a good and great, and even a holy, man; insomuch that it was the custom to paint his portrait with rays of glory around the head, as if he had been a canonized saint."

Character of Luther, as given by Maimbourgh, the papal historian.

E'EN like an instrument, whose chorded depth
Enwraps the unheard music, but awaits
The master-touch of some awaking hand
To make it vibrate,—did the high-strung world
Of truth and feeling, for th' impulsive Soul
In solemn hush abide, beneath whose sway
The moral harmonies of ransom'd mind
In mingling swell of holiness and love
Once more should waken.—LUTHER was that soul
Predestin'd: he, by grace divinely arm'd,
From the foul grave of papal sin and gloom

The buried Gospel came to disinter:
And let us laurel his intrepid brow
Who faced alone (by all save Heaven unarm'd)
That priestly giantess of pamper'd sin
Whose throne was blasphemy by Pride upheld,
That brazen arbitress, whose sceptre robb'd
The King Almighty of the soul's domain,
E'en papal ROME! who still her wine-cup drugs
With damning charms and deadly spells, and dares
Within the heart's pantheon yet to shrine
Dark falsehoods, which redeeming Truth bemock,
Profane the soul, and parody our God.

Eternal hallelujahs rise! and ring
That grace around which call'd the champion forth,
And with Heaven's panoply his spirit clad
For combat.—With the energies of hell
To grapple, with incarnate fiends to fight,
Behold him summon'd! On that brow
Heroic calm indomitably smiles,
And in that lion heart each pulse that beats
Throbs like an echo to the cheer of heaven!—
Behold him!—grateful mem'ry, come, and gaze;
See Luther, from eternity decreed,
Rise in the majesty of moral force
To heave the world from superstition's grave,
And bid it look upon the cross,—and live.

And oh! what marvels did that mind achieve[6]
Which in itself a Reformation form'd!—
For cent'ries, deep the night of falsehood reign'd,
Mildew'd the soul, and manacled her powers
With fett'ring darkness; learning pined
In cell monastic; science grew extinct;
The Bible rotted in scholastic rust;
That fountain from the Saviour's wounded side
For sin once oped, by sealing lies was shut;
And, 'stead of that bright garb, which Mercy wove,
Of perfect righteousness, by JESUS wrought,
Spangled with graces, rich as God's own smiles,—
The filthy rags of ineffectual works
Clad the cold skeleton of naked souls;
While on his throne of sacerdotal lies,
The arch impostor,[7] Satan's rival, sat
Self-deified, and ripen'd earth for hell.—
Then, LUTHER rose!—and liberty and light
Unbarr'd the soul, and let salvation in.
Hark! the live Scriptures, toned with Godhead, peal
Salvation's tidings. Lo! the gospel lives!
Swift from the cross the Roman darkness flies;
Martyrs and saints, like baffled mock'ries, sink
To nothing,—by victorious truth dispersed;
O'er fancied merit free redemption reigns,
And in the temple of the soul illumed,
No mortal priesthood—with its pomp of lies,

And sacraments of sin—can enter now;
There CHRIST himself in triple office rules,—
King; Priest, and Prophet on the Spirit's throne.

The solitary monk that shook the world
From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
Thunder'd its challenge from a dauntless lip
In peals of truth round hierarchal Rome,—
Till mitred pomp, and cowl'd imposture quail'd,
And the fell priesthood, like a fiend unmask'd
And stripp'd of light fictitiously assumed,
By some detecting angel, shrunk dismay'd
And shiver'd, in thy vast exposure seen!—
Thee would I shape, thou colosséan mind!
And what, though sad humanity's broad taint
Of weakness here and there thy soul beplagued;
Or, harshly quick, or too severely loud,
Some intonations of thy spirit rose,—
(When from the thunder-cloud of sacred ire
Within thee, falsehood call'd the lightnings out,
Or, temper's flash round principle did flame,—)
Yet, in the greatness of thy glorious work
Right nobly art thou, like a second Paul,[8]
Apparent—graced with apostolic mind;
Waving that banner, on whose blood-stain'd fold
Thy name, IMMANUEL! at each ruffling blast
Of conflict, beams with sudden brightness forth!

Thee would I vision; and on mem'ry's glass
Some traces of thy many-colour'd life
In lines of holy miniature reflect.
For in thy destiny our God we find
HIMSELF expounding,—in thy truth unveil'd;
Upon thy mind, as some prophetic map,
Almighty love mysteriously engraved
An outline wondrous of thy work decreed;
Thy moral Self a reformation seems;
And in each phasis which thy soul presents,
An imaged counterpart of all we trace
Hereafter in the world's vast scene evolved.
And therefore, hero of a hundred fights
Celestial!—morning Star of Jesus! rise,—
Rise in full radiance; through the cloud of time,
Dart the rich beam of evangelic day,
And cause the Church's heart to glow with thee.

But yet how low, to reason's carnal eye,
That measures all things by the scale of sense,
The means appointed for the end pursued![9]
How strangely small those intermitting ways
By which, to great results, God's wisdom moves!
Yet, once a manger did th' Almighty hold,
When first Messiah's human life-pulse beat
For our behoof. And were not they, who hurl'd
Philosophy from off her Babel throne

To speechless ruin, and our rescued souls
To the rich fountain of celestial blood
Directed,—were not they, the peerless TWELVE,
Whose words like arrows pierced the heart of Hell
With fire and fearlessness,—the low and weak,
Unlearn'd of man, but learn'd in much of God?—
E'en so, from out a shepherd's mountain hut,
Far in the wilds of Alpine bleakness hid,
The Swiss apostle ran his high career;
And he, who with the sun-like mind compared
That LUTHER in his flaming boldness shew'd,
Soft as the moon in mellow radiance seem'd,—
The mild MELANCTHON!—from a clanging home,
A martial workshop, dates his lowly birth;
And thou! the Reformation's mental spring,
The Bible's loved redeemer from the cell
Where monkish falsehood barr'd its glory in,—
Not from the loins which heraldry admires
Didst thou proceed; of poor but pious blood
Wert thou;—a simple miner called thee son.

The Divine Prologue.

"It is indisputable that the great movements which stir society from its very foundations, are invariably produced by the working of the living spirit of man. *The sense of moral and* INTELLECTUAL WANT, which disposes men to seize on new opinions, often lies for centuries fermenting in the fathomless depths of the heart of society. At length, in the fulness of time, arises one of those master-spirits, endowed with the genius, energy, and confidence which fit a man to wield those moral forces, to reveal to his age the wants of which it had but a dim and perplexed consciousness, to interpret to it its own confused and half-formed opinions, and to give them shape, compactness, and strength."—*Ranke's History, &c.*

How much of GOD to build a MAN it takes!—
That mental structure, for whose living walls
Eternity and truth foundations are!
A man, we mean, whose attributes his name
Exalt, and body all its grandeurs forth;
Not human whirlwinds, who have havock'd earth,
And blasted nature with a bloody sweep
Of rage, or ruin!—fiends in flesh are they,
Form'd by themselves from blackness, sin, and shame,
And eloquent throughout of hellish guile

And origin.—But when a MAN complete,
Rounded and finish'd into full-orb'd grace,
On earth at length is destined to alight,—
E'en like some new apocalypse from heaven,
Truthful and deep, and most divinely touch'd
In faculty of heart and mind,—he shews,
In each high lineament, the plastic God!

And such was he who burst the gaol of thought,
Shaking the fetters from the dungeon'd soul
Of ages,—and to nighted Faith restored
The creed almighty which the Cross enacts.
But e'en as Luther was through grace confirm'd,
And shaped in secret, by the truth applied
In the lone temple of his God-taught mind,
By man untutor'd,—so the Christless world
A HAND eternal, and an EYE unseen,
By gradual prelude did prepare and guide,
That when the true Regenerator came
A platform might await him; and his work
Fit audience find to welcome its advance.

And means there were,—successive, calm, and slow,
By which, as organs, Providence achieved
Each consummation that His will forecast.
Time after time, some lone Elijah lifts

(E'en in the wilderness of papal woe,)
His wail august, for liberty and man:
Truth had a voice,—though much unseen remain'd,
Like pearls of beauty in a shell conceal'd.—
For Dante's Hell of poetry began
Full on the Pope to flame a fierce revenge,
For virtue; Petrarch call'd on kings to rise;
Then, Genius, with her tongue of many tones,
Learning and Art and philosophic scorn
At once inspired, their banded forces hurl'd
On the huge vice the Vatican uprear'd.
But long ere this, the great Arabian Lie
Had rippled into life the stagnant pool
Of priesthood:—foul and faithless at the core,
It yet the unity of God preserved,
And by the scoff of its sarcastic light,
Lurid and keen, upon the monkish cowl
Reflected, good and gracious work achieved.—
Remedial faith all falsehood underlies;
And thus Mahommed's arch imposture did,
Beyond intent, in this high prologue act
A part momentous. Next, from Alpine homes
The exiled gospel sent its mountain cry,
All Europe thrilling!—then, the schoolmen rose,
And, wiser than their conscious wisdom knew,
Embalm'd the verity their words o'erlaid
In secret amber,—safe from popish tact.[10]

And thus (so wonderful the links that bind
Thought into thought, along the chain of time!)
From LOMBARD'S Heaven-awaken'd breast was thrown
A burning ember of immortal truth
Pure into Wickliffe's; thence, to noble HUSS
It glow'd along to JEROME'S kindred mind,
And he to LUTHER did that spark convey!
And so that Bible spark illumines now
The hearts of England, with its holy life
And lustre, — though seven hundred years have roll'd
Their tide of darkness o'er that schoolman's Head,
Where first 'twas kindled, by a ray from Heaven.

Here are the shades, predictive as profound,
That all betoken, with precursive truth,
Some advent mighty, which an Empire's heart
Shall welcome. These are like the Baptist's voice
That summons Earth, and bids the way prepare!—
But nearer, as the crisis of the world arrives,
How doth the HAND almighty, o'er the scene
Move unbeheld, and write the coming doom!
See REUCHLIN, by his classic lore inspired,
And, cry aloud to God's dead language—"live!"
And hark! the Bible, like a Hebrew seer,
Again may utter deity to man:

While e'en Erasmus—cold and cautious thing,
(That craven neuter in the cause of Christ)
Whose head was light, but in whose heart no love
Could nestle—was beyond himself inspired,
With blasting crimes, to seer and singe
The monk-born vices: thus that orphan'd youth,
To God his genius and his love inscribed,
And voiced the Bible with a Latin tongue.

Nor dare we to progressive mind alone
That conflux strange[11] of tendencies and truths
Refer, that just before the battle-voice
Of the brave monk around the Popedom hurl'd
Its dreadless challenge, into force arrived,
And action. See! at once a mental blaze
Beyond all precedent, by Heaven illumed.
And first, that fearful Thing that rules the fate
Of battle, thund'ring over field or deck,
With havoc wing'd on its resistless roar,
Is now compounded; next, the Magnet comes,
With true polarity that ever points,
Like sterling principle, to where it tends;
And marks old ocean, like a map, with lines
Of knowledge, till the wave-toss'd pilgrims roam,
And coast all seas, all countries and all climes,
Far as free commerce wafts them.—Nor the least
In rank, nor last in the resulting power

Thy fall, Byzantium! Though the Turkish flag
Moved in fierce triumph o'er thy crumbled walls,
Yet did the Orient, with a gush of mind,
Burst from its mounds, and through the arid West
Pour the rich blood of intellectual life
And learning. And next, an unimagined world
For ages cover'd with Atlantic gloom,
Secret of waters, by stern ocean kept
Inviolable, at length her silence brake,
And lo! America on Europe smiled,
Shaking the heart of nations with delight.

Marvel on marvel!—each with vaster range
Or new excitement,—thus to man appeal'd,
Heighten'd the tone of morals, and of mind
Awaken'd, roused the soul from monkish sleep,
And thrill'd the student in Platonic bower,
Or cloister'd umbrage, with electric throes
Of more than rapture!—for the social frame,
From east to west, did vibrate with o'erwrought
Emotion ; seem'd it then as if the Earth
Again were heaving with prophetic throbs
Sent to precede her soon-descending Lord.
So fast did Providence itself expand,
Nature evolve, and kindled genius rise,
And forward into fields of glory rush!

But in this prologue of preparing means
Heaven-moulded, chief and prime of arts immense,
See! PRINTING rise—that miracle of powers!
That bids the Past become perpetual Now,
Gives reason sway, imagination shape,
To Time a soul, to Thought a substance lends,
And with ubiquity, almost divine,
For living permanence and local power
Each ray of soul immortally endows.—
Thou great embalmer of departed mind!
Thou dread magician!—by whose mental charm,
A mournful, pale, and solitary man
Who pines unheeded, or who thinks unknown,
Long after dust and darkness hide his grave,—
Himself can multiply with magic force
Beyond all reaching language to explore;
And the wide commonwealth of minds may rule
With sway imperial! Who can image thee,—
Whether to Heaven uplifting mind and man,
Or, Hell-ward both seducing, like a fiend?
Boundless in each, thine unremember'd sway!
Thine was a voice, whose resurrection blast
Peal'd through the catacombs where buried Mind
For cent'ries lay; and lo! with living might
The Fathers burst their cerements, and breathed;
Dead Intellect from classic tombs came forth
Quicken'd, and, into active substance changed

By thy vast potency; and, then was felt
The pith of thought, the marrow of the mind
Itself transfusing,—like a second life,
The old absorbing as with heat divine.
And since that moment, have not Books become
Our silent Prophets, intellectual Kings,
And Hierarchs of human thought
To vice or virtue? Are they not like shrines
For truth?—cathedrals, where the heart
Can worship, or in tranquil hours retreat
To meet the Spirit of the olden time?
For there the drama of the world abides
Yet in full play,—immortally perform'd!
Still ride the fleets o'er Actium's foughten waves,
Before us; patriots fight and tyrants fall;
Sparta and Corinth, and the famous Isles,
That fought for freedom till their blood ran o'er
With brave contention,—yet convene and clash
Their forces; still the Roman eagle flies
In full-wing'd triumph o'er the subject world;
Cæsar and Pompey yet the earth alarm,
Or, drag their chariot with the captive East;
Battles are raging, kingdoms lost, or won,—
Yea, all the genius of gone time is there
In Books articulate,—whose breath is mind.

And was not GODHEAD in a work like this

When the World took a most enormous stride
Forward, at once, to freedom, life, and law?—
Priestcraft and Falsehood (that terrific pair
Who prison'd Truth, and made the Church become
The gaol where Thought was guillotined, or died,)
Trembled,—as if the dooming blow was struck
That fell'd them into nothingness, or names,
For ever: God indeed was now at work,
Though man, the organ, only was unveil'd.

But why are Books such half almighty things,
Making, or marring, whatsoe'er they touch,
With force magnetic? Whence their wondrous spell?
Bethink thee, reader! and the response comes.
The universe itself was once a THOUGHT,
A thought divine, in depths Almighty hid;
And so, whate'er this mortal scene invests
Of human action, is but plastic thought
Itself revealing, in some Forms without
Apparent.—What is half these eyes behold
Of wondrous, beautiful, sublime, or vast,
But thought embodied into outer shapes,
And answ'ring symbol?—Arches, cities, domes,
And temples, fleets and armies, trades and towns,—
Yea, all the might and moral of mankind
To this significance at length arrives,

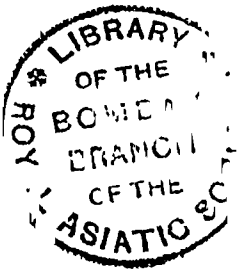
And backward into thought may be resolved
By fair reduction. Now, if books be Thought
By printing cloth'd, and palpably endowed
For its vocation,—whether art or lore,
Poetic vision, or prosaic truth,
Kingdoms immense, or individual souls
The aim of its predestin'd mission be,—
Forth to its work that printed Thought proceeds;
And who shall track it, as it rounds the world!—
Who can imagine, when 'tis once abroad,
However humble was its natal home,
The work it dares, the wonder it achieves!
Black as a fiend, or like some angel bright,
That Thought in action may itself approve;
For printing, like an omnipresence, gives
Its power expansion;—far and wide it moves,
Reaches all hearts, a host of minds affects,
And executes what none, save God, controls!—
Oh! 'tis enough to harrow breath and blood
With chilling horror, thus to feel and know
That when the Thinker who debauch'd his mind,
And put damnation into print, for fame,
Is cited to the last and long accompt
His Thought is living!—like a demon, still
Haunting the world of passion with its power
And poison,—breathing a perpetual curse,
And dropping hemlock into sensual hearts

That love the venom which a lie instils;
And thus, for ever!—not, perchance, to cease,
Till Thought and Thinker shall together stand,
Cursed by their victims, at the bar of God!

So great are Books; and what the Bible, then
By printing voiced, and through all regions sent
To do the errand of celestial love!—
Here was the prologue, in consummate form
Develop'd; here the prelude looks divine;—
That God in words descending into man,
And there achieving all its creed affirms
Of goodness,—that the Bible thus should have
An organ ready for its godlike mouth,—
Here is the wisdom that on high o'errules,
Making all hist'ry but His echo'd will!

But now, the World is waiting; thoughtful hearts,
In mute expectance, big with wonder, beat,
Predicting what these powers ministrant mean;
Or, who from out the heaven of truth shall come
Mankind to marshal in this pregnant hour?—
Shall prince, or potentate, or armed power,
Girt by the squadrons which the world arrays,
March in the van of Liberty and Light?—
"E'en by my Spirit, saith the LORD OF HOSTS"!—
Again that motto to Almighty Ways

Becomes embodied, and to life transform'd;
For, lo! the Reformation's human spring,
Unknown, unseen, in cloister'd shade retired,
Is framed and fashion'd by the Hand Eterne:
Here from the depths of convent gloom He calls
The man He loves, the instrument He wields,
And moulds him for the mighty work decreed.
For him (who now a beacon o'er mankind
Flames, in the lustre of his far renown)
The SPIRIT summons from no royal scene,
From throne, or palace, or ancestral hall
But chooses (such the fiat of His grace
Elective, breathing when and where it will)
A fameless monk of poverty and prayer,
And leaves the palace for a miner's home.



Characteristics.

"The Priest too, as I understand it, is a kind of prophet; in him too there is required to be a light of inspiration, as we must name it. He presides over the worship of the people; is the uniter of them with the unseen Holy. He is the spiritual captain of the people; as the prophet is their spiritual king with many captains: he guides them heavenward, by wise guidance through this earth and its work. The ideal of Him is, that He too be what we can call a voice from the unseen heaven, interpreting, even as the prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to men. The unseen heaven, 'the open secret of the universe,' which so few have any eye for! He is the prophet shorn of his more awful splendor; burning with mild, equable radiance, as the enlightener of daily life. This I say is the ideal of a priest."—CARLYLE.

THE Kings of mind, who govern from their graves,
Our thoughts their subjects, and our hearts their homes
Internal,—when they first in light emerge,
Like new editions of Almighty will
Forth from the secrecy of truth unveil'd,
Glad tidings bring they, of a glory meant
Yet to awaken, and the world invest.
Their utt'rance, large; their meditation, lone;
By passion for the infinite o'erpower'd,

They dart their glances into things to come;
Intense beyond the teachings of the soul
To reach, or satisfy. But, how received,
These new AVATARS, sent on missions high,
To herald forth eternity in truth,
For all who love them?—Are loud welcomes rung?
Greetings of heads and jubilees of hearts,
Do these salute them with applausive joy?
Alas! too holy the vocation far
Of Truth's high priests, when *first* behind the veil
Of outward things themselves presume to pass,
And bid us follow, with responsive track,
Through the rent shroud their faith hath first undrawn.
Time is their justice. When their tombs are rear'd,
Then Wonder dares to consecrate their deeds,
Will call them Primates in the church of man;
Great Nature's own episcopate they form,
And rule like Metropolitans of mind.

But, mark the conflict when their voice emerged!
Struggles within, and all without them, rise:
Their great impression was the God unseen
But felt,—an Infinite through finite glimpsed;
But how they gasp'd, in suffocating gloom,
When thoughts in vain articulation sought;

Or giant apprehensions, dim and deep,
Scarce ventured forth in intellectual shape
And bodied meaning!—oft expression fail'd,
In form to realize what feeling grasp'd:
Language was only a prismatic mean,
But half refracting, with imperfect ray,
The truth essential, which they purely saw
Single and one, within the soul contain'd.
But when the mind could stammer forth its tones,
Profound, original, and preaching high
On God and Nature, science, man, and soul—
No music breath'd they to the world's dull ear;
But harshly strange and dissonant they seem'd,
With fruitless paradox, for sense unfit
And reason dang'rous!—Such the first salute
Colossal genius from the world obtains:
And such have earth's Regenerators met,
From God-called Moses to the German monk.
But if to Morals and to Man they bring
Authentic tidings from the throne of faith,
Divine, yet most disturbing,—scowl and scorn,
Affronting coldness and condemning fears,
Assail them ever with a shameful wrong,
From all who love the ancient, but the new
Abhor, like treason. Thus the world, self-blind,
Hath greeted oft, how many a royal mind,
That rules her now with legislating awe.

Wisdom itself seems heresy to fools,
And freedom is but licence to the slaves
Who love the fetters which their languors fit;
Their light is darkness, and their being death,—
And rotting silence all the soul admires,
Admits, or sanctions, in the dormant calm
By cent'ries gather'd o'er imprison'd mind.
E'en like a temple where the owls retreat,
And the bats lodge within long-moulder'd shrines;
Ope but a window, let a sun-burst in,
And what a screaming anarchy awakes
Where falls the light, or sounding footstep comes!
So in the temple of deserted mind,
Where sin for ages unmolested breeds,
Or lying errors long repose enjoy;
If but a day-beam of immortal Truth
The gloom dissever, or a high-paced thought,
Divine as Heaven, original as God,
Down from the skies should suddenly alight,
And walk the spirit with a kingly tread
Majestic,—what a host of wild alarms
The Priests of dulness round the stranger raise!
And call it mad,—the dead in mind to wake.

Here is the doom of hero, bard, or king.
The cross of hatred first their hearts endure,

And, then, the crown of homage on their heads,
Dying, or dead, at last cold Justice puts:
Their crown we witness,—has their cross been
weigh'd?
We boast their triumphs,—have we told their tears?
We laud their greatness,—have we felt their
gloom,
Their lonesome watchings, and their weepings long,
The fret, the fever, and the wasting pangs,
Year after year, that wore the heart of youth
To sickness, ere the laurell'd moment came,
When truth and triumph paid high merit's due?
Result the many only dare to prize;
But still, the process—solemn, stern, and strange,
Through stormful agonies, and griefs and glooms—
By which a hero to his great result
Attaineth,—why should this no homage win?
Luther was great at threat'ning Worms, we grant;
But greater still in solitude and tears,
When first he battled with his beating mind,
And in the prison of his papal creed
Panted and pray'd for evangelic day.

Heroes are martyrs, if their minds be pure
And highly temper'd; for the truth is strange
To men who only by their bodies live,

And to the pageantries and powers of sense
External tune their sympathies alone;
Or, never down themselves presume to plunge
A gaze reflective:—so when prophets rise,
And utter oracles from deeps of life
Hidden and heavenly, from the flesh remote,
To them they sound like necromantic tones;
Eye, ear, and taste, to them make all in all;
And though around, within, above them, moves
And lives that energizing POWER SUPREME,
Whose vesture is the visible they love,
They give no credence, save to flesh and forms.
But what is genius, but a mouth for God
To speak Himself to nature and to man,
And, from the visible and vain of sense,
To guide us to the spiritually vast
That underneath external semblance lies?
There faith's REALITY alone is found;
For all expression which the outward bears
Is but a token of God's inner truth
And purpose. Thus beneath a typing veil,
The INFINITE His awful presence hides,
His thought embodies, and reflects His power

But what is life, but imperfection's breath,
And human being, but incarnate fault,

E'en at the best, howe'er by Grace refined?
Moses was anger'd, David's honour fell,
Paul felt his thorn, and Peter told a lie.
Genius hath faults, and Luther's none o'erveil.
A brave restorer of departed truth,
No hollow semblance, and no heartless shade,
Came he on earth to manifest, or preach.
Manful, but rugged, to the centre bold,
His heart beat fiercely, and his blood ran fire,
When Right divine or diabolic Wrong
Challenged his faith, or forced his feeling out
In action; then the soul's tornado raged,
And shook the spirit to its moral roots!
Stormful, and strong, and gusty in his moods,—
Oft the black whirlwind from some ireful cloud
Roused his rent bosom with disturbing rush,
And hurl'd propriety from off its throne,
Amazed, and master'd! His was battle-life;
Great-hearted being! with a lion plunge
Full on the foe, with all his living fire,
Leapt his free soul, magnanimously firm,—
And,—no surrender!—for the truth must fight
And faith prove conflict, if it stand sincere!

Spirits there be, like flowers from heaven that fall,
Deck'd with fine beauty, clad with mental bloom

Most delicate, but soon earth's tainted soil
Bedims them; trodden in the dust they lie,
Forgotten, faded, or defeatured things,
Ere yet they open'd their immortal buds
Of virtue, or their perfect fragrance gave.
Not such was Luther's: like some burly oak,
Whose boughs wave battle with the tearing winds,
And bend, but never break,—his fighting heart
Contended with all mutinies that came
From prince or pope, from circumstance or creed,
And grappled with them; or, with Samson force
Subdued them,—or himself with glorious fall
Laid prostrate. Sinful oft, his moody ire,
And hot afflatus of o'erheated faith,
Betray'd him; unadvised words he spake;
And sometimes, when his furnace heart o'erboil'd,—
Scatter'd both friend and foe, with burning froth
And scalding fury!—Like a soul on fire,
Intensely real, with his raging glow.
The gentle wonder'd, and the wise condemn'd,
To see him thus by evil lightnings rent,
And harrow'd; but how soon the tempest died,
And the broad sunshine of forgiving love
Blazed o'er his spirit, like a summer noon,
Settled and bright. Not always hot and harsh
Did nature find him; playful he could be;
For oft that smiting earnestness of tone,

That scorn'd the false, and cleaved all fiction through,
Priestly or papal, with a forcing might
That flash'd with fierceness, like a sword's descent,—
Melted away, and, like an infant lull'd,
Pathetic Luther all the poet-life
Of purest feeling testified and taught.
Witness, ye tears! that dropt o'er Tetzel's bed
When reft and dying, and o'er thine that fell,
Beloved, and lost, and beauteous Madaline!—
Oft in the granite of a soil unhewn
Full many a flower in secret freshness smiles;
And many a stream, where all looks arid blank,
Lurks in the Horeb of the heart, unknown:
E'en such was Luther. With his rocky front
And jagged features to the foe display'd;
But sweet affections, sanctified, and soft
As ever water'd human breast with love,
Gush'd into force when feeling's reign began.

Luther had faults,—but can this feeble Age,
When Forms heroic, such as olden life
Admired and moulded, are to faith and fact
No more,—when little-hearted Truths prevail,—
When Mammon chiefly is the standard used,
And God's own world (where angel wings yet play
In secret motion o'er the homes of men)
Is made an Engine, whose mechanic force

A mill may work, a manufacture sway,—
Oh! can this age, so derogate and dead,
The mighty passion and majestic heart
Of Luther rightly, and with rev'rence, weigh?
Belief hath vanish'd in the vast UNSEEN,
And earth, ungodded, to presiding laws[13]
Is given over with a heartless lie,
Till scarce their unbelief some dare believe:
But Luther's was a lofty soul, that felt
Beyond the body life's true secret lay;
While faith in goodness, God, and Truth revea'l'd,
Master'd his being like a mould'ring fire;
And thus, by quick intensity o'ersway'd,
He often stumbled where the colder stand
Securely guarded,—in their frost enshrined,

"Luther had faults!"—but, oh! ye little Minds,
Less in your faith, and lesser still in deeds
That make the hero, or the man unfold
In full-soul'd daring, while the outer life
Ye ponder, have ye pierced the core within?
A fool can censure where a Prophet weeps,
When life is only by its faults and falls
Reviewed:—but underneath, what noble tears,
What pangs remorseful, penitence, and prayers,
What struggles mute, what passionate regrets!

Deep in the bosom—there begins the fight!
And there the battle-scene 'tween flesh and faith
Unfolds its grandeur; all without appears
The moral echo of that inward din,—
The mere reflection of internal strife
In fitful shadows thrown on human eyes;
Yet, these are chiefly what adjudging sense
Accredits; character from these is drawn.
And so with Luther; bold as blazing fact,
The failings of his outer life advance,
To catch the censure of prosaic eyes,
And hearts that never with emotion rock'd
Themselves, or others; but the secret fight
Internal, when the wild and wasted heart
Struggled, and strove, contending with the fiends
Of darkness, baffled oft, and bleeding, faint,—
But yet right upward through eclipsing gloom,
Through storm and danger, and disastrous wrong,
From famish'd boyhood e'en to fearless man
Advancing, with a most unconquer'd will,
To Heaven and virtue,—who hath laurell'd *this*,
Or wreath'd the record with a just renown?
But true biography in Heaven is writ,
And every heart-beat throbs a record there.

'Tis therefore by successive falls they rise
Step after step, through stormy grief and gloom,—

These Benefactors to the boundless mind,
Patrons of soul, and true Philanthropists!
Hail to their glory!—Let the Sceptic rave;
There's something godlike in the truly great;
They find the lever Archimedes sought,
And fix its fulcrum in the soul of man,
And nobly lift it to the destined skies.
Like parts and portions of the Primal True,
Like Apparitions from a purer world,
Like human Echoes of great Nature's heart,
Whose beat is holy, fresh from God they come
To greaten man for virtue, and expound
Our vast relations with the INFINITE.
Their words breathe might; oracularly strong,
Direct from deep Reality they roll,
Like inspirations; or, with soul array'd,
Their meanings fall with cannonading force
Full on the battlements of ancient Crime,
And crush them!—so their mental tones
Thunder their music in the ear of Mind
For ever; time with them is all attun'd.

But though these spirits bear th' almighty stamp,
And paragon beyond what earth bestows
Of homage, yet the world is all unwont
Voices from out th' abysmal deep of thought,
Divine as theirs, to reverence or regard.

And Luther, like his fellow heirs in fame,
A great minority, a glorious ONE,
Awhile stood forth unaided and uncheer'd.
But here is greatness, when by truth possess'd,—
Earth, sense, and time, alone to face and feel.
And where, save in the armory of Heaven,
Found the brave monk a weapon for his fight?
And that was FAITH! in GOD, in GOOD, and TRUTH,
In BEAUTY, WISDOM, and celestial WORTH,
Heaven-rooted MORALS, in the deathless MIND,
But chief, in DUTY—dread and awful thing!
That upward, 'mong the attributes eterne,
Reaches afar, responsibly august,
And downward to the spirit's wailing hell
Extendeth—that which holds our being fast,
And binds together with uniting band
All facts and feelings, faculties, desires,
All that we suffer, fancy, dream, or do,
From life's first pulse of reason, to the last—
For judgment Duty all in one contracts,
To finite deed gives infinite result,
Calls the dead past to resurrection-life,
Harangues the guilty, and that hour predicts
When mem'ry into one concenter'd Whole
Gone life shall grasp, and startled conscience hear
How the last trumpet can our thoughts restore!

Faith was the weapon; by it Luther fought,
Conquer'd himself, and then the world subdued.
And what is that, but God by man applied
Above all reason, sense, and earth, and sin,
In things heroic, heavenly, or sublime?
From Abel's worship, e'en to Samuel's word
Faith was the magic that all wonders did;
Whether the pausing sun its cry obey'd,
Or the moon hearken'd to its holy spell,
Or Red Sea parted, by its kingly voice
Cloven, and balanced like a billowy wall
On either side, for Heaven's anointed host;
Scatheless the fire, or mute the lion's mouth
Became,—whatever in the kingdoms three,
Of Nature, Providence, or Grace, was done,
Faith was the doer, at whose potent cry
Empires and Thrones, and alien Armies fell;
Dangers and difficulties like chaff dispersed,
Weakness grew strength, the mortal, half divine!

And what, without it, were this nighted world
But Pandemonium with a purer name?
Clothed in hell-fire,—come any shape of sin,
Take any form, Satanic guile! but this,—
The INFIDEL!—the fellest blight that falls
From Impotence to blast our human powers.
No foul elixir of a fiendish lie

So baneful as the cup which Unbelief
Drains to the bottom with delirious joy!
Oh! 'tis a wasteful, with'ring, black disease,
That to the vitals of all virtuous thought
And wisdom sends a paralyzing shock.
The very life-blood of all goodness dies
Before it; like a heart-fiend, lo! it rules;
All forms of excellence and feeling die,
The beautiful departs, the brave expires;
Hope hath no heaven, Fear no hell to face;
All high Relations are at once relax'd
With God and duty; self and passion rage
In the hot furnace of a seething heart
Resistless, men are now but fiends, with flesh
Apparell'd; lust becomes a brutal flame,
And all those moral harmonies which make
Nature a noble, man a godlike thing
Have perish'd! Life is then a form of death;
The heart's insolvent; mind, a bankrupt too;
JEHOVAH in eclipse himself retires;
And thus, in ghastliness, all earth appears
A bloodless shambles, whence our orphan'd souls
Down into death by myriads will be dragg'd,
Slain by false Doubt, or slaughter'd by Despair.

Here was thy rock, thy fortress, and thy rest,—
A FAITH intense, beyond mutation firm,

Whose solid basis was th' ETERNAL HEART,
Open in Scripture, by THE SPIRIT read,
But in the life of Jesus heard to beat
With pulse almighty, in its love for man.
Here was thy force, thy secret, and thy sway,
Thy lock of strength, unsever'd and unshorn;
Luther!—in this thine earthly comment lies.
Here is the key that all thy soul unlocks,
And lets mute wonder, with exploring gaze,
Each vast apartment of thy spirit view.
Faith to thy being sun and shield supplied,
Summon'd thy soul, and nerved the noble heart
With zeal untamed to burn, or bleed, or die,
But falter no how!—Thine was Life indeed
That took the TRINITY in all their truth
For thy companions,* lifting earth to heaven
For influence; while around both heart and head
Motives and movements from the world to come[14]
Acted for ever with inspiring force,
Or sanction. Thus thy mission was complete,
Thy virtue safe, and thy vocation seal'd.
Whether we mark thee, when that rugged face
Flash'd in bold triumph o'er the flaming Bull;
Or on thy forehead, where intrepid thought
Throned its high meaning in the Hall of Worms,

* 1 John, i. 3.

Admiring Hist'ry fix her spell-bound gaze;
Or grateful Conscience, by the gospel led,
Bend o'er thy Bible, when the midnight lamp
Lighted thy features, as the truths divine
Rose into life, by thy translating touch
Restored and brighten'd;—still in each we find
FAITH was the plastic charm, whose secret force
Shaped into glory all thy spirit did.

And whatsoe'er our rank, degree, or clime,
Giant, or dwarf, in morals, or in mind,—
'Tis faith alone true character can build.
Not as we *learn*, but as we *live*, we are;
And as we live, with things divinely pure,
These in their depths we rightly understand.
For faith is rooted in Eternal Life,
And all fair promise in the tree of man
Blossoms from thence, or dies a mocking show,
Fruitless and fragile. Give us faith, O God!
Faith in THYSELF, and that will THEE impart;
Chaste will life be, and calm its closing hours,
To them who have Thee, all their hearts and souls
Possessing ever, and by them possess'd.
In thee and *by* thee, thus they live and love,
They think, they suffer, what they act, achieve;
Till, lo! in all things are thy charms insphered;
Minutest objects Thine hand-writing prove,

And Life becomes th' Apocalypse of THEE.
So, when the trump, whose archangelic peal
Shall sound the tocsin of Creation's doom,
Thunders its challenge, Faith shall then arise,
And, firm as JESUS on his Judgment throne,
Look on thy face, Eternity! and live.

Childhood.

"As the sun is seen best at his rising and his setting, so men's dispositions are clearliest perceived, whilst they are children, and when they are dying."—BOYLE.

"Whoever will reflect on these inapt circumstances, and explore into the seed of the passions of man, possibly may find these neither so laughable nor so puerile as they may appear."—ALFIERI.

"The first epoch in the life of man, that in which he is formed and developed under the hand of God, is always important: it is peculiarly so in Luther's case; in it with Him lies the whole germ of the Reformation. All the phases of that work followed each other in the soul of him who was to be its instrument, before they were accomplished in the world. Let us therefore study the reformation in Luther before examining it with events that changed the face of Christendom."—*D'Aubigné*, book i. cap. i.

"I find it altogether suitable to Luther's position in this earth, and doubtless ordered to this end by the Providence presiding over him and us, and all things, that he was born poor, and brought up poor, one of the poorest of men. Hardship, rigorous necessity, was the poor boy's companion; no man, nor no thing, would put on a false face to flatter Martin Luther. Among things, not among the shows of things, he had to grow. A boy of rude figure, yet with weak health, with his large greedy soul full of all faculty and sensibility, he suffered greatly."—CARLYLE.

THE hand of JESUS on thy heart, O child!
In love was laid; He watch'd its hidden play,
And heard it throbbing with unspoken prayer.

Thou tiny sacrament of tender flesh,
Typing the kingdom of the Unattain'd!—
Prophet! with mighty revelations mute;
Thou Priest! with sacrifice of soul to come;
Thou King! whose monarchy young feeling rules;
Meanings around thee, full of heaven, declare
'Tis like religion when we look on thee.

The deep heart thrilling with the unavow'd,
The spirit dark'ning with the undescrib'd,
And his whole being rock'd, and urged, or rent
With big emotions, beautifully strong—
On Mansfield plains, behold! that destined boy,
With mind's voracity, divinely keen,
All that is great in earth, or sky, devours.
Earnest he is, and most intensely fired,
Free-hearted, bold, with open forehead graced;—
Rude as the wave that roughens in the wind
New-wakened,—headlong,—with a burning soul
Glassed in those eyes with mental radiance deep:
And yet withal, by sadness mildly touched
At being's centre; musing lone and long,
And quiet often, as the placid cloud
Cradled at twilight by the lulling west.

The vernal freshness of life's dewy morn
Bedecks his nature, like a magic bloom,

And mantles all things. Now, with dreadless play
Opens the heart at Feeling's lightest touch;
Time hath not barr'd it with those jealous bolts
By Prudence fram'd, that bid the stranger wait
And knock for years, before he enters in,
To find a welcome. All is bold and free,
Unguarded,—giving forth a quick response
To each appliance from the passing scene,
Promptly as flowers to breezes yield their scent,
Or boughs their music, to the playing winds
That bend them: such is youth's excited frame,
And such (though brief the guiding annals be)
Was Luther's.—Genius is a glorious ONE:
And all her children like impression bear
Of their high parent. This in after-life
Back on dim boyhood darts explaining gleams
And proves the child did prophesy the man.
Luther in germ may now in heart be seen;
For what is manhood, but the child drawn out—
The mere expansion of that moral seed
That buds and blossoms into perfect man,
Whose ripen'd germ is character full-blown?

And now do Beauty, Grandeur, Form, and Grace,
Yea, all the felt significance of life,
Inner and deep, begin their blended reign;
And so inspire him, that material earth

Turns one vast mirror, to envisage mind.
But with what boundless, sateless, unsubdued
Young appetite, his spirit now partakes,
At each fine inlet, all this God-made world,
Before him like an Inspiration spread!
E'en like a sail to catch the coming breeze,
So boyhood opens its expectant breast,
Panting for beauty at each conscious pore.
And, lo! in all things youth's poetic faith
Beauty perceives, or by perception makes
The beautiful, a bursting heart admires.
Thus,—flowers are fancies by the earth produced;
The clouds,—emotions of the tempest born,
The arch of heaven,—how eloquently high!—
A bright archangel of the burning east
The sun ariseth, on his wings of light
How watch'd, and welcomed!—then comes Night august,—
A dread magician! with her sibyl stars
Attended; and the twilight Sea is made
Creation's poet, with his billowy lyre
Rolling for ever an unconscious chant,
Or broken swell of oceanic hymns!—
Blood, heart, and brain, the beautiful inhale;
Matter and mind a very duel fight
By sweet contention, in the high-wrought mood
Of young entrancement!—Forms without appeal,

And thoughts within like answering music play;
Till life itself a lovely poem seems
Tender, but touch'd with most impassioned tones!
So rapt is youth, so rarified and tranced,
When genius fills it with her breathing fires,
And all the "open secret" of the world
Round a lone heart its earthless magic brings.

Such the boy, Luther; simple, rough, and rude,
A brazen earnestness his brow enthrones
Beyond all shrinking. His the cloudless heart;
And men may read it with a ready glance:
Like glass transparent do his actions shew
The hidden wheel-work which the heart involves.

Genius was thine, thou Heaven-commissioned boy!
But surely, sorrow was thy guerdon too.
For ne'er doth greatness in a bosom lodge,
But sadness thither, like a shade, attends,
Its true companion. In this fallen world
Our graves and tears are almost equal now;
And e'en at best, light-hearted youth must bear
A burden voiceless, and the pang unbreathed
Of many a dark and undeveloped mood.
The earth is exile; and for home we pine
How often!—when high visitations come

From whence we know not, and the mind o'erwhelm.
As if some angel in the flesh immured
Our spirit were, across whose conscious powers
The sounds and splendors of ethereal life,
In dim remembrance, were at times renew'd.
And did not he, whose pure vocation was
The infinite with finite things to join,
By truth and man espousing once again,
Wrestle with thoughts, his gasping boyhood strove
In vain to answer? Felt he oft no thirst,
Like a young Tantalus, by mocking bliss
Encompass'd,—melting from the parched mind?
And did not Dreams, and Solitude, and Night
Profoundly move him, till prophetic thoughts
Boded the future?—Rapt in speechless awe,
Ponder'd he not on THAT behind the Veil,
When round him (like a belting zone that binds
All time, all scene, all circumstance, all change,)
Boundless eternity, divinely mute,
Drew its dread coil, unravell'd and unwound?

We know not this; but e'en as eagles soar
And sky-ward through the rending storm-cloud mount,
With plumes unbaffled,—Luther's winged soul
Against the blast of circumstance did beat,
And struggle upward to his destined sphere.

From want and woe his educated Will
The glory of its resolution caught;
E'en from the cradle tears his teachers made,
And suffering, hard as adamant, engraved
Lessons that left throughout all time their trace
Instructive: thus amid the true, and stern,
And keen realities of testing life,
The boy was rounded into full-orb'd man,
And fitted for his function! Thus a Soul
Predestin'd, for its prophet work was train'd,
And form'd heroic; till at length the world
In full apocalypse of all its powers
Emerging, shall behold it act and speak;
Till like the hammer of a Christian Thor,[15]
Down on the curse of Christendom and man
Descend, with most annihilating crash,
His tones of thunder, and his truths of life!

But in the powers auxiliar, which expand
The young Reformer, feeling played its part,
And that, perchance, beyond all others, pure.
His was a mother, from whose heart of love,
Sacred and deep, with fine devotion full,[16]
As from a shrine his lisping boyhood took
Counsels of grace, oracularly fond.
And who can say, how much that Luther shew'd
In that high work of majesty and mind

That grateful Europe now with homage crowns,
Sprang from a look, a warning, or a tone;
The mother wielded, when she taught him God?
And ever thus from mothers' love we draw
Feelings and powers which o'er progressive life
Reign with a subtle, secret, plastic spell:
And deeds and darings which have moved the world
Haply were cradled in maternal smiles,
Or learnt their glory from a mother's lip!

Yet, bleak the lot his boyish prime endured,
And sad indeed, and mercilessly dark,
The shades of circumstance around him fell;
While yet no precious dawn of grace appear'd
To light him onward through domestic gloom.
But on his cheek a blanching terror came,
When He was named, within whose wreathing arms
Of mercy once the folded infant smiled!
Foodless and friendless, oft the fainting boy,
Far from his home—with none, save God, his guide,
In Magdeburg from house to house was doom'd
His meal to beg; and thus by Heaven was school'd
To hard experience, for hereafter framed.
"*Bread, for the love of God!*"—hark! Luther chants,
From door to door through Eisenach's winding street,
Mix'd with a group as wan and worn as he,

Of students poor. But lo! as once he lay
Beneath the umbrage of a cottage tree,
Alone and pensive, while the leaf-shades fell
Like soft expressions on his speaking face
Of suff'ring,—sad and sweet the hymn he sung;
The very echo of his soul was there,
And like the fragments of a broken heart,
The shatter'd feelings trembled into song!—
But not in vain the plaintive scholar pled;
For on the ear of Ursula they sunk,
Those tones of truth,—like tears upon the heart
Of friendship, dropp'd from friendship's genial eye!
Never again shall that pale youth despond
In famine's grasp through days of pining gloom:
At once both heart and home their shelter ope,
And, like the Shunammite, her all she shares
With him, the homeless boy of sorrow, now.
Blessings be on thee, Cotta's lowly bride!
And praise immortal, for the feeling hand
Which dealt thy substance, and the angel voice
That, rich as dew-fall on a summer eve
Descending, when the fev'rish earth doth pine,
Besooth'd the world's great benefactor then![17]

And here, by want unchill'd, by care unworn,
Bosom'd in calm domestic, LUTHER builds

By soft degrees, his intellectual being up.
Science, and art, and lore, that lovely trine,
Around him throng, and with their blended smiles
The budding energies of mind attract
To bloom and blossom with expanding force
And freshness,—e'en as sunshine tempts
The hue of flowers and harmonies of spring
To full expression. Home of halcyon ease!
When the loud roar of his hereafter-life
Deafen'd the heart, how oft did Luther love
That hush'd oasis of the soul to haunt
With mem'ry's eye, and once again recal
The bliss of tranquil being, when the noise
Of man's great world with no disturbing sound
The mind distracted: like the far-off waves
To one who, pensive, at his window dreams,
When twilight meek upon the palpitating breast
Of ocean melts in rosy calm away,—
The soften'd echoes of a distant world
But served to make the hush of home more dear.

And music, too, her poetry of sound
Evoked: for oft when evening's pallid veil
Curtain'd the clouds with beauty, or the Moon
The mild entrancement of her beam inspired,
Did Luther hymn the golden hours to rest
With deep-toned chants, and melodies divine;

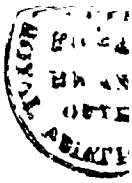
Where voice and lute each other's echo seem'd,
So richly one their combination grew.
When years had flown, and Europe's grateful hand
Round Luther's name a wreath of homage twined,
And at his feet the heart of empires bow'd
Admiring,—Cotta's home, still unforgot,
Was outlined in his mindful heart of love,
Serene as ever; while his voice proclaim'd,
By gallantry and grace at once inspired,
There's nothing sweeter than a woman's soul,
When Truth divine erects her temple there!

The University.

"He longed to enter an university, to slake his thirst in one of those fountains of all the sciences. Endowed with a retentive memory and a lively imagination, whatever he read or heard was always present to his mind, as though he had seen it with his own eyes. 'Thus distinguished was Luther in his youth,' says Melancthon; 'all the university admired his genius.' But even so early as this period, the young man of eighteen did not labour only to cultivate his intellect; he possessed that serious mood, that lifting up of the heart on high, which God gives to those whom he intends to make his most zealous servants. '*To pray well,*' he used to say, '*is more than half way to studying well.*'"—*D'Aubigné*, book ii. cap. ii.

Who prays the most will study best!—so spake
In noble response to official pride,
The young Reformer,—when th' unfolding gates
Of Erfurth from his asking eye retired,
As pale he stood her letter'd walls beside,
Intreating entrance there. And now commenced
The waking myst'ries of the mind within!
Around him more and more dread shadows fell,
That seem'd reflected from Almighty frowns;
While conscience, that pale miniature of God!
In outlines faint, the Holiness Supreme

Began to image. Morning, noon, and night,
In deep simplicity's adoring hush,
With soul intense, and heart of upward gaze,
How oft did Luther, on the wings of hope,
Rise out of earth, heaven's tearless home depict,
And on God's bosom pillow all his cares!
And now, when sensitive at ev'ry pore
His soul lay open to the pregnant beams
Of truth eternal, out of Godhead sent,—
The Mercy-seat of everlasting mind
Itself,—that true SHECHINAH, where, enthroned
In mystic radiance, gospel wisdom speaks,
And LOVE DIVINE oracularly dwells,—
The BIBLE first on Luther's spirit smiled![18]
But little thought he, when the dust-worn shelves
Were traced, some intellectual food to meet,
That God in syllables was there enshrined!
And scarce could seraph wave his wings of light
With ecstasy of more celestial glow,
Than did the student, with his raptured eyes
To heaven upraised, the heart's rich anthem peal
Of thankful wonder, for this costly boon.
That moment was the Reformation's seed;
That volume then the universe outweigh'd
In mental preciousness, and moral power!
For in its pages couch'd those slumb'ring germs
Of principle, from out whose depths have sprung
The faith and freedom of a Christian world!



Man's Religion.

"However blameless a life I might lead as a monk, I experienced a most unquiet conscience; I perceived myself a sinner before God; I saw that I could do nothing to appease him, and *I hated the idea of a just God that punishes sinners.* I was well versed in all St. Paul's writings; and in particular, I had a most wonderful desire to understand the epistle to the Romans. But I was puzzled with the expression—'THEREIN is the righteousness of God revealed.' My heart rose almost against God with a silent sort of blasphemy. Thus I raged with a troubled conscience."—LUTH. OP PRÆF., vol. i.

SAY, how can man be justified by God?
Thy vaults, eternity! would echo,—HOW?
But from the cross a solemn response rolls,
In the deep music of almighty grace,
Back on the spirit—faith in Christ is life
And love, and righteousness, completely squared
To each vast claim of violated law.
There conscience finds no compromise involved,
Nor Mercy from the hand of Justice plucks
The sceptre and her awful head uncrowns;

But there all Attributes divinely blend
In one rich centre of consummate light,
And God with most emphatic glory smiles
His goodness forth, o'er ransom'd minds and worlds!

But he, pale thinker! in portentous gloom,
Robed in the rags of papal righteousness,
Was shiv'ring yet; around his spirit coil'd
The clankless fetters of condemning law;
And upward, when his heart to gaze presumed
A moment,—soon it shrunk, appall'd and dim,
From God's dread eye-glance, flaming with the curse,
Unquench'd—save when the cross absorbs its fire!
Dark wrestler with the pangs of sin untold,
Silence and solitude his haunt became;
Transforming nature, till the soul was typed
In all he witness'd of the bleak and wild,—
Down lonely vales, and paths of soundless gloom,
He loved to meditate, and learn'd to mourn;
But chief the night-blast, with its hollow yell,
Rung from the tempest's riven heart of sound,
Becharm'd him, when beneath the wat'ry moon
Late roaming. But the crisis came at last!
'Twas summer; and with crimson eye of fire
Full o'er the pine-tree boughs the west'ring orb
Sunk flaming; like a furnace glow'd the air

In breezeless trance, while not a bird-wing moved;
And the pine leaves, as by some fixing spell
Enchanted, like the lids of slumber hung,
Subdued and motionless: so deep the hush
Your very heart-pulse strangely loud appear'd;
When, lo! the blacken'd cope of heaven divides,
And flashes,—re-divides—and with one fold
Of sheeted flame the firmament involves.
Hark! peal on peal redoubling, and return'd
With raging echo, till heaven's arches ring
And vibrate; then, in one convulsive burst
The clouds are clash'd to thunder, and descends,
Down at his feet, in supernat'ral roar,
A death-bolt. Harmless as the rain-drop fell
The blasting ruin!—Luther, in the shade
Of that GREAT HAND whose hollow hides the church
From storming Earth and Hell, was all secure,
Though death glared round him. What a scene was there!
In kneeling agony, with eyes of awe
To heaven upturn'd, as if the judgment pomp
And equipage of heaven's Almighty King
Emerged apparent, Luther throbb'd, and pray'd,
And vow'd his after-life to God alone
If safely rescued from the yelling storm.
So sank the great Apostle, when the blaze,
Bright as THE FORM of glory whence it fell,

Abash'd him into blindness, and he heard
The mournful thunder of Messiah's lip
Rebuke him, till his conscience rock'd and reel'd!

But now, all faithful to his word, sincere
In darkness, to the blinding creed he loved,
Hark! on their hinges grind the massive gates
Of St. Augustine's cold and cloister'd pile,
And in the clang of those reclosing doors
The knell of Luther's freedom! Darkly bound
By stale theology's remorseless web
Of monkish falsehood, in the deep of night,
Fresh from the heart of social youth he comes,
Self-exiled and sincere,—in convent gloom,
Amid the graves of unproductive mind,
Where dead religion putrefies to fear,
And fear to superstition,—*there* to form
His soul to God, and fashion it for heaven!
Yet, mark in this Eternal Wisdom's plan!
The dungeon'd martyr, on whose haggard limbs
The rust-worn chain hath delved its branding trace,
When free again beneath the skies to walk,
Inhaling liberty from each loved breeze
That carols round him, *chief* o'er all can tell
How priceless to the heart pure freedom is!
And thus did Luther, by whose dreadless hand
Of truth the fetters from the mind were fell'd,

As captive, first by dark experience learn
How deep that dungeon of the spirit was
Where Roman witchcraft plunged and plagued mankind!
Yes!—he, the champion of JEHOVAH's cause,
Whose bold harangues, like Alpine thunder-peals,
Hereafter shook the Vatican to shame,
Himself once crouch'd, in martyrdom of zeal,
Beneath the lashes of a monk's stern lip,
In silence!—wound the clock, and swept the floor,
And begg'd, a charter'd mendicant, from house
To house, the bread of blushless charity!

But did he find the holiness he sought?
Did peace divine in purity descend
Down on his conscience, like the calming dove?
Ah, no!—in vain the convent's round of rites,
The fastings dull, the macerations dire,
The penance long, the midnight watchings pale,—
All the mean clockwork of monastic life,
Wheel within wheel, by superstition turn'd!
From righteous *acts* no righteous *nature* flows;
First form the nature, *then* the acts arise
Spontaneous, free, by fertile love produced,
Not pleading merit, but proclaiming CHRIST
Within, by transcript of His life without.
For how in Self can man salvation find,

When Self is sin, compounded and corrupt?
But, (like that Bible which his hungry eyes
Read oft and oft with most devouring gaze
Of faith and feeling,) Luther wore the chain
That round the soul rank superstition binds.
And how the heavings of his spirit rose
In dark reflection to his pale-worn face!
While e'en the whisper of that still small Voice
(Which cowards all, but Christians maketh none,)
Beneath the roof of his o'erarching cell
Raged into moral thunder, when the thought
Of God in judgment tore, with tort'ring might
And mystery, the troubled mind within!
Thus like a spectre through the cloisters moved,
With fruitless sigh and ineffectual groan,
Day after day, all spirit-crush'd and worn,
The helpless Luther,—till the CROSS appear'd.
From holy love then true repentance sprang;
And faith, like Mary at the feet of CHRIST
Attending, hung upon his lips, and lived!

How the Day-Star rises in the Heart of Faith.

"While I was meditating day and night on the words, and their connexion with what immediately follows,—namely, '*The just shall live by faith*,' it pleased God to have pity on me, to open my eyes, and to shew me, that the righteousness of God, which is here said in the Gospel to be REVEALED from faith to faith, relates to the method by which God in his mercy justifies a sinner through faith. The expression, 'RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD,' now became as sweet to my mind as it was hateful before; and this very passage of St. Paul proved to me the entrance to Paradise."—*Luth.* Op. vol. i.

THRICE holy Love! no self-created sound
In the cold depth of man's corrupted heart,
But rather a responsive echo, waked
By Love preventing, art thou, when sincere.
By God's to man, man's love to God begins,
And Christianity is CHRIST received,
The soul possessing, and himself possess'd.
Then thaws the heart, however iced and dead,
In tears that glow with gratitude, and God!
So LUTHER felt, when Love's almighty voice
Becalm'd him; round the cross he ever read
The page of heaven, and in that fountain wash'd

His soul to whiteness, which for sin unclosed,
In streaming mercy, from the wounded Lord.
Light, peace, and order round his being throng'd
In rich communion; prayer and praise arose,
Like native incense from the soul renew'd;
And holiness (man's paradise regain'd)
No effort now, but second nature seem'd,
Not labour done, but life itself enjoy'd.
Yet, who can tell—as stern-eyed Law retired,
And the mild Gospel o'er his conscience breathed
Like Jesus, when he sigh'd the breath of peace—
How on his heart the Bible's image grew,
Till, like a throbbing counterpart, it beat
In living echoes to the truth it loved!
While Doctrines now, that once with scowling front,
Black as the shades that over Sinai hung,
Appall'd him, smooth as Christ's own forehead smiled.
No more the penance vile, with venal aim
To bribe Eternal Justice, now was wrought.
In CHRIST, her all-in-all stern Conscience found,
And, sprinkled with his blood, her claim withdrew
For ever!—penal law its lightning veil'd;
And when from sickness, pale and purified,
The convert of the Cross in health arose,
He clung to Jesus with a clasping soul
Devoted,—fired with faith's intenser flame,
And from His wounds saw Earth's atonement flow.

God's Ambassadors.

"In the midst of the open place in Wittemberg stood an old wooden chapel, thirty feet long, by twenty in the width, the walls of which, propped up in all directions, were falling to ruins. An old pulpit made of planks, and three feet high, received the preacher. In this sorry chapel began the preaching of the Reformation. It was God's will that from the humblest beginnings should spring what was to re-establish his glory."—*D'Aubigné*, book ii. cap. v.

"Go! stand the living and the dead between,
Take the rich censer of Messiah's grace
And stop the plague!"—So looks the office high
To him appointed, who the tidings glad
Proclaims of liberty to souls condemn'd
In the black dungeon of the curse to writhe
And weep for ever! Well may dread sublime,
Or holy, soften'd o'er with human shades
Of feeling, round the youthful herald steal,
When *first* the embassy of pardon rolls,
In strains of heart, from his excited lip,
That vibrates like a chord by music thrill'd,

Master'd by young emotion!—What a theme!
God in flesh, to save that flesh, array'd,
The INFINITE within the finite lodged,
The form ALMIGHTY in the frame all weak,
The dread CREATOR on the cross unveil'd
In bleeding glory!—Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,
Eternity and Time, and Sin and Grace,
The swelling anthems of the blood-bought Church
Circling the Lamb with Coronation joy,—
Or, howlings of the lost, in lurid flames,
Stretch'd on the rack of self-tormenting ire,—
These are the elements combined to throw
Around the preacher that commanding spell
Of awe, that makes the earthen vessel bend
To think it treasures such a peerless trust.

And who can dare himself sufficient deem
For work like this, round which seraphic minds
Would travel in the greatness of their strength,
And yet not scale its altitude divine!
Oh, THOU! whose office 'tis THE WORD to bless
And quicken, till it breathes that living grace
That makes each syllable with Godhead shine,
THEE may we ever prove in presence nigh,
The GREAT INSPIRER,—whose anointing power
Alone can tune the sounding brass to heaven's
True note, and bid our tinkling cymbals do

In mortal accent an immortal's work!
Whether beneath the bow'd cathedral's roof
Of vastness, while the organ's billowy peals
Roll like a sea of melody and might
Down the dim nave and long-retreating aisles,
Thy word is preach'd, or in some Saxon fane,
Where rude simplicities of ancient mould
Linger in stone's most exquisite decay,—
Wherever on the tide of human breath
Floats the rich argosy of gospel truth,
As Christ appointed, may dependence be
The preacher's motto, and the preacher's mode;
Dependence meek on that concurring grace
Of HIM, the Bible's Author, by whose light
Alone our sermons live, and souls are saved.

So felt the young reformer, when he rose
Within thy square, high-fated Wittemberg!
Where the grey walls of St. Augustine's fane
Crumble in low decrepitude and dust,
And from his pulpit, piled with simple planks,
Blew that loud trumpet of Salvation's truth
Whose echoes yet the heart of Empires wake
To fine pulsations, free as Luther loved!
Eye, cheek, and brow, with eloquence array'd,
As though the spirit would incarnate be,
Or mind intense would burn its dazzling way

Through shading matter,—like a second Paul,
Flaming with truth, the fearless herald pour'd
Himself in language o'er the listening hearts
Around him!—like a mental torrent ran
The rich discourse, and on that flood of mind
Nearer and nearer to the LAMB's white Throne
The soul was wafted: Christ for man,
And man for Christ, and God for all he proved,
And hid *himself* behind the Cross he raised.

A more than Hercules, to cleanse the church
Where priestly falsehood stabled all its guilt,
Through centuries dark of domineering crime,
So preach'd he then; and in that sermon gave
A noble prelude of the trumpet blast
Predestined from his daring lip to roll
Hereafter,—when from lethargy and lies
He roused the great high-priest of Hell to man,
In cruelty and curses,—till there came
An avalanche of everlasting truths
Down on the popedom, in those thund'rous words
That crash'd it—like descending Deity!

The Metropolis of the Man of Sin.

"In the beginning of summer, under the burning sun of Italy, he approached the seven-hilled city. His heart was stirred, his eyes sought the queen of the world, and of the church. As soon as he caught sight, in the distance, of the eternal city, he prostrated himself on the ground, exclaiming — 'Holy Rome! I salute thee!' "— *D'Aubigné*, b. ii. c. vi.

"Truly the Rome of the Scipios and the Cæsars is changed into a corpse. So dense is the mass of ruined materials, that the foundations of the modern houses are level with the position of the ancient roofs. This is what has become of the wealth and treasures of the world."— *Luth.* Op. (*w.*)

To shameless Rome, the capital of sin,
Where crime in canonized pretension smiled,
And pride and lust pontifically reign'd,
At length, great Luther comes. The glare of skies
O'er which the mercy of no soothing cloud
Had floated, vainly tried his burning frame;
For still, o'er Alpine crags, by torrents wild
And hoar ravines, within whose haunted depth
Plunged the loud stream with everlasting yell,
The monk of Wittemberg, with eager step
And soul expectant, sought the seven-hill'd Queen

Of cities,—till, behold! in glimm'ring haze
The turrets, towers, and giant temple spires
Emerge at length: and low upon the ground,
In kneeling homage, falls her duteous son,
To breathe his blessing o'er maternal Rome,
Mother and mistress of the churches all!
But when indeed her pillar'd streets he trod,
And on the ruins, eloquently vast,
Around him in sublime confusion piled,
Gazed with devotion, what a flooding sweep
Of ancient glory through his being swept!
The past in tow'ring resurrection rose,
Bright from the tomb of ages, while the air
That Peter breathed, and Paul himself inhaled,
Play'd round his temples like a breeze from heaven
New-wafted! Rome and rapture were combined;
And Luther, in one lofty dream of soul,
Enchanted stood, and drank the glorious scene;
As if Religion from the very stones
Was preaching, where apostles once had trod,
And over which the martyr's flame of death
Gleam'd in dread radiance, like a glory there!

But soon the bandage of imposture fell;
And then, e'en like the arch-fiend's mystic pomp,
Summon'd before IMMANUEL'S heaven-bright gaze,
So vanish'd, into vile and viewless air,
Thy pageantries, thou Babylon of guilt!

Thou scarlet monster, with the costly blood
Of God's elected, drunken and bedew'd!
When plain revealed in all thy hideous truth
He saw thee like a huge and leprous mass
Of sin, one moral putrefaction, stretch'd
In foul immensity of papal form.

Oh, grace superb, and wonderful as deep,
That Rome and Luther should confronted be!
And there, in Superstition's heart, one text
Almighty, like a thunderbolt of truth
Down from the throne of revelation hurl'd,
Should raise him, while he crouch'd in faith
Deluded!—Thus the champion for his cause
Was meeten'd; thus from Rome herself he drew
Weapons of might, whereby her powers would fall.
So, swift recoiling from his task abhorred,[19]
Uprose the brave reformer!—free and firm
For ever: "By HIS FAITH THE JUST SHALL LIVE!"
Thus roll'd the truth from Inspiration's lip:
Religion, then, and Luther's mind, arose
Erect, upon the rock of faith alone;
Together did they face the frowning hell,
And bid our spirit, like her God, be free.

Satan's Theology.

"INDULGENCES are the most precious and sublime gift of God."

"This cross (pointing to the red cross) has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ. Come, and I will give you letters, furnished with the seals by which the sins even which you have a mind to commit hereafter, shall be all forgiven you."

"I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven; for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than the Apostle by his discourses."

"Priest! Noble! Merchant! Woman! Young Girl! Young Man! hearken to your parents and your friends, who are dead, and who cry to you from the bottom of the abyss: 'We are enduring tortures! and small alms would deliver us.'"—*Tetzel's Harangue.*

"Lo! at yon gate" (the Mercuries of Sin
Are crying) "stands the awful grace of God!"
And in one moment, like a moral wave,
Heaves far and wide the town's excited heart;
Council, and nuns, and priests, and monks advance,
And motley crowds from every dome and street
Are trooping, while the booming town-clock peals
A loud hosannah from its lofty spires,

And tapers flash, and greeting symbols sound,
To meet the great PROCESSION. See! they come,
In robes how costly! there, in cushion'd pomp,
The BULL of grace, whereby the Godhead's hands
Are bound, and His dread thunders must awake
Or sleep, as priestly conjuration bids!
For now, before the wooden cross uprear'd,
Bedeck'd with Leo's blazonry of pride,
The loud-voiced Tetzel takes his stand profane:
Prime vender he, beneath whose venal lip
Heaven's attributes, as in a mart exposed,
Are purchased by Indulgence,—God is sold
In pardons! Sin itself, before conceived
Or acted, by the Pope's almighty bull,
Shall not be damning; whatsoe'er Desire
May dream hereafter, all by this high charm
Shall be forgiven!—" down this cross there flows
A grace like that the Saviour's bleeding side
Dispersed; but hark! from deeps of ghastly woe,
Where yelling spirits clang their chains of fire,—
Tormented parents, friends, and children, lift
Their tongues uncool'd, and cry for needed alms
To bring them from that red abyss of wrath,
Where scorch their souls in purgatorial flames!
Let but your money, with its golden clink,
Yon chest descend, and, lo! at once escaped

Those dungeon'd spirits, wing'd by papal grace,
Full into heaven's bright welcome flee!"

So cried the cursed impostor, and the souls
Of myriads, by his damning spell of lies,
Murder'd! CHRIST himself, in blacker shame
Than once the cross of Calvary o'erhung,
Was openly to mocking hell exposed;
Eternity a mart of sin became,
A papal auction, where that grace was sold
For filthy lucre which the costly blood
That warm'd IMMANUEL'S veins alone procured;
And 'gainst the purity of Heaven's high throne
The mud of human blasphemy was hurl'd
By pope and priesthood. Seal'd the Bible then!
And sure, if ever down a seraph's cheek
Roll'd the rich tear immortal Feeling sheds,
It trickled now, when thus Religion dared,
In words divine, God's heart of gracious love[20]
To libel, Christ's own pangs for venal lies
To barter, till the truth of heaven, betray'd,
In priestly suffocation sank and died.

But there is mercy in thy myst'ry lodged,
ETERNAL! Out of darkness cometh light,
By thee evoked; and while the anarch Sin,

To mortal judgment, in its depthless gaze,
O'er time and circumstance sole monarch looks
Ascendant, all the waves of human will,
In lawless riot though they toss and rage,
Within the circle of THY will supreme
Alone are plunging; if they rise or fall,
'Tis only as THY helming word decrees.

The Reformation's Dawn.

"If some persons cry out that I am a heretic (for the truth I preach is very injurious to their cash-box), I care very little about their yelling. They are men of clouded and distempered brains, men who have never FELT the Bible, never read the Christian doctrine, never understood their own doctors, and who rot beneath the tattered garb of their idle opinions."—*Luth.* Op.

PALE with devotion, wrestling long and lone
With God in prayer,—behold! the lion heart
Of Luther beats with supernat'ral pulse;
It throbs with Deity and great design.
Stung to his very soul with piercing shame,
Beneath a lie to see Heaven's truth expire,
And trampled Scripture gasping in the dust
Of low venality and priestly lies,
Upon the door of Wittemberg's dark pile
He fasten'd then, with hand divinely firm,
Ninety and five of those all-fearless truths
That shook the popedom, and the world redeem'd

From charms infernal, to the cross alone.[21]
Faith, Hope, and Love, upon the ROCK of souls
Were founded; grace in gospel freedom rose,
From schools and sophistry at length escaped;
And in the fountain of IMMANUEL'S blood
Both peace and pardon in conjunction flow'd,
Free, full, and glorious, from the heart of God,
Giver and gift in amnesty combined!
And yet, what eye save HIS before whose beam
Time, place, and all contingencies retire
As though they were not, in this daring act
Of Luther saw the REFORMATION'S pulse
Of life and liberty began to beat?
Or who, among the crowd that rush'd to read,
In tumult wild, upon the church's gate,
Those words that dash'd Indulgences to air,[22]
The silent thunder of their strength presumed
Upon thine eve, All-Hallows?—Monk, and priest,
And pope, and hoary-headed falsehood, then
Were death-struck; in those few fine truths
The germs of unexpanded glory slept,
As in the acorn future navies float.
And when at night the lonely cell was sought,
Could the brave monk his deed of pregnant might
Have measured? In the greatness of the act,
Oh! was he conscious of th' ALMIGHTY there?

Its Master Principle.

"There is nothing generically new or peculiar in the Reformation; it was a return to truth and reality in opposition to falsehood and semblance, as all kinds of genuine teaching are and have been. Liberty of private judgment, if we will consider it, must at all times have existed in the world. Dante had not put out his eyes or tied shackles on himself; he was at home in that catholicism of his, a free-seeing soul in it. Liberty of judgment? No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, could ever compel the soul of a man to believe or disbelieve: it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign and believe these by the grace of God alone."—*Carlyle.*

"One day, coming to the fourth verse of the second chapter, he read this passage in Habakkuk — 'The just shall live by faith.' The lesson struck him. There is, then, for the just, a different life from that of the rest of men, and that life is given by faith. This word, which he receives into his soul as if God himself had put it there, unveils to him the mystery of Christian life, and increases in him that life. Long after, amidst his numerous labours, he thought he still heard that voice: 'The just shall live by faith.'

"This energetic text has some *mysterious hold upon the life of Luther;* it was a creative word for the reformer and for the Reformation. It was with it that God then said, 'Let there be light!' and there was light.'"—*D'Aubigné.*

One truth divine, from deeps of scripture drawn,
And by one heart with burning zeal espoused,
Then bodied forth in full heroic life,
What miracles that single truth achieves,
Which rock an empire, or a world restore!

And hence, when, pale in his monastic gloom,
Alone, and pensive, groping after God
Through clouds of error, black with Romish guile,
At length the tortured monk, with tears of praise,
Consummate pardon by the Cross procured,
Saw in free glory,—then a *Truth* was found
From whence instructed empires learn to live.
And in that Hall, where stood the fearless man
Bulwark'd with principle, beyond all powers
By Earth created or by Hell contrived,
He grasp'd a Truth, which Heaven's eternal creed
Hath canonized, and by the cross explain'd—
That GRACE *is God, by God alone applied,*[23]
On which Religion all her fabric rears,
That else is baseless as the yielding air.

Hence flow those energies through man and mind,
Which mould our being great, or make it good.
Here, by the pardon of perfective grace,
The anguish'd memory can alone subdue
That dread Gehenna, which our guilt inflames
Oft in remembrance; and from thence derived,
Pure emanations spring, and feelings act
That feed with moral life the social frame[24]
Of men and empires; for the HEART is free,
And guarded conscience on the bosom's throne
Reigns in the sanctity which Christ hath won.

'Tis thus, where olden hearts and hands had fail'd,
Or ancient Heroes their protesting voice
Lifted in vain, to vindicate THE TRUTH
From all aggression, Luther's prowess smote
The Roman Beast to ruin—nigh to death,
And that, with *principle*. 'Twas here he fought,
He grappled with the foe of God and man.
Swift through the dens and dungeons of the mind
He pour'd the beam of evangelic morn;
And where AUTHORITY—that mitred Lie!
Bestrode the conscience with infernal sway,
He throned the GOSPEL, in the light of GRACE,
At once the law and liberty of souls.
But had he *only* on the rabble Saints
Shot the keen arrows of sarcastic truth,
Dislodged the Virgin, paralyzed the Pope,
Or laid the Monk's Augéan darkness bare,
In *form* regenerate, but with *life* corrupt,
The Reformation then had toil'd and died.
But, glory be to HIM whose name we bear,
'Twas Grace in principle that Luther taught:
Here is the lever which the world uplifts—
" A Saviour just, for man unjust, hath died!"
Here is a TRUTH, whose trumpet voice might thrill
The Pope's religion into airy nought;
A truth which is at once the text of texts,
Making all scripture music to our souls!

The Bible read is GOD Himself perused,
In pages letter'd with Almighty love,
When thus it preaches what the conscience craves;
While the rich fountain of IMMANUEL'S blood,
(Not barricaded round with priestly walls,
Nor blent with superstition's blackening tide
Of "merits,") all its healing flood of grace,
Full on the heart, in one vast current pours!

He ended thus, where ancient Minds begun;
'Gainst outward vice those murder'd saints appeal'd,
And perish'd!—but for principle divine,
Bravely alone the Monk of Erfurt fought.
He struck the root,—and then the branches fell;
He purged the fountain,—then the stream roll'd pure;
The deep foundation down to hell he shook,
And then—the Roman Superstition reel'd:
From centre to circumf'rence, thus the mind
Of Luther reasoned out its lonely way;
Till, lo! at length, in gospel light reveal'd,
He saw Impostures, in successive form,
Each after each, more staringly corrupt,
And in the Pope rank Antichrist unveil'd.[25]

The Gospel according to Man.

"It cannot be doubted but that by that *mystery of iniquity* that Christians so often have in their mouths, is meant—*such a mystery as is directed to the defeating the purpose, and enervating the power and efficacy, and to the suddenly undermining the very foundation of that religion which is called Christian.* For which reason they also call this mystery of iniquity, ANTICHRISTIANISM, and style the chief author and underpropper thereof, ANTICHRIST. In these two things, therefore, does the mystery of iniquity, or antichristianism, consist. First,—*In the constituting such laws, authoritatively teaching such doctrines, and promoting or commanding such customs and practices, as naturally defeat and frustrate the true scope and purpose of the gospel of Christ. And then, secondly,—In the doing this with such artifice and so fair pretence that they bear the world in hand in the meantime that they are doing the work of God, and promoting the kingdom of his Son, Jesus.* To speak summarily, and than which nothing greater can be said,—The admittance of this INFALLIBILITY is *the excision of Christ from his kingdom and throne*, and the setting up a mere mortal, a masterly man of sin, or a pack of sons of Belial to sway his sceptre for Him in the world. This alone is enough, if it would take, to supplant the government of Christ upon earth."—*Henry More's Theological Works*, p. 389, 459.

"The design of the popish religion is, in the several parts and circumstances of it, to reach and ACCOMMODATE ITSELF, AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, TO ALL THE HUMOURS AND DISPOSITIONS OF MEN: and I know no argument like this to prove it Catholic by; so that a learned person (Sir Edwin Sandys) in his EUROPÆ SPECULUM,—(a survey of the religions of the western church,)—pronounces popery, upon a strict view of the artificial wonderful composure of the whole frame of it, the greatest piece of practical wit that was ever yet set on foot in the world. In a depraved sense, it '*becomes all things to all men.*'"—*South's Works, Oxford Edition*, 1823, vol. iii. p. 480.

I.

The Supremacy.

"Son of the living God! The Christ, Thou art!"
So spake, by more than mortal wisdom led,
The bold apostle, when, through flesh and blood,
Divinity within that Form august
Of Jesus, shrined in mortal dust, he saw:
And on the rock of this confession, high
In Godhead rear'd, and deep in manhood based,
Immanuel built his everlasting Church.
But how hath Sin, from out the promise made
To Peter, (in apostleship sublime
But not supreme, beyond his fellows rank'd,)
The keys of power, the kingdom, and the laws
That bind or loose, as papal nods decree,
Derived? and thus on earth uprear'd
A vile dominion, measureless and vain
As Earth could plan, or cheering Hell applaud.
Let faith admire, let gratitude adore
The Power divine that hurl'd the Popedom down
From that cursed height of blasphemy and crime
To which, through ages of gigantic skill,
By fell gradation, it at length arose,
Reigning aloft, stern arbitress of kings
And thrones; dispensing sceptres with a smile,
Or else dissolving kingdoms with a frown.

For Peter's shadow and the Roman name[20]
O'er power and policy together ruled;
Then the high Past a holy magic breathed
And the rich lustre of a world's regard
Made Rome the palace of mankind appear,—
The true metropolis of priestly hearts,
A temple with apostleship instinct,
The stones all sacred, and the dust inspired
Thus magnified, and with mysterious charms
Endow'd, behold, a miracle of Pride
Erect!—Supremacy! thy *Pope* survey,
A breath of sin on Deity's great Throne.
Oh! never in the luxury of lies
Hath hell more wanton'd; never in this world
Hath Adulation's most besotted dream
A foul pretence so infinitely dared
As then around some ruffian Pope began;
For palsied Reason to his sceptre bow'd,
And Blasphemy baptized a monster—God:
Disgust, be mute! and Horror, speechless stand!
'Tis not in words, though syllabled with fire,
Or barbed with truth's most execrating force,
To paint a Pope—infallibly supreme!
All right above, beyond all law secured,
In errorless perfection shrined aloft;
Of Peter's royalties sole heir and king,
Of Churches, Judge, of Christendom, the Lord;

And such an Oracle, that when his lips
Do condescend some great response to give,
Virtue is vice, and vice may virtue be,
Or each be neither, if his nod decide![27]
For truth and nature are at once transform'd
By him, the world's embodied FIAT, now.
E'en more than this; to heights of sin beyond,
These climbing blasphemies of folly scaled,
And from the temple of th' ALMIGHTY took
The crown, and from the Hand Eternal pluck'd
The sceptre; till from Godhead's self there seem'd
To pass all glory; and in pontific shape,
A mock almighty, was the Pope adored!

II.

The Mystery.

Above, beneath, around,—where'er we move
Or live, an atmosphere of myst'ry floats,
For ever baffling, with its gloom unpierced
The pride of reason's analytic gaze.
E'en like that pillar which, of cloud and fire
Contemper'd, to the pilgrim church bestowed
A guidance solemn, through untrodden wilds,—
So, human knowledge, in this world forlorn,
In shade and light alternately prevails,
Too dark for pride, too shining for despair.

And thus, accordant with our state corrupt,
From truth to truth the educated Mind
Through shades of awe is humblingly advanced;
But noble ignorance, that knows itself,
Kneels in the shadow of the Mercy-seat,
And prays the heart to piety and love.

Yes! all is myst'ry; from that Blaze immense
In which pavilion'd dwells the VAST UNSEEN,
Down to the insect of minutest frame,
Science is mock'd. Within retreating depths
The CAUSE uncaused, above all causes throned,
Who can describe? Yet what religion owns,
Plain reason grants,—that He is perfect ONE,
Pervading all things with His presence whole;
Unfelt, unform'd, unheard, and unexplain'd,
All Eye, all Ear, all Spirit, and all Power,
His centre, light, and his circumf'rence, love.
Who can reveal HIM who all else reveals,
Great UNEXPLAINED, who yet explaineth all?
What sun to systems, God to truth appears;
But yet, apart, impenetrably shrined,
A burning UNAPPROACHABLE remains.

Then turn to nature, eloquently touch'd
With living beauty, and in sight and sound
Teeming with all that holy truth admires.

There, though the shadow of the primal curse
Dims the soft radiance of a virgin world,
Traces of Eden, tracks of angel feet,
Still haunt creation with a hallowing charm:
But myst'ry there o'er Nature's secrets broods
Beyond philosophy's most daring ken
To master; lock'd in mute reserve they lie.
Since, *what* is Essence, how formation acts,
Or life and law reciprocally play?
Can reason here mount explanation's throne?
Nature herself is thine embodied Will
Almighty! There at last the mind has gain'd
The ultimatum that unteaches pride;
While Genius, like a second childhood, stands,
And, rapt in wonder, to Religion turns,
Struck by the truth intelligibly blind.

And does not Providence our life invest
With one horizon of perpetual cloud?
But while to man, all paradox and gloom
Creation's sad biography may read,
Darkness itself is Deity at work,—
Concentred Godhead on his plans employ'd,—
The TRINITY, in their tremendous shade,
Acting on earth some vast conception out.

But, to thyself, O brave logician! look,

52876

Thou self-idolater in dust enshrined,
That o'er JEHOVAH thus presumes to wave
The treason-banner of rebellious mind:
Thou to thyself a living mystery art;
And why? Because unfathomably bad,
And thus by grace unfathomably heal'd:
"Deceitful, vain, and desperately vile,
All things above, the heart of man is found:
And who can know it?—I, the LORD, alone!"
Thus chants the prophet; and severely grand,
Round all the regions of created mind
Rolls the dread challenge; mute remain
Seraph and angel, and the star-bright host,
Who, nearest to the fountain-source of Mind,
'Mid radiance intellectual, shine and sing:
To each and all unsearchably corrupt,
(As God himself unsearchably divine,)
The heart of nature in the human breast:
The two unsearchables are God and man!

Then turn to Grace,—the Trinity express'd
In threefold glory, lovingly distinct.
There all is myst'ry, hung with moral gloom.
Flight after flight, in vain proud reason takes,
And seeks and soars, and soars and seeks again;
Thus more confounded by the search becomes,
Till, all exhausted, like the arkless dove,

Back to the shelter of a simple truth
The mind retreats, and learns by faith to live,
And love the more, the less it understands
Of the great secret which salvation hides,—
The HOW and WHY, in all of Godhead there.

And HIM, the Paramount of grace reveal'd,
The TRUTH INCARNATE,—how can words unfold?
Or who to comprehension dares contract
The dazzling myst'ry that His PERSON makes?
True greatness is to know how small we are;
We learn divinity by loving God,
And as we love, alone can understand.

Thus step by step, with analogic rise,
We come to Thee, thou consummation dire!
O'er myst'ries all stupendously uplift,
Begot by Satan, and by sinners bred,
E'en that, where Antichrist horrific reigns
O'er conscience, reason, and the hood-wink'd soul.
Around it twice six hundred years
Have travell'd in the pride of priestly art;
And now, a very miracle of mind
Depraved, of truth corrupt, and power abused,
It moulds and masters all whom it beguiles;
Compact, complete, symmetrically form'd
To fit all hearts, whate'er the sensual frame;

Or, oscillate to each exacting move,
Mental and moral, in our lives transverse;
This myst'ry plays the Proteus with mankind.
From character it draws responsive tones,
From all condition wins a pleased support,
In circumstance the very crisis wields,
And of torn conscience takes advantage vile.
Virtue and vice alike its charm obey;
Fetter'd by chains, that with no clanking fall
The ear arrest, or rouse the dormant soul;
But still, the heart they manacle with lies,
And bind it down, deluded to the last.

A Myst'ry, oh, thou antichristian curse!
In wisdom wert thou by St. Paul baptized.
Not Rome, in pagan darkness vilely sunk,
Nor aught that infidels have dared or done
To mock Jehovah, or to murder Christ
Again,—like thee in veil'd imposture reigns.
There Error shines, in broad and staring blaze,
Conspicuous, mark'd and branded as the bad;
The heart may shun it, and securely keep
Both principle and purity awake.
But here false Darkness, with a face of light
Deceptively upon thy victim smiles,
And with the aspect of an angel's love
Ruins the spirit with a demon's guile!

Here lies the danger, lurks the full deceit,—
Pretension high as Heaven's meridian truth,
Performance, low as hell's absorbing lie!
Religion here, with suicidal hand,
Turns on herself, and into death transmutes
Thy soul, Theology! a sacred zeal.
Dilates a precept, or a truth contracts,
Can mould a doctrine, or a creed erect,
And round salvation such a dimness cast,
That CHRIST is hidden,—and the church alone
In sacramental mist at length appears.

But yet, how raised, how lofty, how refined,
Thy vast professions, Romanistic Creed!
Not purity itself is pure as Thou
In strictness, and severity of aim.
From the mix'd world, monastically free,
The Spirit thou wouldst fain entice, and cast
Its powers in moulds of superhuman faith;
And thus from foul entanglements of flesh
The mind deliver, till to earthless heights
Of dazzling purity at length arrived,
The consummation of the church is reach'd,—
Meekness and martyrdom, in one combined.

The Devil is the parodist of God;
And priestly colours are the paint employ'd

To tinge his counterfeits of Truth divine
With holy semblance; and that flaming zeal
For purity apostate, Rome affects,
For him has wrought, infernally sublime!
A heaven in aspect, but a hell in deed,
Pollution's self on Purity's clear throne
In veil'd enchantment thus hath ruled and reign'd,
Deceiving others, and itself deceived.
The Roman myst'ry is a mask of Lies,
And under it all curses and all crimes,
All black and base abominations, hide;
While yet thy countenance, celestial Truth!
It borrows; mercy is the mild pretence,[28]
Justice the theme, and love for God, the law,
And zeal for Christ, the church's firing soul
That makes her all the miracle she is.
Satan himself can thus religious seem,
And poison Virtue with her very smile.

Lo! by his spell the TRINITY recedes,
And LOVE and LIGHT to cruel darkness turn,
Shade upon shade, impenetrably deep,
Investing GODHEAD with a vile array
Of terrors forged by sacerdotal guile,
And summon'd forth as guilt again demands—
Where is THE FATHER,—in that fiction dread,
That ghastly Something, for a God believed,

Which Pop'ry to the harrow'd mind presents?
Or, when the ague of a guilty heart
Rages in secret, what paternal voice,
From God in Christ, attractively divine?
Then not direct through Son and Spirit looks
The soul repentant from the pleading eye
Of faith, on God reveal'd,—but, damning frowns,
Blacker than Sinai's legal night express'd,
To daunt the sinner, are at once evoked,
Hiding the Cross with intercepting gloom.
Infinite Cruelty thus God becomes;
His throne all blackness, and his heart begirt
With fencing saints, that keep poor sinners off
Till *first* their mediatorship is moved,
And God, *persuaded* by their prayer, relents!
As if by impulse the Almighty moved,
Nor in Himself His Own great motive was.

But, see the climax of corrupted truth,
Th' infernal zenith of presuming craft,
The last perfection of Tridentine lies,[29]
The hideous summit of unhallow'd guile,—
The Incarnation, parodied in paste!
With priestly melodrame of mutter'd spells,
Lo! where the sacerdotal Juggler stands,
Beneath whose touch the sacramental host
To Body, Blood, Divinity, and Soul,

Themselves transform,—created into Christ!
IMMANUEL there, consummate and complete,
Again must bleed, in Calvary revived!
Oh! horrible and heartless mock of all,
Of God in glory, or of man in grace,
That HE, whose PERSON is the Sum and Soul
Of what in time eternity shall act,
(The GREAT ACHIEVEMENT of th' Eternal Three,
Around which, as a moral centre, burns
The blazing noontide of celestial Love
For ever)—should be multiplied, and mock'd;
And from that Myst'ry, infinitely rank'd
High o'er the senses, and mere reason's grasp,
Should fall at once to manducated flour,
And crumble in the crash of human teeth,—
An eaten Saviour—a digested God!

And Thou, O SPIRIT! who alone canst drive
From hearts (where pantheistic darkness reigns,
Or carnal gods, by sense or reason shaped,
Debauch the conscience with disastrous lies,)
All creeds of sin, and canons of despair,
How like an aping liturgy of hell
Hath Romish parody presumed to mock
The might and myst'ry of Thy work august,—
And dared, for living Waters, freshly drawn
From the deep fountains of eternity,

And truth,—a servile wash to substitute,
And by lustration ape the HOLY GHOST!

When thus the life-blood of religion s drain'd
By this fell vampire, what for man is left
But the mere carcass of a ritual mock
For mindless worship, meaningless and false?
Baptized Religion,—but, indeed, a Lie,
That plunders all the TRINITY at once,
By priestly sacrilege of grace and power.

Thou dread ALMIGHTY! may we dare repeat,
With deep-toned echo, that mysterious cry
Th' apocalyptic martyrs lift above,
And chant—" *How long* shall Truth eternal be
By juggling Rome travestied and traduced?
How long, oh LOVE, unsearchably profound,
Shall deicidal falsehood wear the dress
Of truth perfective, while the CROSS is veil'd,
And HE, whose merit is creation's shield,
The church's light, and Providence's law,
Drops from His throne, to see anointed dust[30]
And sainted villains, canonized and cowl'd,
Ascend beyond Him in their plea for grace!
'Tis thus the laurels from the brow of CHRIST,
Bleeding with mercy, are insanely pluck'd,
And impiously around the head enwreath'd

Of Antichrist, for twice six hundred years,—
That aping monster, who travesties God,
And in the glory of his darkness seems
A mimic Satan on MESSIAH'S throne!

III.

The Moral Root.

But whence this power, that paralyzes men
To dull machines, for priestly hands to work?
That from the cross all crucifixion takes,
And shuts the fountain in IMMANUEL'S side,
Whence gush'd atonement for the World's great sin;
Till Christ with closed wounds remains,
Shorn of those beams that round His ransom play
And form a MERIT fit for man to plead,
Ample as Justice, Law, and God, require?
Whence the dread magic that so mocks the world,
Soothing pale conscience with Iscariot's kiss?
Look in thy heart!—There, reader, there it lies.
As fits the die within the forming mould,
So false religion for thy heart is framed,
And both dovetailed with most responsive skill,
Each into each, satanically nice.

Thy fountains, Nature, are the fatal spring
Whence Pop'ry all her canker'd life-blood drains,

And drains for ever—for they ever flow!
A moral cast from our corrupted soul
Designing Rome hath taken, and contrived
A feign'd religion, that with fitting art
Infernally for each expression finds
Some flatt'ring counterpart, or creed, or charm.
'Tis man's religion, from the root of sin,
By passion foster'd and by pride increased,
Deep-grounded in the under-soil intense,
Where guilty nature feels the goading pang,
As conscience prompts, or keen compunction wakes.
Hence creeds are moulded, hence all gods are made;
While reason, bribed to superstition, bows,
As sin and penance take relieving turns,—
Till man himself his own atonement dreams,
And draws salvation out of sighs and tears.

And hence not Mind, whate'er its lofty range
Along the pathless infinite of thought,
A shielding bulwark round the man can raise,
Safely to keep one Romish error out.
For oft religion is but God disguised,
And when its nature from the name is torn,
Then sounds and shades for sense and substance act,
And cheated man a Christless mock adores.
But God is love, by His own love inspired,
As seen the sun—by His own ray reveal'd.

Then vain the pæans which we loudly ring,
As though the great millennium of the mind
Were coming, or a mental noon began,
Too searching for the MAN OF SIN to face.[31]
Philosophy the sting of death renews
And back the vict'ry to the grave restores.
Whatever tension soaring Mind attain
No good it masters, till in GOD it rest,
Where peace and pardon, law and love, combine,
And Christ and conscience can together dwell.
And why?—because *some* creed we must embrace;
From Heaven or Hell religion must be drawn;
For deep within prognostications lurk
Of awfulness and power; and fearful bodements strike
Their hidden chill; and throbs immortal stir,
Like pulses of eternity, our souls;
While moods there be, when flames of wrath to come
Prelude damnation, horribly distinct,—
When the grave opens through the banquet's glare,
And the last thunders a rehearsal ring.
Though sin confront it, yet *will* conscience speak,
Till sear'd and branded into senseless nought.
Shrined in the centre of our being, dwells
That voiceless umpire, on his moral throne
Erectly pure, whose archetype is GOD,
In the stern radiance of severest law

Reflected there, for legislative might.
Here, right and wrong their true award receive,
And Past and Present for acquittal stand,
Or condemnation from the bar receive;
Here man the ruin, in his ashes keeps
Some righteous embers, which a priest can rake,
Or quench, or quicken—as the crisis needs.

When darkly flatter'd, and when deeply read,
Our hearts become but platforms, where the priest
Can play the drama of his church at will,
And shift the scenes with most consummate guile.
Some charm that echoes the exacting taste,
Some lust respondent to the varied will,
Some lie to oscillate with pleasing lull
And skill'd vibration, as the mood requires,—
Some gulling fiend to take angelic form,
And o'er the pathway that to hell conducts
Weave a rich carpet of seductive woof—
Let these be organized, or well applied,
And man's religion, in their magic, proves
How wondrously such adaptation works!
Garb'd in a shroud of theologic guise
Behold the Arch-fiend, with undreaded power,
A priesthood guiding; and with ritual spells
That soothe or sadden, flatter, charm, or chain,
All that in man of dust or devil acts,

Or flesh and spirit, blood and brain affects,
Gild the soul's ruin with redemption's smile.
Thus like a puppet, many-wired, and weak,
Our handled nature to each secret pull
Of pop'ry moves with most responsive play.

Art thou a student, from the pristine wells
Of learning, pleased and proud, with classic thirst,
To drink rich draughts of undiluted mind?
Or, is thine ear, by intellectual taste,
To harmonies of ancient thought attuned?
See! the hoar'd Fathers in their hallow'd shrines,
And pale Philosophy, in pensive state,
Ready to bathe thee in some mental calm,
Or rock thy terrors in ascetic trance.
Or, (to the chariot of the senses chain'd,)
Do glare and grandeur, and do gilded sheens,
And pomps, and festivals, and painted lies,
With false and fatal eloquence appeal
To the base passion of thine earthly will?
Lo! the drunk sense, with reasonless delight,
May find a ball-room spiritually gay—
A ritual melodrame, by Rome arranged,[32]
Where the blood dances, where emotion reels,
And soft damnation, musical and sweet,
Charms faith to feeling, and that feeling blind.

But chief to that religiously depraved,
Self-righteous dream of ever-prompting pride,
From earth to heaven to work or win its way—
Adapting Pop'ry, with magnetic art,
Her necromance of ritual pomp applies.
A finite Self to infinite transform'd,
Some Trentine God by moral fiction shaped,
Is all that passion's creed impure desires.
And lo! in Rome the heart's vile canons meet
Their very echo!—grace and sin conjoin'd,
An outer form for inner life prepared,
A dead religion where no God remains:
Here is thy charm, thou Romanistic LIE!
Self-gain'd salvation forms thy secret force;
Hence liturgies to please corruption plann'd;
Hence creeds to flatter hope, or bribe a fear,
And all the pantomime of bows and beads.
So perfect in pure falsity, thou seemst
By the GREAT LIAR of the world inspired
To set the Adam of the sensual mind
In motion—feeling, *so* that nothing 's felt,
And working, *so* that nothing 's truly wrought
As Law proclaims, or holy Love demands;
Yet Nature, pleased with self-atonement, dares
Blindly to *merit* what mere grace bestows,
And parts with all things—sin alone except.

And thus, machines, by blind devotion turn'd,
For rites external, Rome's deluded slaves
Become,—automatons for priestly guile,
Moving, or motionless, as that inspires:
For each false yearning of self-righteous will
In popery some pleasing vent can find.
Devout fanatics, passionately wed
To forms where sense o'er spirit domineers,
May there some answering flattery find;
From seeming prayer, to suit a prayerless heart,
Down to the beads dull superstition counts.
Rome loves the crucifix, but hates the cross;
And thus, whatever gull'd Emotion longs
Upon her shrines of selfishness to lay,
Her human gospel cunningly applies,
Cheating the soul with skeletons of truth.
No taste, but here a subtle response finds,
No sentiment, but what some echo meets,
Nor fancy, which no fellowship can find.
Here painting, with its poetry of hues,
And music, with its poetry of sound,
And temples, with their poetry of stone
Augustly dim and eloquently vast,—
All, all compose a theologic Charm
That screens the spirit from its Saviour-God.

But thou! imagination's martyr'd fool,
Whose faith is fancy in religion's dress,
Whose shining virtues are but gilded vice,
(Seen by the Bible's heart-exploring beam,)
For thee the cup of antichrist is drugg'd
With rapt intoxication's master spells.
Anthems that seem to roll from angel harps,
And silver chants that seraphim might sing;
Paintings, where Beauty's virgin grace,
Divinely mortal, exquisitely smiles;
And lights severe, processions slowly grand,
The cloisters pale, where Pensiveness may roam,
The perfumed incense, with its spiral clouds
Floating to heaven before the vested priests,
Whose robes with sacramental meaning wave,—
All these, with churches, where Religion stamps
The very stones with symbolizing awe,
Where painted windows by their colours preach
Sermons that strike imagination dumb,
Or melt it in soft martyrdom of sighs,—
Here is the weaving of those spells that bind
Millions to darkness, in the chains of Rome;
Whose mock religion the Almighty veils,
And each fine essence out of saving truth
Evaporates, in forms that stifle faith,
And from the heart its vital heaven exclude.

For what is holiness but heaven below?
Or heaven itself, but holiness above?

But there be moments of mysterious gloom,
When frowns almighty round the heart of guilt,
Darker than death-shades, dismally profound,
Hover and hang; then the past revives,
Till the dead hours quicken in their graves,
The Infinite a FEAR becomes,
And all of God to all in man appeals
For vengeance. Horeb is on fire again,
In thunder preaching its horrific curse.
Then is there Sinai in the soul of man,
Erected there by that instinctive law
Which Nature's creed must canonize and own:
And oft, beneath its altitudes of gloom,
Pale terrors and alarm'd compunctions fall,
By strong enforcement, at its awful base;
And the bow'd spirit trembles into tears,
While thunder-peals of God-proclaiming truth
Preach to our guilt uncompromising law,
What conscience echoes with responsive groans.
Then, doubts that make a Golgotha of mind
Madden the sinner with a fest'ring sway:
The wind was sown—the whirlwind now is reap'd;
The seed was darkness—and the fruit is death.
And where, now pleasure's murd'ring trance is o'er,

And fear'd eternity with curses rings,
Shall the torn spirit some true refuge find?
Oh! fell imposture! priestly fiction comes,
And all its jugglery of cheating lies—
Indulgence vain, and penances most vile,
That keep the sinner from the Saving Cross—
Again renews; the soul with opium drugs,
Infernal laudanum blinded Conscience drinks,
Till thus, from terror into torpor soothed,
Her sunken witness in stagnation dies,
And the torn heart, by self-atonement heal'd,
Back to its smiles of sinful peace returns,
To drink from pleasure draughts of death once more:
Like a mad infant to its mother's breast,
Though pale and poison'd by some murd'rous hand.

Here is thy venom, here thy spring of strength,
Thou master-spell of Satan's master-piece!
With all the finish of a Fiend contrived
To soothe the conscience, when the rack begins,
To keep the penance and the priest in play,
To hold the sinner—but let loose the sin,
And by Confession then absorb the cross.
Thus, papal lies to nature's roots descend,
They fix, they fasten in the moral soil

Their foul adaptions. Man is popish mould,
And false religion must be popish too.
For sin, when loved—for punishment, when fear'd,
For both, elastic Rome her lie prepares;
And hence, while atheistic falsehood oft
In the plain horror of its open lie,
In scaring impotence, may well remain,
THEE, in Thy gospel light severely pure,
The love of nature for the life of sin
For aye, O LORD, doth interdict; or moulds
A recipé that 'tween them both can stand,—
A sop for conscience—when it bleeds with dread,
And sin for passion—when that dread is o'er!
And thus, beneath the burning eye of Heaven,
No parody of God like this deceives;
No spell, by genius of satanic might
Forged in the secrecy of mystic lies,
No miracle of dread imposture, works
Damnation with so masterly success
As when God's truth, travestied and transform'd,
To man is made *religion*, and from Heaven
Beguiles him, while it *seems* to guide him there.

Inspiration of the Ideal.

"The darkness and superstition of the age which required such a Reformer, had moulded his mind for the reception of impressions concerning himself better suited to inspire the strength and enthusiasm necessary for the task of reformation—impressions more in sympathy with the spirits whom he was to influence. He deemed himself gifted with supernatural influxes, an especial servant of Heaven, a chosen warrior, fighting, as the general of a small but faithful troop, against an army of evil beings, headed by the Prince of the air."—*Coleridge.*

"At all times prophet and poet, well understood, have much kindred of meaning. Fundamentally, indeed, they are still the same; in this most important respect, especially, that they have penetrated both of them into the sacred mystery of the universe; what Göethe calls the 'open secret'—that divine mystery, which lies everywhere, in all Beings,—'the Divine Idea which lies at the bottom of Appearance,' as Fichte styles it; of which all Appearance, from the starry sky to the grass of the field, but especially the Appearance of Man and his work, is but the *vesture*—the embodiment that renders it visible."—*Carlyle.*

"It is my decided judgment, that, on the contrary, your Highness will rather receive support and protection from the prayers of Luther, and the good cause in which he is embarked.—Be assured this business is decided, in the councils of Heaven, in a very different manner from what it is by the government at Nuremberg. There is ANOTHER BEING, abundantly more powerful than the Duke George, with whom I have to do. *This Being knows me perfectly well;* and I trust I have a little knowledge of HIM. I am most firmly persuaded, that from the first, my preaching and proceeding to divulge the gospel of Christ *is not of my own motion, but the work of God.*"—*Letter of Luther to the Elector.*

'TWEEN two eternities each hour is hung
Of present Being; in the midst, our mind
Through the deep sense of undevelop'd power,
Haunted for ever by the UNATTAINED—
Fevers and frets with intellectual thirst
For more of perfect, beautiful and pure,
For more of truth's immensity and might,
Than ever rises on the reaching sense,
Or seems embodied in the shape of things.
The INFINITE we love, we fervidly adore;
Our heaven of feeling seeks a heaven of fact,—
Some outward image, whose responsive mould
May body forth imagination's dream.
And hence, enthroned in some ethereal calm,
Conceptive genius from creation draws
Types of vast truth, and symbols of the Soul,
To aid perception, when its shaping power
Would vision out the universe of love,
And Ideality in life reveal.

But if beyond what nature's world supplies
A slakeless heart for moral beauty thirsts,
How Fancy then, by combination frames,
From all the heroes of the heart have felt,
From all that martyrs of the mind have said,
Or dream'd, or done, in prison gloom or palace smiles,
A model true of consummated Man!

And noble is such discontent of soul
That leads to virtue's elevating path,
The mind unprisons, and from chaining sense,—
That coarsely to the common life of things
Would bind us down, in drudgery and death,—
To freedom and infinitude allures
The Man within. And hence all dreamings high
And holy; hence imagination's flight
And aspirations, fetterless and pure.
For in this huge circumference of life
A central immortality is man;
And greater far than all the greatness seen,
One viewless thought of his observing mind!
For all that apprehending sense beholds
Forms but a veil, through which are dimly view'd
Deep intimations of diviner things,
And preludes faint to far profounder Truth
And Beauty, yet by thought to be unveil'd.
From hence the poetry of heart begins,
The painter's longing, and the sculptor's love;
Fired to the centre with ethereal flames
Which purify from sensual dross and guile
Their inner life, with all-expanding force;
Hence Homer drew, and solemn Milton drank
The inspiration of a deathless song.
In beautiful transcendencies of thought,
From earthly matter into heavenly forms,

(By visions of eternity entranced)
They soared for ever; and by shaping dreams
Imaged a life above the life they felt,
And breathed the immortality they sang.
'Tis thus by passion for The INFINITE,
And glorious longings for the perfect GOOD,
The heart's millennium in all ages acts:
Hence Liberty her laurell'd hero frames,
Martyr, and saint, and sage their stamp receive,
Religion half her purity obtains,
And the bright paradise of Morals blooms.

Thus Luther, in his lone and lofty zeal,
Impetuous, bold, and ardently sublimed
With feelings vivid as the soul they fired;
Who led the Exodus of man and mind
From the vile Egypt of enslaving Rome
To Canaan's borders, in the world of Truth;
E'en like a prophet, o'er predestined scenes
Above the cold, the actual, and the plain,
Mounted aloft, and sleeplessly pursued,
Through tears and torture, outrage, grief, and wrong,
Through storm and cloud, convulsions and contempts,
The great EXEMPLAR which his mind conceived.
Beauty and Brightness their ideal throne
Erected in him; and with mental sway

And all the plastic secrecy of thought,
Temper'd his heart to each ethereal tone.
And so, by pre-conception's purest charm
Master'd and moulded, his frail being grew:
He lived the poetry which others thought;
And from that hour when friendly capture threw
A shroud of safety round his perill'd head,
Where the lone castle of Altenstein frown'd,
To that famed crisis, when from cells and chains
Heaven's cloister'd Principles came forth to breathe,
Pale from the prison of a thousand years,—
His passion for the Perfect and the Pure
Work'd him to wonders! Like that mystic VOICE
Which often to the soul of Seers reveal'd
Visions of Godhead vocally distinct,—
To lofty, bold, and limitless designs
Some INSPIRATION seem'd to cheer him on.
Gigantic efforts, soul'd with sacred zeal,
And high endeavours, honourably vast;
Ardours intense, with flames of moral ire,
The fury, freedom, and the tameless force
That grappled ever with imagined Fiends,
And in the thickness of the Spirit's fight
From God and angels gain'd applauding smiles—
These were expressions of one master wish,
The indications of a soul inspired
To be the great Apostle of mankind

In deeds of glory, for a cause divine.
The war of nature with itself, to quench,
And bind in one fond brotherhood of faith
The feelings and the family of MAN;
A new Jerusalem on earth to hail
A Church redeem'd to apostolic mould;
A reigning JESUS, and rejoicing world,—
To these bright centres of consummate hope
Did Luther with ideal passion tend;
These made the goal to which he onward press'd,
The lofty mark at which his virtue aim'd;
And, from the level of a monk's low range
Lifted on high his ever-loving heart,
And bade him, in a sunless age
Shine like the moral Saviour o'er mankind.

Oh! for a Luther to inspire us now!
Th' awaking magic of some mind immense,
To charm the sensual from the nation's soul;
Our passions dark, our appetites of dust
To brighten, or to banish; till the love
Of whatsoe'er is lofty and divine,
Of whatsoe'er is glorious and august,
The throne of public taste may re-ascend,
Give life to genius, and a law to thought,
And for the beautiful true homage gain.
Woe to the Land! our days are evil now.

Venality our vulgar glory reigns;
Profit and Loss our sole inspirers are;
The pining Arts prosaically mourn;
Sculpture is dead, and Poetry in tears;
And Science mostly for the palate reigns:
UTILITY, our practic god becomes,
And Britain, but as Dives, longs to live
In pomp and purple, and in sumptuous joy;
The universe for comfort seems arranged,
The world, a warehouse for convenience plann'd!
And that Creation which, to thought sublime,
Or hearts by poetry made wise, appears
The great encyclopædia of our God,
(Whose alphabet the mountain-letters make,
Whose golden syllables are suns and stars,)
Is all denuded of its glory bright,
And made a temple where the senses may
Adore the USEFUL with vile worship new.

Alas for England thus when Finite rules,
Till nought is true but what the passions love;
When all of spirit found in tasteful lore,
Of raised in effort, or sublime in aim,
A mock becomes; while Principle expires,
And base Expediency's polluted breath
Falls like a mildew over minds and men!
Romance is faded; sentiment extinct;

All the fine chivalries of ancient faith
Are laugh'd away as meaningless and vain;
Till Dullness prospers in her leaden smiles,
And Mediocrity, with damping weight,
All sacred Principles and sacred Powers
Darkens at last to intellectual death,
And leaves to Manhood little but a name!

Oh, for a spirit of reviving grace,
A resurrection from the tombs of mind!
That soon the harmonies of olden Thought,
Like buried music from the past may rise
In solemn cadence, and the soul becalm.
Let Finite in the Infinite be merged;
Let Fancy dream, Imagination dare,
And Effort triumph in heroic forms,
While Art and Genius glorify the world
With beauty, by their sanctities and spells;
And Science, from the haunt of sensual thing,
Turn to the SOUL; and there, with rev'rent gaze,
Deep within deep the springs of NATURE trace;
There myst'ries dazzle our delighted thought,
There dust with deity in contact comes;
There most the unapparent SPIRIT works;
And awful CONSCIENCE on her secret throne
Sits like the SHADE of Godhead there enshrined,—
Approving virtue, and proclaiming Heaven.

The Covenant of Hearts.

"The removal, therefore, of Melancthon to Wittemberg, by which he was introduced to the immediate and intimate friendship of Luther, ought to be regarded as a most seasonable event. * * * He will not be disposed to attribute it to a happy casualty, but consider it as the result of a superior and wise arrangement. * * * If existing circumstances called for a Martin Luther, they also demanded a Philip Melancthon."

"The friendships of another world may be considered as everlastingly progressive, and, from the constitution of celestial spirits, indissoluble." —*Cox's Life of Melancthon*, p. 36, 454. Second Edition.

"There are two elements which go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. The other element of friendship is tenderness. * * * The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined, more strict than any of which we here experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. * * * True love transcends instantly the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on the eternal; and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer."—*Emerson, The American Essayist*, p. 193, 207, 219.

Bound in the links of that ethereal chain
Which upward, from the insect's tiny pulse
On earth that throbs, to yonder wheeling orbs
Enormous, its unbroken coil extends,

Are all things by the hand Almighty held.
And thus, what chance to vulgar sense appears,
Is veil'd causation, and confirm'd decree.[33]
Nature herself, through each organic change
And form or function, is but WILL supreme,
In might or beauty, marching to result
Predestined; not an atom is consumed,
No leaf can vibrate, not a billow laugh,
Nor wild breeze flutter on its fairy wing,
But God *o'errules it, with control as nice*
As that which *belts the planets with a zone*
Of harmony, and *binds the stars with law.*[34]
And though mere *chaos, to an eye unpurged*
By rays extracted from Essential Light,
(E'en by the Spirit's,)—life's convulsive scene
Too often looks,—not thus to them who read
The world's great volume, by explaining beams
From scripture darted, does the map of time
Appear. For then, disorder is but plan
Divinely working by arranged degrees,
Upward and onward, into Truth evolved,
Through the long maze of labyrinthine wills
And human actions. Kings, and slaves, and priests;
Erected monarchies and crumbled thrones;
The shout of warriors, or an infant's wail;
In life, in faith, in conduct, or in creed
Whate'er be witnessed,—GOD behind the scene,

From the high watch-tower of incessant sway
Governs and guides the blended whole, unseen.
Never the EYE omniscient drops its lid,
Or slumbers; whether Virtue's godlike brow
Be greeted, and the church's heart exult;
Or dark temptation, like a demon come,
Harness the soul, and lash Desire along
To ruin,—in that change no change exists.
For, in the freedom of the foulest will,
Venting itself in vanity or vice,
Or in the soarings of a strong-wing'd faith,
That heavenward mounts, and leaves low earth behind,—
Around them moves ONE all-inclusive Will
Which, leaving man responsible and free,
For God retains supremacy and law.

And none, whose hearts, by fear made wise,
The lesson of their weakness well have learn'd,
Or rightly weigh'd how much from ties of love
And charms of social power, the moral frame
Impression gathers,—dare to chance ascribe
A covenant of hearts, when struck between
Two in the faith, accordant and enjoin'd.
For love our moral gravitation makes;
At once the motion and the rest of man:
But when, and where, and how th' electric chain
Is closely fasten'd into friendship's heart,

Should make us ponder. For 'tis bane or bliss,
And over character will cast a hue,
Thy tinge, eternity! will not o'erlay.
Since love is plastic, and by secret charm
Shapes to resemblance with its moral self
The yielded bosom; and the yearning heart
Thus takes the likeness of the thing he loves,—
E'en as the insect from the herb derives
A hue responsive to the food it eats;
Hence virtue only forms the solid base,
Rooted and grounded in the heart of Truth;
Where friendship's high and holy structure stands
Bedeck'd, and order'd, by approving Heaven.
Two Finites can no lasting friendship make;
Between them both an INFINITE must stand,
And He is GOD!—Without HIM, all is mock;
The paint and pageant of the heart's outside
By fancy colour'd, or by feeling tinged,
But wanting holiness,—that all it needs
That crowns a friendship with undying charm.

Fair Amity! when thus indeed the fruit
Of sacred principle, by love inspired,
Thy bloom is fragrant of yon world of bliss
Ethereal, and with fadeless beauty rife.
And such, when Luther and Melancthon's heart
In oneness holy blended their deep powers,
Wert thou; a friendship from the cross that sprang

In the green fulness of a common faith.
And in the annals of the soul, how few
The feelings that more lovingly have twined
A wreath of nature round the brow of grace,
Than those which, from the young and verdant breast
Of their twin manhood, did together rise!

Distinct in tone, yet undivided, both
Their hearts in melody combined and met.
But if in nature poesy would find
Their fancied echo—hark, the torrent's fall
In liquid thunder foaming loud and fierce,
From crag to crag precipitously bold,
And there is Luther!—while along the banks
Tree-shaded, list, the low and quiet stream,
And there is mild Melancthon!—each to each
The grace of contrast, and the charm that glows
Round minds that vary while the hearts embrace,
Imparted: both in one vast work converged,
And, ah! what hours of evangelic peace,
What hymns of soul, what praises blent with prayers,
What feelings high, amid the ancient woods
Of Wittemberg, were oft by both enjoy'd!
And in the lassitude of lofty cares,
When, crush'd beneath his adamantine wrongs
The soul of Luther lay in bleeding gloom,

How the calm sunshine of Melancthon's face
Around him shed the heart-restoring smile!
But o'er THY page, unerring AUTHOR! most
Did their high friendship in communion blend,
As truth on truth, from out the classic grave
Of language, where dead meanings darkly slept,
Started to life in Luther's noble tongue,
Till FATHERLAND its own free Bible hail'd,
And God in German to his country spake.
Thus day by day the Book of Heaven became
A sabbath port from earth's tempestuous cares,
That raged and roll'd around them: scene and time
And circumstance, (those mast'ring three,
That make or mar the all that worldlings dream!)
To them were shadows, which the radiant WORD
Dazzled to nought, as clouds in sunbeams die.
The monarch's palace, or the monk's low cell,
Or chamber dim, from out whose frescoed walls
In massy framework look'd the pictured dead
That live in hues immortal,—'twas alike
To them, who *on* this world, were *in* the next,
By faith, or feeling, ever wafted there.

Then what be those alliances elect,
Those bonds and ligaments, by men baptized
In friendship's name, save mean and modish forms,
Or satires on the sacredness and sense

Of this high virtue?—mere enamell'd lies!
Too often are they but the painted show
Of perfumed amity, whose silken ties
Are light as gossamer, before the fire
Severe affliction on our lot may cast,
By death, or change, or those disastrous shocks
That tumble Fortune from her golden seat.
Convenience, lucre, folly, pride, or lust;
A ride, a dinner, or a small request;
Or, base communion in some pleasing sin
By passion haunted—there mock friendships reach
Their zenith, and their noblest zeal expires.
But when, alas! unbodied, and unveil'd
Of earth's false trappings, in the world of souls
The gay companions of the feast and song
Meet in stern truth, unmantled to the core—
Hideously naked, to the very heart
Discover'd, how the mask of self will drop!
And many a cheek, by radiant kindness clothed,
Blacken with hate, with horror, and revenge
Infernal: friendship *now* is ruin found;
And soft-mouth'd men, that seem'd in time so dear,
Glare each on each satanical disgust,
And loathe, like fiends, their lost eternity!

But cast your friendship into chaster mould;
Let genius, learning, or commercing taste;

Or, fellowship like that the Muses love,
Refined as Lælius felt, or Scipio found;
Or, let Parnassus sing how poets lived
Whose lives and verses did together run
And softly blend, like interwoven streams:
E'en at the best, such earth-born magic dies
Soon as the shadows of the grave begin
To pall the present with its passing joys;
Then all their sweetness and their strength depart;
Bred from the world—they with the world recede;
Friendship and flesh, together in one tomb
They perish; for they lack'd that saving life,
That true elixir out of Godhead drawn,
Which makes immortal what we cherish here,—
A salting grace, that seasons human love
For ever,—holiness with heart combined!

But there is friendship, pure as angels love,
Which trust, and truth, and tenderness create,
When two fond hearts with sacred force embrace
By union deep, unworldly, and divine.
Then friendship like a school for mind becomes,
Where act to habit may itself mature;
And, self denied in little things, advance
To shew denial which a world may bless,
And all the Churches with their plaudits hail.
Here faith with friendship can indeed concur;

Beyond mere tastes, and tempers, and according tones;
Since here be elements whose charm outwears
Sickness and sorrow, death and harsh surprise,
With all the jarring dissonance that tries
The truth of feeling in its wisest hour.
But whence are *these*, but from th' Almighty drawn,
And, like himself, unchangeably sublime!
Here is a friendship, perfect, calm, sincere,
Above mutation and beyond decay;
A friendship, LORD! whose archetype is thine;
For when on earth Thy mortal life assumed
Manhood, with each consummate trait adorned,
Serenely awed, with solemn pathos touch'd,
Lay on thy breast, the much-beloved St. John!
Oh, for a friendship that outlives the sun!
To last when Time hath faded, and when Flesh,
With all its burden, is a buried dream!
It drops a balsam in the wounded breast,
Soothes a torn mind, the soul's dejection heals,
'Tis heart to sympathy, and hand to love,
The look of feeling, and the lip of faith;
It charms the wisest, can the feeblest worth
Uphold, and makes the poorest rich indeed.

Man forms the foe, but God alone the friend,—
If friend he be, with truthful love endow'd,

And graced with those accoutrements of mind
Religion sanctions. Then, what fellow bliss,
What sweet affinities of thought, or taste!
The Janus temple of a jealous heart,
That shuts or opens as the hour demands,
Is here unwitness'd; all is frank display,
That scorns pretence and scatters each disguise;
A sun-clear verity, whose shining force
Copes with all clouds of accident or change,
Beams on the forehead of a cordial friend,
How brightly glad, how greeting, and how bold!
Here is an amity our noblest wants
Delight to welcome, as their true supply:
It feeds the intellect with active life,
The heart enlarges into loftier swell,
And in the response which it gives and asks
Finds equal pleasure, when the echo sounds
Sincere and manly. But affliction most
The high-born amity of holy minds
Illustrates: then the sacrifice of self,
Devoted, prompt, and passionately dear,—
Whether by grief's long watch through lonely hours,
In tears, or substance, or by costly life,
The sacrificing heart itself unfold,
How godlike is it! how resembling HIM,
The soul's Philanthropist, creation's Friend,
The world enriching—by HIMSELF made poor!

Friendship like this the seal of God confirms,
Who cast our nature into social mould,
And bade it seek for brotherly response,
Or bosom-counterparts, in bliss or woe.
And thus, whate'er the rank, or high renown,
Man needs an echo, whose responsive charm
Doubles himself,—by feeling's prompt reply,
To rich enjoyment adds a height'ning zest
Untold; and when misfortune's east-wind blows,
Or cutting blasts of cold ingratitude
Sweep the lorn bosom, by the world betray'd,
Softer than dews from Hermon's sainted height
The tones of friendship, dropt in feeling's ear,
For comfort!—Mine be thus some Heaven-made
friend,
And I will clasp him with the heart's embrace
For ever!—Morning with its radiant blush,
Noon with its glory, twilight with its trance,
Or balmy Night, with all the stars awake,
In beauty walking o'er their midnight round,
How are they each, when friendship's echoing heart
Throbs by our own, with added charm endow'd!
Yea, all whose homilies of love and might
Appealing NATURE to the pensive reads,
Down winding lanes, or paths of lively green,
Or rustic haunts, where rambling boyhood sighs
The inward poetry that cannot vent

Its life in language,—how the tasteful friend
We honour can interpret all her truths,
When with our own *his* admiration blends
To read them! Nor can words of rapt delight,
Or raised enchantment, or religious awe,
Shut from our being what pure friendship brings
Of calm addition to celestial joy.
For TRUTH is social in the highest trance
Of her dominion; GOD himself is not alone,
But in deep light, Tripersonally throned,
In plural Godhead His perfection holds.

So Martin Luther and Melancthon felt.
For them religion form'd no stagnant creed;
Nor were they apoplex'd by cold pretence
To miscall'd virtue; faith and friendship blent
Their sweetness, and together strongly grew
In the rich soil of their communing breasts.
And who recalls what this rare friendship did,
With duteous awe will not That MIND adore
Who so ordain'd, by counsels laid above,
That souls like these in place and time should meet,
Blend their brave hearts, and with united hands
The fabric of the Reformation build
In rising glory? Each that structure claim'd;
And as some builder first in mind conceives
The mansion that exterior art reveals

And models only from a type within,
So from His pattern of eternal thought
The ARCHITECT Supreme His will express'd
In the vast work the Reformation rear'd;
And not a stone to form that fabric rose,
Nor human workman there his building hand
Devoted, but from God directly came
The guiding impulse. Glory, then, to HIM,
Who thus together into oneness knit
Two hearts distinct, as those twin leaders bore
Who ransom'd Israel from Egyptian chains!
Theirs was a friendship more than nature forms,
Feeling begets, or fellow tastes preserve:
The one, like thunder!—arm'd by daring soul,
Breathing defiance, with a lion voice;
Tempestuous often with a mental storm
That heaved him into overflowing wrath,
With rage unbounded;—but the other, mild
And chasten'd, passionless and curb'd;
A halcyon man of holiness and zeal,
Whose heart was quiet in its zenith hour.
Or thus analogy the two may type:—
Intensely burning, like a tropic noon,
In one the character of heart appears;
The other, like a placid twilight scene,
Bathed in serenity of softest dews,
With stars down looking on the lovely whole.

But yet, through many a shock unshook they went,
And stood united when all else dissolved
Around them; 'twas The Cross, and that alone,
That so cemented with abounding grace
Two hearts, that else were utterly unlike.
Here was a nucleus; round this central point
Of God for glory, and His truth for man,
They met, they mingled, with harmonious love,
In concord perfect; but in tones of taste
Agreed to differ, with delightful ease.
Contrast with them, like two magnetic poles
Their hearts attracted, and by secret love
Each into each with soft concernment drew
The closer; electric their distinction proved.
And more than this, may grateful wisdom find:
For each to God's mysterious cause supplied
Some fitting element, a power distinct,
That wanting, would have left the rest unsafe
Or tott'ring. Thus Melancthon's classic toils,
And tasteful culture met exacting Mind
In progress; while from Luther's rushing zeal
There went a spirit of sublime attack;
That shook the Popedom like a whirlwind blast,
Making it tremble down to superstition's depths
Of darkness. Thus two Hands distinct they were,
Each for His task appointed, and prepared,
And both by Wisdom wielded from on high.

Their work is done; their costly toil complete;
And they are gather'd to that mystic Land
Where all things tend, as to their final home,
Which are in time and tendency revealed.
But is that friendship, incorrupt and bright,
Effulging from the radiant fount of Love
Celestial,—is it in yon heaven absorb'd,
There swallow'd, in that Infinite of bliss
That now contains them? Are those ties of heart
Broken on earth, no more in heaven renew'd?
If here below, our fondest cravings prove
Affections make the vowels of the mind;
And like a consonant, when left alone,
Man without love seems unpronounced and mute,
Will Manhood in the skies be lone?
Alas! if nothing save what earth inspires
By us be worshipp'd, then, as time concludes,
And, looming dimly from the spectral depths
Of strange eternity, sightless Woes
And shapeless Horrors, worse than guilt forebodes
Hover in view, like flashes in the dark
Our friendships will at once go out
In blackness; better had they never been!

But when two hearts, heroic, brave, and pure,
As Luther's and Melancthon's, nobly throb
Through years of trial with melodious beat

Unfalt'ring,—can we think the upper World,
Where Men redeem'd the nearest circle form
Of radiant worshippers, who round the Lamb
Hymn golden numbers from their lyres of light,
For ever,—can we think that hearts like these,
Will ever there in single glory chant
The song, united which on earth they sung?
No! from a heartless creed so sternly cold
Our dreams, our aspirations and our hopes
At once recoil, the Stoic's heaven reject,
As unappointed. If below the bonds
Of sacred amity, by grace refined,
Mid all the waste of sin-degraded hours,
And all the taxing selfishness that tires
The bosom, yet themselves inviolate keep,
How will those bonds, from imperfection freed,
Gather new strength, and nobler charms enjoy
In the blest Meeting-place of minds above!
Then shall that excellence whose winning form,
Though varied, held the heart's accorded throne
So firmly, shine with far intenser ray
On the pure essence of their moral taste
By earth experienced. Thus our mounting soul
May cleave the firmament on wings of faith,
Outsoar the stars, beyond the planets rise,
And leave creation far our flight behind,
And there, within the Heaven of Heavens, behold

Luther in light, and find Melancthon still,—
Immortal friends in yon immortal home!
From the same fount of never-failing bliss
Their blending spirits drink responsive joy
Unspeakable: and there, in God embower'd,
What once made prayer is now in praise enjoy'd;
The past of earth in heaven a present forms,
And gives eternal Consciousness a theme.

The Unique of History.

"The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there, on the 17th of April, 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in modern European history; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise. . . . The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that stands up for God's truth one man, Hans Luther, the poor miner's son. . . . It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the modern history of man. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, America's vast work these two centuries, French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present: the germ of it all lay there: had *Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise.*"—*Carlyle.*

"Nisi convictus fuero testimoniis Scripturarum, aut ratione evidente (nam neque papæ, neque conciliis solis credo, cum constat eos errasse sæpius, et sibi ipsis contradixisse) victus sum scripturis a me adductis, capta que est conscientia in verbis Dei, revocare neque possum neque volo quidquam, cum contra conscientiam agere, neque tutum sit, neque integrum,—

Hie ſtehe ich, Ich kan nicht anders,
Gott helff mir, Amen.*

"I cannot think myself bound to believe either the pope, or his councils; for it is very clear not only that they have often erred, but often contradicted themselves. Therefore, unless I am convinced by Scripture, or clear reasons, my belief is so confirmed by the spiritual passages there produced, and my conscience so determined to abide by the Word of God, that I neither can nor will retract anything; for it is neither safe nor innocent to act against a man's conscience.

"HERE I STAND. I CANNOT DO OTHERWISE.
MAY GOD HELP ME. AMEN."

* LUTH. OP., tom. ii. p. 438. Ed. Jenæ.

THERE's nothing little in this world of ours,
Because in nothing, rarely, can we act alone.
Built like that fabled roof, where finest stones
Each into each by interlacing art
So exquisitely blend, with poised effect,
That, touch but one, and, lo! the fabric all
Shakes into movement with recoiling shock:
So is our world, ineffably arranged.
Thus the first glance which God's forbidden tree
Drew from the eye of earth's frail mother, forms
With our last sin a fatal junction now.

No Fact is isolate, no Feeling lone;
Entangled are we by perpetual lines
Of moral network, infinitely fine,
Like magic influence all around us drawn,
That makes our conduct endless, by the thrill
And tone of feeling that it often strikes
On the deep chord of ages yet to come.

Nothing is little where a *moral* lurks,
Whatever mathematic sense decree
By size or splendor logically taught.
The last vibration of the Saviour's lip,
Expiring, more of deity involved,
Than all the gorgeous Universe contains.
Minute the wood which then Messiah bore

In bleeding glory, when the planted Cross
Lifted HIM up a sacrifice for sin
Tremendous,—yet that wood a Focus form'd
Where the vast riches of eternal love
Concenter'd all the TRINITY at once
In action: though a point in space the Tree,
Around it charm'd eternity revolved,
And from it, as a salient centre, spring
The hopes immortal of our World redeem'd.
Not might of scene, not magnitude of space,
Nor aught of majesty that sense admires
Or Time can value by his vulgar hours,
To Truth a character, or creed a strength
Can give: for PRINCIPLE a glory hath
Beyond the limits of defining man;
High-seated, throned in empyréan calm,
An Emanation of eternal Mind,
E'en like the Absolute of God, it reigns
And rules,—a changeless, uncondition'd Thing,
The Alpha and the Omega of all,
In love stupendous, or in law severe.

Thus round that moment when the Saxon monk,
Bold as some rock that breasts the main alone,
Lifted his brow, and faced his gather'd foes,
How much of hist'ry was there then condensed,
Of change undreamt, of consequence unknown!

To eye of sense, mere spectacle it look'd,
Where man alone with man conversed, and clash'd
With striving words; or where a rebel stood
Undaunted: but ANOTHER FORM there was,
Sightless amid the loud conclave, who watch'd
Each word that breathed, and master'd all that moved
And thought, but was Himself unseen, unheard,
And unimagined: lo! the SON OF MAN was there,
Supreme director of that scene august,
Where Luther battled, and the Bible rear'd
Its signal far above all thrones of earth,
Up to the summits of Creative Mind—
Untorn, untarnish'd, and untouch'd,
The badge of faith and banner of our souls
To be—beyond the rage of Earth or Hell
To baffle, or resist. And we, who gaze
Back from the heights of purer worship now
On that gone period, when th' imperial host
Fierce in the hall of unforgotten Worms
Mutter'd, and raged round Luther's dauntless form,
May well that crisis of the world admire,—
Or think that from the crystal walls of heaven
Spirits were gazing, or, on balanced wing,
Hung o'er the chamber where the host conversed,
Viewless, and watch'd each mental shade that cross'd

Thy features; while they drank with blissful ear
Each noble word that from thy bosom rush'd
To glory, oh, thou peerless-hearted monk
Of Wittemberg! Nor let the mocker doubt
His YES or NO the wheel of ages turn'd.
He balanced Europe on a single breath;
For what he felt the world is feeling still,
From him reflected: Luther is alive
By influence; and each syllable of Truth
In Worms that sounded, by immortal charm,
Intones our churches with its music now.

Oh! 'twas a scene heroically great,
And unsurpass'd,—save when the fetter'd Paul
Lifted his eyes of light and brow of truth
Before Agrippa, till that prince of lust
Shook like a fiend beneath the Saviour's glance
Soul-piercing. From the hills of Rome
The Vatican in vain its thunders roll'd;
And thy huge palace, dark-wall'd Pleissenburg!
Witnessed the brave defender, when he fell'd
Those Anakims of intellectual might,
The proud Goliaths of theology,
Under that sword whose bladed fire
Cleaves the dark spirit like a flash from God.
But, lo! at length, the very MAN OF SIN
(That crown'd blasphemer who travesties Christ)

Himself upon his throne of lies shall start
And quiver. "Pile for pile shall kindle now,
Bull, law, and canons, and Clementines, all
Shall in one sacrifice of flame expire!"
So spake the Monk immortal; and the blaze
Redden'd and rose beside the eastern gate
Of Wittemberg, above that putrid mass
Of fictions papal and impostures vile;
While with a shout, that should for ever ring
The heart of Europe with responsive tones,
Applauding thousands hail'd the deed sublime
Which kindled that protesting flame of truth
Whose faint reflection scorches popedom now.

But, there he stands!—in superhuman calm
Concenter'd and sublime: round him, pomp
And blaze imperial; haughty eyes, and tongues
Whose tones are tyranny, in vain attempt
The heaven-born quiet of his soul to move;
Crown'd with the grace of everlasting truth
A more than monarch among kings he stood:
And, while without the ever-deep'ning mass
Of murm'ring thousands on the windows watch'd
The torchlight gleaming through the crimson'd glass
Of that throng'd hall, where TRUTH on trial was,
Seldom on earth did ever sun go down,
Or evening mantle o'er a grander scene.

There, priests and barons, counts and dukes were met,
Landgraves and margraves, earls, electors, knights,
And Charles the Splendid, in the burning pride
Of princely youth, with Empires at his feet;
And there—the Miner's Son, to match them all!
With black robe belted round his manly waist,
Before that bar august he stood serene,
By self dominion reining down his soul.
Melancthon wept, and Spalatinus gazed
With breathless wonder on that wondrous Man;
While, mute and motionless, a grim array
Of priests and monks, in combination dire,
On Luther fasten'd their most blood-hound gaze
Of bigotry: but not one rippling thought disturb'd
The calm of heaven on his commanding face.
Meek, but majestic—simple, but sublime
In aspect, thus he braved the awe of Rome
With brow unshrinking, and with eyes that flash'd
As if the spirit in each glance were sheath'd.
And then, with voice that seem'd a soul in sound
Made audible, he pled the Almighty's cause
In words almighty as the cause he pled,
THE BIBLE'S!—God's religion, not the priest's,
By craft invented, and by lucre saved.
For this, life, limb and liberty he vow'd
To sacrifice; though earth and hell might rage,
Not pope, nor canon, council nor decree,

Would shake him; from the throne of that resolve,
By fiend nor angel would his heart be hurl'd;
Truth and his Conscience would together fight,
The world 'gainst them—and they against the world!
And then, with eyeballs flashing intellectual fire,
Full in the face of that assembly roll'd
The fearless Monk those ever-famous words—
"God help me! Here I stand alone. Amen!"

And let all ages that "AMEN" repeat,
For it is worthy; angels might the word
Have echoed, and th' eternal arches rung
A response, as it roll'd from Luther's lip,
Solemn and deep, and with stupendous fate
Attended,—since The Truth was then uplift,
The Cross defended, and the Bible crown'd
With vict'ry; when alone the Monk of God
Rallied his spirit into high resolve,
And 'gainst the Pope, the Devil, and The World,
Terror, and time, and man's ingratitude,
Fearless as Stephen, like a martyr stood,—
Firm as The ROCK on which his faith was built.

But not for this will persecution's fang
Be blunted. Hark! beneath the vaulted roof
Of Worms Cathedral rise the chanted hymns

Round the High Altar; while pale incense-clouds
Float their soft fragrance through the aisles immense
Of that grey temple. There, at Charles's feet,
(Haughty, and with imperious rancour stung)
Vile Aleander, on his knee, presents
An EDICT, dooming faith and Luther's soul
Together, under ban and blast to be
Unceasing: "since the monk was fiendish man,
And all of heresies by heart conceived,
By Satan loved, or damning falsehood dreamt,
Hath Hell epitomised in him at last!"[36]

Now drops the curtain on the drama's view;
Strangely and suddenly the scene's o'erveil'd
By myst'ry; human actors are withdrawn;
Inaudibly along the darken'd stage
Of wonders, moves the lone ALMIGHTY now,
Himself evolving what His love decrees
Inscrutable, by boasting man unshared.
And, just like Philip to Azotus rapt,
Sightless or lost shall Luther for awhile
Appear, and safe in castled shade retire,
That God *alone* may God's true champion be;
Nor finite Agency presume to claim
For effort mortal what the Hand Divine
Alone can finish with perfective grace.
Yes, MAN shall vanish, that the CAUSE may rest,

Ark'd in the hollow of JEHOVAH'S hand,
Shelter'd and safe. But he, of all the hope,
Far in the forest of Thuringa hid,
E'en in that hour when most the dazzled scene
Had hail'd him hero of all prayer and praise,
At once is banish'd! There shall Luther find
A teaching solitude, where Faith may learn
Meekly to suffer, and with flesh contend;
Or, with some angel of mysterious gloom
Sternly to wrestle, till the break of day,
The morning twilight of a better mood,
Dawn on his mind in radiant peace again.
Down his own spirit he shall learn to gaze,
Through many a humbling grief and sorrowing prayer;
And like his LORD, that mystic ladder climb,
Whose steps are suff'rings, but whose top in Heaven
Through glory reaches. Chasten'd thus, and calm'd,
The Monk may gather up his soul for God,
And live the faith he taught the world to love.

The Interlude.

"It was a beautiful day when we departed from Worms. Firmly convinced of the truth of the opinions we had maintained, I felt no uneasiness—no fear. I knew that God, whose servant I am, would protect me from my enemies, while my friends, who remained faithfully attached to me, sang hymns of joy for our victory over the pope and his supporters. External nature seemed to invite us to happiness, and, by her sweet smiles, to promise us deliverance. The fields looked green,—the trees were covered with verdure,—the sun shone brilliantly in the firmament,—and the birds would perch on the branches, and delight us with their warblings. One or two would commence singing, and then they would all at once, both old and young, join in full chorus, and so long, that it is marvellous how voice and breath can endure it. I wondered whether the pope and his cardinals at Rome could produce such noble and gallant attendants."—*Luther's Letter from the Wartburg.*

THY beauty, Nature, hath a chorded spell
Responsively for tones of feeling tuned,
In moments deep of myst'ry and of mind.
How often, when the human world looks harsh
And loveless; when no eye reflects the ray
Of sorrow, beaming mildly from our own;
When, darkly girdled by a zone of thought,
Apart, and voiceless, in our souls we move;

Thy scenes of calm, thy solitudes profound,
Like mute interpretations, seem to wear
An outward mirror of the mood we feel.
Thy very silence to the soul appeals
With more than language; thy maternal hush
Upon the heart's strange fever falls like dew.
Sublime in thy sublimities we grow,
And lose the littleness of earthly thoughts
Amid the vastness of thy speaking Forms
Of grace, and Grandeurs which thy throne surround.
Soon may the mind by such entrancement soar;
From the rank vileness of this vexing world
Awhile set free, it shares a nobler life,
Holding dim converse with all shapes and hues
Which body forth the beautiful and bright
Within, or personate the charms we feel.
How eloquent the everlasting hills
Do then appear! proclaiming with their peaks
Of glory, GOD in vast expression throned.
Or haply, in the heart's deep-thoughted hours
Musing beside the immemorial sea
On some poetic shore, (while wave on wave
In hollow thunder lisps th' Almighty's name,)
How strangely does electric nature thrill
Through forms of matter on the feeling mind!
As though the elements, with plastic might

And myst'ry, themselves by secret love
Transform'd, to image forth our mental dream.

And did not he a beauteous symbol trace
Between the gladness of his free-born soul
And nature's jubilee, of sun and breeze,
Heaven-guarded Luther! On his homeward track
From that proud Diet,—where a miner's son
O'erawed the Princes in their hall of pride,
Shooting brave arrows of resistless truth
From God's own quiver, through the heart of Rome,—
The crystal radiance of consummate noon
Around him shined; and hark, from forest-boughs
Amid whose branches play'd the gipsy breeze,
A quiring populace of birds resound
Their sweet hosannahs, and their summer hymns;
And, high o'er all, the patronizing Sun
Eyed like a parent the rejoicing earth
Beneath him basking, in a sleep of smiles.
'Twas thus the countenance of nature shined
A beaming response bright on Luther's heart.
All elements his counterpart assumed
By the rich welcome of their sunny joy:
Meadow and tree intelligently wore
An aspect touch'd with some respondent hue

To all within him. In that mood intense
His rapture was religion, while the mind
Revell'd in radiance, like a lark that sings
In sunshine, or a bee that basks in bloom.

His joy was God experienced, and himself
Absorb'd, or sunk in that abysmal peace
No plummet-line of language ever sounds.
His heart was living Scripture; for the glow
And gladness felt were letters turn'd to *life*,
Or promises, by rich experience proved,
In calm almighty through the bosom pour'd.
Hence his free heart, by conqu'ring Grace inspired,
Swell'd like a sail before the cheering wind;
Though papal bloodhounds for his spirit yell,
A peace divine, beyond disturbing fiends to mar,[37]
His conscience bosom'd; though the tempest raged,
The swelling purpose of his mind, unmoved,
Rose o'er each danger; as the perill'd bark
Bounds into harbour through a battling sea,
And in calm sunshine dries its dripping sail.

Thus safe is he, against whose life abhorr'd
The dooming blast of Rome's relentless ire
By fell edict was thunder'd; till at eve,
As dew-drops whiten on Thuringa's boughs,
And bird and breeze on folded wing, retired,

Sit brooding, back to Eisnach's boyish scene
The monk is wending; but as near he comes,
That brave heart softer than a willow bends
Beneath the magic of remember'd days,
Most touching—e'en to tears, which are the tongues
Of pathos. Yes, that very air he breathes
Where once, a foodless child of woe, he fought
With iron Hardship and with cruel Want,
Bathing the crust reluctant Mercy gave
With drops of anguish, from his harrow'd soul
Outgushing. Rapt in musing calm,
How his heart echoes what reviving hours
Are back restoring to all scenes and spots
What once they took of character or tone,
Of stern or mild, of melancholy or strange!
Soft and sweetly does the Man subside
Down to the Boy. For e'en as infant smiles
Transmute the aged, till their features old
With infantile expression learn to gleam
With gentle response, so experienced mind,
Touch'd by the spirit of life's early scene,
Replies serenely to the haunting charm
Of vernal fancies, or of vanish'd hours
Which waken round us, when maturer life
Down the green windings of gone youth descends.
Yea, all the poetry of peaceful thought
(For men *live* poems in their purest hours,

But write them when the heart-song overflows,)
Becharms him, till his eye looks glist'ning prayer.
Oh, had they seen him in his softer mood,
Unmantled—what a loving heart was there!
Guileless as that which throbb'd in Jesus' breast,
And not less faithful, at his parting meal:
These cowl'd automatons of barren faith,
Whose frequent worship was but ritual wires
In heartless, mindless, unimpassion'd play
The man evolving, Luther then had taught,
By the fond gushes of this feeling hour,
That true religion was a manful love,
A godward motion of believing soul
Panting for heaven, but yet with earth at peace,
And not ashamed her ruling spells to own.

Thus, might we like the travell'd monk return,
And backward to the home of childhood wend,
How much of elemental Heart and Mind
Would then return to whence of old it came,
Helping to fashion the unfolding man!
For character is combination drawn
From time and scene, from circumstance and spot.
The brooks which prattled in our boyhood's ears,
Or on whose wavelets sail'd our tiny boat;
The tree we climb'd, the path we loved to trace;

The cowslipp'd valley, or the hawthorn bloom;
The widow's cottage, or some thatch'd abode
Where dwelt the vet'ran of our native vale,
Who smoothed our head, or tapp'd our rosy cheeks
With ancient humour,—all, with plastic charm,
Secret but sure, that being help to build
Which manhood in its moral structure shews.
For there is nothing which we feel or see,
Admire or welcome, but a forming power
From them doth flow, and reach the shaping mind.
Sunrise and sea, and solemn-vested night,
When mute creation God's cathedral turns
For Nature's worship, with all social things;
The hand you grasp, the hearts your own selects,
The sigh you echo, or the tear you shed
Responsive,—none wield unavailing sway,
But leave impression, tinge, or secret tone,
Hereafter in the complex manhood felt
Or found; and, like as our sepulchral dust,
Howe'er transmuted by organic change,
Under the blast of Death's awaking trump
Back to the person by attractive law
Shall rally, and a perfect body form,
So may the structure of our moral frame
Completely from such causes manifold
The after finish of its form educe.

But now, from scenes where childhood's dark-
wing'd years
Had bleakly wafted his unfriended life
Through many a storm,—to Mora's rustic wild,
Onward, behold, the dauntless trav'ller speeds.
In the calm village where his lowly sire
Drew his first breath, again the yearning soul partakes
The deep o'erflowings of affection's tide,
Tranquil as tender: placed amid kind hearts,
That beat fond echoes to his faithful own,
What peace he finds! what purified repose!
Not his the bosom cold, or shut, or stern,
Nor mock philanthropy, which makes a world
Its giant fav'rite, while domestic chords
Are unallow'd to vibrate through the breast,
And distant love proves mere neglect at home.
Fresh on his soul the dews of feeling lay
Lovely and bright, as youth's unwither'd prime
Had witness'd; in the Man remain'd the Boy:
And they who wonder'd when the Hall of Worms
Erect and moveless saw the hero stand,
Might here have seen him with a graceful stoop
Bend to the lowly, and, with winning smile
Attractive, clasp the humblest hand that came,
And all his glory into shade recall.
Simplicity alone was greatness here;
And in the hush of this ancestral vale,

High on the wings of meditative bliss,
In psalms and lyric melodies of mind
Mounted his heart—beyond the rising gloom
Beneath him o'er his earthly future spread;
Like some sweet bird, that oft, at golden noon,
Soaring and singing, to the gates of Light
Wings its loved way in ecstasy and song—
But soon as earth's low atmosphere it tries,
Drops the glad plume, and songless grows again.

But this parenthesis of holy calm
Is brief as blest; again his forward course
Through the green twilight of Thuringa's woods
Behold the man of God in peace renew,
Under the balmy flush of May inspired;
Till, lo! at length old Glisbach's hoary fane
Glooms on the air; and, girt with feudal pomp,
Altenstein glimmers from its castled height,
Serene, but stern. But see, in golden calm
The Day is gliding down the burning west,
Where the red Sun his farewell pomp arrays;
While round about him, as for royal sheen,
Banners of crimson lustre wave and form,
Till the far clouds, with sympathetic hues
Hither and thither, as in radiant sleep they lie,
Catch the bright meanings from his kingly face
Reflected. Soon the forest boughs begin,

In the tranced quiet of a sunset hour,
To still their waving; for the languid breeze
Drops its gay motion, and the insect hum
Low in the grass delights a pensive ear;
While the glad wings of home-returning birds
Flap in the air with audible advance,
That bids you track them to their pine-built nests
With eye pursuant. But amid this peace
Of nature, deep as if with conscious depth,
Hark! tramp on tramp, with ringing hoofs, which rend
The air before them, while the riven trees
Tremble, as if the sudden whirlwind tore
Their umbrage,—horse and horsemen arm'd
Plunge into view, in panoply complete,
And mask'd: then swift and silent, ere a thought
Can think protection, Luther, from his steed
Dismounted, by some mailed horseman grasp'd
And cloak'd, and on the charger rudely thrown,
At once is captured,—as by magic chain'd.
And in a second, hark! again the sounding hoofs
Ring the deep forest with a hollow clang;
Then onward through its beechen wilds and woods
Plunge the mask'd riders with a trackless speed.
And, Luther! where is now thy destined home?
Who can forecast what God or man intends?
Or tell what dungeon, stake, or crushing wrong,

Awaits thee, when at once so bright a day
Ends in the shadow of so strange eclipse.

But night hath gather'd; and her palling shade
Garments the woods, that now with blacker gloom
The mountain heights of lone Thuringa fringe;
And yet the horsemen, with a voiceless flight,
Hurry their captive through untrodden paths,
Till the moon rises, and her silv'ring gleam
Pale on the fortress of the Wartburg sleeps,
That yonder, dim and melancholy, stands,
Calm as the clear cold heavens which o'er it hang
Their arch of silence: there the horsemen pause,
Wearied and worn; and, list! the bugle sounds
A waking challenge in the warder's ear;
Drawn are the bolts, and down the drawbridge falls;
On iron hinges, ponderously slow,
Opens the gateway to the midnight troop;
And mask'd, and mail'd, around thee in yon court,
High-wall'd and barricaded, there they stand;
For, LUTHER, lo! thy Patmos greets thee now.

Deep trance of night! a mystic power is thine,
That properties creation with a charm
Beyond what day-beams in their brightest glow
Can emanate, whate'er the scene they gild.
But, oh! if ever into heart of man

The Midnight, like a mute religion sent
Her spirit, surely, when the captured monk
Down the dim chambers of the Wartburg paced,
Thy genius then in solemn glory reign'd.
There, by his window'd turret, lofty, bleak,
And lone, unharm'd, in holy peace he mused,
The past revolved, and o'er the future pray'd.
But there be moments in this life of ours
Beyond the weak apocalypse of words
To e'er unveil; so charged with secret might,
They master with perplexity immense,
Or into voiceless sentiment transform
Our inward being: like a cloud, we seem to float
In formless vacancy, with fruitless gloom
Begirt and blinded, till forced nature feels
By truth replenish'd, and distinctive thoughts
Rise from the heart, pathetic, soft, profound,
Like tears of pity in a good man's eye.
Then all we have been, are, or hope to be,
Blends in strange climax, and the soul's o'ersway'd
With big emotion, or with breathless prayer.
All that we have been—yes! the night restores:
Form after form we loved, or knew, or fear'd,
Moves o'er the platform of the summon'd past,
While dead eyes open, and familiar smiles
Fall on our hearts; or household voices ring,
Till the soul echoes with remember'd tones

Sweeter than music in its tranced excess.
And all we *are*, oh! night can this expound;
And self to self, beyond all preachers shew,
In truthful plainness, making conscience start,
As sin on sin, which in the daylight hides,
From the dim back-ground of our Being comes
To awe conception. Then, the Future's doom!—
Oh, how the spirit of the midnight hush
To *that*, significance and shape imparts,
As depths of possibility untold
Open beneath imagination's eye,—
Fearful and fathomless, and full of God!
But then we rise ourselves beyond, and reach
The skirts and shadows of a higher State
Yet to be master'd. Or, may thought presume
Thus to imagine,—that as embryo Life
Hath latent inlets ere the breath begins,
And dormant senses, undeveloped powers,
So may our SPIRIT in the flesh perceive
Faintly and feebly, some prelusive state,
And preconceptions of HEREAFTER feel
Which antedate a nobler Life to come!

And did not Luther, at this dreaming hour,
His great heart yield to more than words depict,—
Bathed in the ether of divinest calm
As there he mused, and from his window'd tower

Roll'd his black eyeballs o'er the star-dropt heavens?
A halcyon calm adown the seething depths
Of the vex'd bosom solemnly was breathed;
While feelings tinged with supernat'ral awe,
But tender, round him cast a mingled spell.
Like opal gleams in evanescent play,
Glances of truth along the spirit rise,
But vanish ere a syllable can seize
Their beauty, or their flashing hue describe.
Wordless the hour, but how intense the scene!
Nor ever since in Roman prison clank'd
The fetter'd Paul his honourable chain,
And haply through his grated window watch'd
The arch of midnight, hath a finer Soul
Look'd o'er the sky than that which gazeth now!

Mute as a cloud, the time-worn castle stands
Of Wartburg, through the glassy moonlight rear'd
In outline black, colossal and abrupt;
Beneath him, mass'd and motionless,
Thuringa's forest spreads a gloomy wild,
Soundless, and so becalm'd in dewy sleep,
That e'en the leaflet, when some pulsing air
Throbs for a moment, like a lip in dreams,
It vibrates, but no vocal murmur makes.
Creation, lock'd in one expressive trance,
Comes on the soul o'erwhelmingly sublime.

From the high moon, and meditative stars
Around her, to the stirless grass beneath,
How rapt is rapture! how intensely fill'd
With Life, with Meaning, and with sentient Awe!
As if the Earth were conscious that mysterious God
Commanded silence, and she felt it rise
Deeper and deeper from Creation's heart,
And all things binding with religious spell.
But now the glory of the midnight scene
Melts through his being, till each spirit-chord
Thrills to the magic with responsive tone:
Lo! the large tear-drop on his eyelid hangs,
And quivers, like a half unspoken prayer,
That on the balance of expression moves.
For God and Truth and Luther now commune;
And Midnight hearkens as the monk adores
The Christ Eternal, in His glory sphered
High o'er the Heavens, beyond conception raised,
And baffling all things—but believing prayer,
Which climbs the region where His radiance dwells,
And thrills the Saviour on his very Throne.*

* *Vide* Heb. iv. 15.

Patmos.

"His melancholy will have changed its drapery; but will it find no new costume wherewith to clothe itself? His impetuous temperament, his deep working mind, his busy and vivid imagination, would they not have been a trouble to him in a world where nothing was to be altered, where nothing was to obey his powers, to cease to be that which it had been, in order to realize his preconceptions of what it ought to be? * * * *His sensibility, which found objects for itself, and shadows of human suffering in the harmless brute, and even in the flowers which he trod upon*—might it not naturally, in an unspiritual age, have wept, and trembled, and dissolved, over scenes of earthly passion, and the struggles of love with duty?"—*Coleridge.*

"I arose, last night, in the middle of the night, and looked from my window. I saw the stars and the majestic vault of heaven sustained without my being able to perceive the pillars upon which the master-builder had supported it. Yet it trembled not. There are those who search for the columns on which it rests, and would fain touch them with their hands; but as they cannot do this, they are filled with terror, lest the heavens should fall, without their aid to support them.

"I still gazed, and saw heavy clouds, charged with water, floating over my head like a suspended ocean. Nevertheless, they did not fall, but saluted me solemnly, and passed along. As they were passing, I discerned, underneath, the arch which had sustained them, a beautiful rainbow, with its delicate colours and aerial texture; heavy as were the clouds, they rested safely upon it. Let us not fear that the rain will fall, and that we shall perish by the flood.. Our arch may seem to us feeble, and the clouds heavy, but we shall yet rejoice in its strength."—*Letter of Luther from the Wartburg.*

SUBLIME of privilege!—to be alone,
And hold communion with celestial LOVE
In the hush'd temple of the voiceless mind,

Where thought is worship, and Religion wants
No liturgy save what the heart inspires.
In pensive solitude, our God unveils
Those charms almighty which the vile scene
Of the vex'd world is all too vain to prize;
Then Truth ascends our Being's mental throne,
To rule and regulate the Life within;
While round us shades of a hereafter steal,
Till conscience, with prophetic eye,
Rehearses what the Judgment-Day will act,
When Earth's biography shall be unroll'd
Under the gaze Eternal,—read aloud
To men and angels! Now, from sense withdrawn,
That Soul, (which, next to awful Godhead, hides
Deep within deep unfathomably retired,)
The anatomizing search begins to send
Down her own depths, and *there* a grandeur finds
Dwarfing to nothing systems, suns, and worlds:
For one vast mind a universe outweighs;
A thought than worlds is more stupendous far;
And the proud stars, which populate the sky
With dazzling multitudes, are less sublime
Than the mild forehead of some pensive man
Beneath them watching, from whose lifted eye
Outshines divinity at every gaze.

And this we learn, because *in* this we live:

When, from the vulgar life of passion freed,
Within Ourselves we dare at last descend,
There truths unsyllabled our hearts perceive,
And dread predictions, by no language shaped,
Thrill through our conscience with majestic force,
And hint the being men are doom'd to be.

But solitude a softer mood enjoys;
The past revives, the tombs of time unlocks,
And in the heart's sad resurrection calls
The dead to life—the dear to love—again.
Oh, blessed calm! when, lapp'd in mem'ry's bower,
The chain of life, electrically touch'd,
Link after link unwinds, and leads us back
From manhood, with its false and fretting cares,
To childhood—basking in maternal smiles.
Soothed into softness, now the stern can weep;
And shamed ambition from itself recoils,
To think how basely, on the world's false shrine,
The hopes and aims which Heaven alone can meet
Our life hath squander'd, with a fruitless zeal.
Ye dreams of virtue, oft in vice exhaled;
Ye hopes of greatness, oft in ruin sunk;
Ye slaves of splendor, schemes of noble toil;
Ye full-wing'd energies, which cleaved your flight
High o'er the vault of young ambition's heaven;

Reality, the stern, the wintry, and the true,
To fiction all hath frown'd Romance away!

Yet may we profitably mourn, and muse
Ourselves to infancy, or faith, again,
When Memory o'er tombs of buried time
Bends her pale brow, and placidly recalls
The green existence of exulting youth.
For what, though blasting disappointment sear'd
The buds of promise on the tree of hope—
Though few have actualized the heart's fond dreams,
(By manhood reaching what their youth conceived)—
Yet, Contrast is our Teacher; and we know
The truth, by trial only as we live;
And man who sins by suff'ring must be saved;
While God by disappointment makes him wise.

Then hush'd for aye let all rebellions be;
But welcome, Solitude! however drear;
And come, Reflection! with thy charms august;
And Mem'ry! oft our deeper yearnings wake;
Be to the Husband, all the Wife appear'd
In the chaste beauty of her spousal morn;
Be to the Orphan what the Mother was,
When by her knee he knelt a dimpled boy,
Lisping his little prayér, or on her breast
Pillow'd his head, as if the world were peace;

Act all within that life without has been;
And from the grave, where dead and dear ones lie,
People our homes with those our hearts revere.

And not unlike, in moods of thought intense
To this, was that experience, which the Soul
Of Luther gathered, when, for ten lone months,
By friendly capture, in his Patmos hid.
Here did he muse and watch, and weep and pray,
Plunge in himself, and down the Mind's abyss
Take many a deep and undescribed gaze,
Till Forms of terror, Phantoms of despair,
And dread Emotions, meaningless and vast,
Throng'd into power, and haunted him like Hell.[38]

Meet was the spot for high-wrought feeling's hour:
Within were chambers, long, and large, and roofed
With fretted stone-work, dimly worn by years,
Where the glad sunbeam caught a pensive tinge,
Smiling like twilight; and the tread of feet
Fell like a sound which ought not there to be;
While from their ancient walls the pale-brow'd Dead
Looked on the living, as with sad rebuke
And silent warning. From the window niche
The eye might witness hills of forest wood

In green confusion stretching far away
Into wild distance; while to fancy's ear
The pleased hosannahs of perpetual birds
Made the huge forest musically live.
And here, in myst'ry and in mournfulness,
Shrined in the solitude of his own soul,
How much of Deity did Luther learn!
Ascending oft the mountain-peaks of Mind,
The Alps of Thought far up the Godhead throned,
To talk with his eternity to come.

How like a poem must his life have read
Where fiction's self by fact had been surpass'd,
When now, by retrospection's quiet gaze
Unroll'd, and re-perused! To boyhood's prime
And young experience, when the miner's cot
Roofed his sad hours of struggle and of sin,
Down the strange past,—through all that mind endured,
Dark conscience felt, or prescient fancy dream'd,
Remembrance flew; and now, in castled pomp,
Behold him exiled!—far and free from Rome's dread eye,
That glared with hunger for his mangled form!
And well might he—when thus the Past renew'd,
The Present acted, and the Future brought
Their trinal influence into thoughtful play—

Of cold Reality lose sight and sound;
Till, by intensity transform'd and fixed,
Wild Unrealities around him throng'd,
And Phantoms, which derision loves to mock,
Fever'd his life with supernat'ral force,
Till matter's self the form of mind assumed,
And Feeling suffer'd all that fancy shaped.

From hot excitement to the heavy calm
Of this weird solitude at once transposed,
Who wonders that reaction, like a curse,
Besieged him, or with arid weight o'erhung
The beatings of a fine and free-born heart!
Till in the blank and barren waste of things
He sank, and melted into mindless tears;
Or sighed as if the very Soul were worn
And weaken'd down to senselessness and shame.
Oh! there were moments when a fiendish gloom,[39]
A lurid darkness not of earth begot,
Enwrapt him like a shrouding agony.
A stifled pain, a suffocating pang,
A grief benumbing with torpedo touch
All the warm currents of the healthy blood,
Till life grew torment, robed in breathing flesh!
Thus did he suffer, till the brain o'erboil'd
With feeling, and his soul was set on fire;
And then, rebukes from some sarcastic fiend

Would ring around him, with disdaining tone,
To mock the little, and to make it less,
Of all that he and truth together did
To rock the popedom, and the truth redeem.—
Nor let the bond-slaves of the senses laugh,
Why Luther in such whirling gloom believed
That ghastly Mockers, bodiless and black,
On soundless wing, and immaterial tread,
Inaudibly around him came, and cursed,
And grinn'd in all the ghastliness of hell,
To shake his spirit from a throne of trust,—
Thy word, Almighty! Yes, when rolling storms
Yell'd in loud rage, or night-wing'd tempests burst,
And howl'd along the wind-rock'd battlements
Of Wartburg, oft did spectral Forms appear,
Shading the room with imagery of life
And motion; mutt'ring fiends his couch besieged,
Till Luther shudder'd out his soul in prayer.
But e'en by day, when black depression came,
And, like the night-mare of the mind, o'erhung
All faith and reason, in one fell attack,
No flaming death his flesh could so appall
As this dark anguish did the blood o'erpower:
The pang, without the peace, of death was there!

But, like an eagle from his chain unloosed,

Darting aloft to his blue home of skies
And sunshine, soon his panting soul escaped
From this foul bondage into purer life.
He pray'd, and open'd Heaven itself by prayer;
Attracting downward some responsive grace
Or balm which heal'd him, like the hand of God:
Or haply music, (like the lyre of old,
Tuned into magic by the sweeping touch
Of David, when he charm'd the fiend from Saul,)
Besoothed the spirit, till o'er all his frame
A lulling softness exquisitely crept,
And he was cradled in the charm of sound.

His exile now no barren rock became,
Where thought must stagnate into wintry blight;
But rather grew a bower of mental peace,
An isle of calm, amid the sea of life,
A Patmos, where the harbour'd soul retired
From earth's loud shock, to feel the hush of heaven.
Soon, like a giant from his sleep refresh'd,
Up rose the great Reformer!—and awoke
The drooping thousands whose dejected hearts
Pined for one accent of his cheering lips,
Or, in *him* mourn'd the Reformation dead.
But *how* he wrought, and with what noble bursts
And outbreaks high of eloquence and truth,
He pour'd his spirit over Man and Mind,

Creation's journal can alone disclose.
For souls like Luther's multiply and make
More change within and character without
Than dull chronology can e'er depict.
Down to the roots of conscience dived his words
With daring energy, and drew to light
The hidden workings and the dark unrest
Which haunt our being; or on guilt and gloom
His flashing arrows of conviction fell,
Cleaving the soul to penitence and prayers:
Through all the provinces of mind he stray'd
On bold excursion's theologic wing,
And wafted light where'er his gospel came.

But in thy castle, Wartburg, chief o'er all
The monuments which mind up-builded there,
Let grateful Rev'rence long that work admire,
O'er which a seraph's wings might clap their joy,
By Luther with colossal power achieved:
There was the WORD ALMIGHTY, from the grave
Of ancient language, into modern life
Summon'd in sainted glory to arise,[40]
And speak to souls what souls could understand.
Oh! to have seen him, in the toil august,
Lifting to Heaven his bright, large, burning eyes
With radiant wonder, as the deeps of Truth
Eternal gave their hoary secrets up,

When God's own language into Luther's pass'd
With prompt transition, till, behold! the grace
Of Jesus out of classic fetters came,
And, like its AUTHOR, to the poor man preach'd!
Noble, beyond nobility to match,
Hero of mind! was thine achievement here:
To free the BIBLE, was to throne thy GOD
Firm in the conscience of adoring Man;
And so, by this supremacy divine,
To limit tyrants, should they dare profane
That seat of awe, where none but Godhead reigns.

But intervals there came of lovely calm,
Mild as the pathos of a summer eve
Around the poet, by some dream entranced,
When nature like a conscious MEANING acts,
And through cold matter preaches grace to mind.
And is not earth an hieroglyphic vast,
From the low insect to the lofty star,
Where Science spells God's everlasting Name?
But in the flower, the leaflet, and the bud,
How much of Deity we cannot grasp!
How much of paradox to make us pause!
Nature herself seems Athanasian oft;
In creed as difficult, in terms as dark,
As aught Theology can preach or mould.
Then, student of the Spirit! walk with fear

The Halls of nature; nor with pagan eye
The meanest of her solitudes and shrines
Inspect thou; ministries of Mind are there,
And more than mere philosophy forebodes
Fills the fine atom that a step destroys.
Angels and spirits may unseen preside,
And Nature's beauty be a seraph's work;
Behind the veil which meets our sensual view,
Myriads of POWERS may ply their noiseless hands
And each live function of this breathing earth,
Serve but to type a ministry unknown.

And not ungenial to the high-toned mood
When feeling soars and poetry is born,
In sun and silence Luther wander'd forth,
Perusing earth, or reading air and sky
As one great Manuscript, where God had penn'd
Some letter'd outlines of his secret NAME.
For though Creation felt the Curse's fang,
And beauty from the beautiful hath fled,
And glory from the glorious—still, the wreck
Is haunted with magnificence and might,
Making the Universe a temple seem,
Whose Priestess is the God-revealing soul
Of man, which spells him out in earth and heaven,
Or in the stars,—those Capitals of Light,
Jehovah's IMPRIMATUR in the skies!

And deep the hour, delicious was the calm
When Luther's dreaming heart addressed
The speaking loveliness of fruits and flowers
Around him scatter'd o'er the castled hill.
To him they were most eloquently touch'd
With beauty; orphans of dead paradise,
That smiled upon him with a mournful grace;
Till hues and harmonies of Eden throng'd
In sweetest union round his prayerful mind;
While faith, by rapt imagination fired,
The green revival of the ground foresaw
When the long fever of this restless life
Hath ended, and millennial glories bloom.
For spouse her bridegroom LORD shall meet
Returning, on Creation's throne to reign,
While every atom of this world, redeem'd,
Bloom in His breath, and sparkle by His smile.

But Nature hath her sad and silent moods,
Her solemn counterparts to serious man;
And oft, at sunset, when pale autumn sigh'd
Like a lone spirit, wailing through the woods
Of Wartburg, Luther mourn'd 'mid falling leaves
And flowers dejected, till the dew-fall 'gan
To whiten round him, and his boding mind
Took from the season types of sadd'ning power;
But most at midnight, when the moon array'd

The inspiration of her pallid beam
O'er plain and mountain, from his harrow'd sleep
The exile rose, and through the window-grate
Of his high turret, o'er the woods and dew-white
fields,
And cold earth slumb'ring in the glassy air,
Gazed in tranced thought, through many a tongueless
hour;
Or, rapt in dreams, his radiant eyeballs roll'd
Their glance of awe along the glowing heavens,
(That Scripture bright, whose syllables are stars!)
And from those orbs, oracularly bright,
Drew meanings holy, intimations high,
And truths beyond astronomy to preach;
For in yon worlds by POWER UNSEEN upheld,
There shined a symbol of the Church secured,—
In mercy shielded, yet by myst'ry saved.

The Crisis.

"He writes—'That the accounts of what had passed at Wittemberg had almost reduced him to desperation. That everything he had yet suffered was, by comparison, mere jests and child's play. He could not enough lament, or express his disappointment of these tumultuous proceedings. The gospel was in imminent danger of being disgraced from this cause.'"—*Seckendorf's Extract from Letter of Luther, written from Padua, to the Elector*, lib. i. sect. 48.

"Whenever a great ferment is making in the church, some impure elements are sure to mingle with the testimony given to truth; and some one or more pretended reforms arise out of man's imagination, and serve as evidences or countersigns of some real reformation in progress."—*D'Aubigné*, vol. iii. p. 61. "That moral agony which Luther had just undergone in his cell at Erfurth, was perhaps at its height after the revolt of the peasants. The partisans of Rome exulted; all seemed against him:—but what most grieved him was that the work of Heaven should thus be degraded by being classed with the dreams of fanatics. He contemplated the bitter cup presented to him, and, foreseeing that ere long he would be forsaken by all, he exclaimed—'Soon shall I also have to say—'All ye shall be offended because of me in that night!'"—*D'Aubigné*, vol. iii. p. 269.

The saints of thought, the seraphim of mind,
The sole archangels of our sinful world,
Who make, and magnify the page they fill
With moral prowess,—what colossal pangs

Were theirs!—and what fierce martyrdom they faced,
In bringing forth those Prométhean fires
Which lighten centuries with their living ray;
But never yet hath Mind had monuments,
Whose sculptured immortalities of praise
Could half reveal what lion hearts have braved,
In the great agony of being great!
For what though hist'ry weave its laureate words
Around some trophy of consummate toil,
Or chant the glory of those giant thoughts
Which grasp'd all Ages with redeeming force;
Result is praised, but not the process told,
Nor the deep racking of those downcast hours,
When darkness, like a fiendish nightmare, sat
Heavy upon them, till the gasping Soul
Grew effortless, as if by doubt struck dumb;
While truths that once like inspiration nerved
The heart for battle, e'en to blood and flame,
Melt into nought, by spiritless eclipse.

But when have Earth's high benefactors felt
That martyrdom, beyond all fires to raise?
Not when the clash and combat fiercely rang
Around them, or the World its weapons drew
To daunt their progress or dispel their aims;
For then that eagle of unstooping mind,
Young energy! did lift itself for flight,

And mounted bravely through the blackest cloud,
Cleaving all tempest with unbaffled wing.
Danger and Death were talismanic sounds,
Which from the heart drew forth its secret fires;
Effort was theirs, and mastery sublime
O'er scene and circumstance their faith evinced;
Till, lo! the perill'd Cause in safety smiles,
And Hist'ry for its coronation waits.

But in the gladness and the glow immense,
When Hope's millennium seems at last to bloom,
When the calm jubilee of conscience rings,
And Principle its heaven-toned pæans tunes
For truth and triumph,—then, while good men pray,
And great ones in a hush of wonder pause,
If, in such hour of golden promise, all
Fades into formless vanity or vice,
And fell Reverse a sudden ruin frown,—
Alas! the heroes of the heart are left
Unpraised, unsooth'd, unlaurell'd, and unsung,
The rack of racks alone to face and feel,
When Virtue's cause a suicide becomes,
And stabs itself to impotence and shame.

But such the crisis that, with sudden might
And sweeping darkness, round great Luther's soul
Came, in the very noon of noble hopes,

When the calm future cloudlessly began
To open, and in peace and prayer to reign.
Height after height victoriously was scaled
(Though heap'd by ages of collected wrong)
Of priestly bulwarks, and papistic lies;
The Bible, into living freedom loosed,
From cot to palace circulated God;
The majesties of buried mind began,
Clothed in the radiance of regen'rate power,
The grave-clothes of the monk to throw away;
While, chief o'er all, that mammon of the priest,
The aping MASS, where bleeding Christ is mock'd,
And flour burlesques the BODY of the LORD,
While "IT IS FINISH'D" from the Cross is took,
Beneath the thunders of the Bible's text
And the loud hammer of a Luther's voice
Had sunk to silence!—Christ in truth began,
Monarch of Conscience, on the throne of hearts
To reign, and from his sacrilegious heights to hurl
The crown'd Melchisedek whom Rome anoints,—
That mocking CHEAT, who miserably dares
What the pure vengeance of protesting song
Is all too weak to picture,—e'en like Christ,
Both head and heart of Christendom to be!
Mitred and crown'd, a miniature of God,
On earth adored,—vicariously divine!

But, lo! at once the anarchy of change;
And Luther—(tried with more tremendous pangs
Than tore him into tears when Erfurth's cell
Wall'd his faint soul in superstition's gloom)—
Around him hears fanatic madness yell,
And the hot Até of excited hearts
Through flame and fury to rebellion sweep.
And *now*—the pang! the concentrated pang,
The dire, the dark, expressionless and deep,
Heaved in no sigh, and by no tear portray'd,
Sank on his soul with adamantine crush.
For all seem'd ruin and revulsion now;
While leagued Rebellion, with its brazen throat,
Its blasting eye-glance, and its bloody mien,
And mingling yells all murderously loud,
From the black forests of Thuringa raved;
While HE HIMSELF the Incarnation look'd[42]
In principle, of all perversion did,
That madness loved, or murder long'd to do!
The People cursed him—for he cursed their cause,
And call'd Rebellion but the child of Hell.
The Princes cursed him; for the yoke of Rome
His arm had broken from the nation's mind.
Bereft, in solitude of soul unsoothed,
A ruin among ruins, thus he stood,
With heart all bleeding, and with spirit bare,

One living Agony of gloom and tears.
And well might Luther, like his MASTER, feel
Desertion, in that night of nights profound,
For Heaven's own cause fanatically lay
Trampled, and torn beneath a hoof of lies,
When Munrer and his host, by hell inflamed,
Shouted—"THE SPIRIT!" and to blood blasphemed
Both God and Bible, with insanest breath:
Each to himself a Holy Ghost became,
And all his madness to th' Almighty gave:
Reason was drunk, and stifled Conscience gasp'd,
And HE who was on earth th' embodied TYPE
Of holy ORDER and consummate LAW,
Both first of Subjects and the first of Kings,
Upon the banners of rebellion found
His Cross a symbol of all madness made!
E'en common feeling, by the roots uptorn,
With fell monstrosity was fired and charged;
Till all affections motherly and mild,
Which form sweet Nature's consecrated spring—
(Nile of the heart! whose undiscover'd source
Deep in the bosom of the Godhead lies)—
Were parch'd to nothing, in that burning waste;
When heroes (for the HOLY GHOST mistook)
Mangled her thousands by a creed of Hell,
And christen'd Murder with the name of Christ.

" But fear thou not!" a VOICE within him cries;
" Forward! for I am with thee, Man of God!
On to the rescue of reformed truth, and fight
With weapons all resistless as divine."
And forward went he; with a burst of faith,
Truth from his cloud of black dejection breaks,
And Luther is himself in soul again!
While hope (that rainbow of the weeping mind,
The iris out of tears of passion wove)
Smiles in the sunshine of prophetic calm,
And his heart palpitates with silent prayer.

Mental Resurrection.

"It is, however, remarkable how suddenly the dispute concerning an opinion, which had previously excited little attention, called forth the activity of all minds, and continued to occupy them for a century. In the sixteenth century, the doctrine of Justification gave rise to the greatest agitations, divisions, and even revolutions. It seems, indeed, that the tendency of all men to busy themselves with so transcendental a question — a question regarding the profoundest mysteries of the immediate relations between God and man,—arose in contrast to the worldliness which had insinuated itself into the whole institution of the church, and had led to a complete extinction of that relation."— *Ranke*, vol. i. p. 140.

"The Roman Church said, 'SUBMIT YOURSELF TO AUTHORITY WITHOUT EXAMINATION;' the Protestant says, 'EXAMINE, AND SUBMIT YOURSELVES ONLY TO CONVICTION.' The one commanded a blind belief; the other teaches, with the Apostle, to reject the bad, and to adopt only that which is good. Everything being balanced, and the definitive account closed, this revolution offers a surplus of good to humanity; finally, it must be ranked in the number of major events which have contributed most powerfully to the progress of civilization and knowledge, not only in Europe, but in every part of the earth where Europeans have carried their culture."—*Viller's Essay*, &c., p. 196—298.

TRUE liberty, O GOD! thy Spirit makes;
For the vast doctrine of redeeming LOVE,
(E'en that of GRACE, the perfect and the free,)
Holds in itself the majesties of man;

Freedom and Faith our twin inspirers are,
The healthful source from which our greatness springs.
All fine immunities of sense and soul,
All deeper actings of divinest Thought,
All morals, motives, aims, and bold designs,
And aspirations for the GOOD unseen,
In the pure conscience find their perfect root:
For Liberty within forms Light without,
And Grace, the spirit of Salvation is.
Whate'er of Polity great freedom lauds,
Whate'er of Life domestic love reveres,
Whate'er of Mind heroic wisdom haunts;
Or, in the temple of essential Truth,
Whatever there inviolably pure
The adorations of deep conscience find;
From grace in principle, (that teeming germ!)
By moral efflux have directly flow'd.

The Reformation thus the MIND redeem'd;
The swathing-bands that Superstition cast
Round the chain'd spirit were at once dissolved;
And, lo! a mental resurrection smiled.
A golden dawn of intellectual day
Already round the clear'd horizon glanced,
And faintly shined in Europe's rising heart.
See Luther and Melancthon all on fire,

Ardent as eagles, in their sunward flight,
From truth to truth advancingly career.
Instead of masses,—mark the holy Feast,
The mystic supper of our mighty LORD,
Dispensed with beauty primitive and plain.
No more a chaos of confounded rites,
Or mere negations of opposing mind,
Were all that zeal without a church embraced;
The VISIBLE its hallow'd claim advanced,
And IDEALITY a form assumed,
While the young Church some pristine feature wore.
Thus rites external for external sense,
And truths internal for internal soul,
Adaptingly the wants of nature met,
And symmetries and symbols duly ranged,
Humanity in complex whole employed;
So Christ was God in personating flesh
Array'd—Eternity in form of Time;
For mere abstractions Angels may perceive,
But men embodied must by *forms* be led,
And rites are reasons, when by God approved.

But not o'er temple-rites alone was breathed
That order Principle divinely brings;
But through the heart, by reformation clear'd
From papal mist, the common mind was touch'd,
And the pure founts of intellect unseal'd.

From lofty plans, see Education stoop
To ply the humblest with her lesson'd skill;
While cloister'd Learning, from her cells escaped,
Comes to the peasant's home, the people's heart;
Till mind is no monopoly for priests,
And classic Thought in sacerdotal rust
No more lies with'ring, but, at Luther's word,
Walks through the world of feeling and of faith.
And ye, the Symbols of our inner sense,
Types of the Beautiful we cannot reach,—
Ye Adumbrations of diviner grace
Than ever seen, when most Invention cries
Her glad EUREKA! round enraptured souls—
Ye ARTS! which make imagination's heaven,
By shape, or hue, or melody revealed,
Ye also from the Reformation caught
A new intensity of grace and power.
MUSIC arose, seraphically deep,
And revelled in a paradise of sound
To hymn the PRINCE of Glory and of peace;
And PAINTING from Apostles imaged forth
Forms of fair virtue, in sublimest mould:
And thus, the hunger of the seeking mind
On Scripture banqueted in blissful ease;
While Piety and Painting blent their powers,
Taking a cast from Beauty's very soul,
In lines of love and lineaments of heaven.

And she, the empress of our glowing moods,
Enchantress mild of melancholy hours,
High POETRY, the heart's young priestess, came,
And on the altar of melodious hours
Laid the soft incense of devoutest song.

And thus, amid the harmony of things,
(Awhile, as on the brink of heaven restored,)
Rejoiced the grateful Luther. Who can tell
The promised Land of hope's perpetual dream,
How greenly bright before him then it smiled!
The passion and the principle of song,
With full intensity his being fired:
'Twas thus the poetry of peace and joy
Each fine pulsation of his being thrilled;
And all without, from life internal took
An answ'ring tone of sympathetic love.
Through walks and woods of Wittemberg he roam'd,
Or gave his spirit to the mountain breeze;
And in the carol of rejoicing streams,
The leafy warble of the forest boughs,
Or lyric echoes of the laughing wave,
In sound, and scene, and all which nature shew'd,
A charm responsive to himself he found.
Nature and Man in fine accordance met;
Their smiles and tones reciprocally play'd;

Her forms of matter to his shaping mind
Embodied meaning; and a moral grace
From all her symmetries appeared to flow.
Now was the halcyon of the heart; awhile
Bosom'd in peace, the bright-soul'd monk was blest.
The Past was praise for all that vict'ry won;
The Present, prayer for all that mercy gives;
And o'er the Future his prophetic heart
Glow'd with entrancement, as Isaiah did
When his lyre trembled with exulting tones
Millennial, over crown'd MESSIAH'S reign.
Till oft, in rapt imagination's dream,
Amid the universe of happy worlds,
This earth appear'd Creation's loved St. John,
Safe in the bosom of Redemption's LORD,
Reclining there in glory and in rest.

And like th' apostle of the church reform'd,
Who has not, in the harmony and heaven
Of some high mood of meditative calm,
As opes the flower its scented breast of bloom
To welcome in each beautifying ray,
Opened his spirit with expanding joy
To nature, in her eloquence of scene,
As if to CONSCIOUSNESS he then appealed?
As if intelligence from all things came—
Matter on mind, with sacramental gaze

Of mute regard significantly smiled,
Till all creation grew personified,
And the touch'd Earth (to fancy's tender dream)
His living counterpart of joy became!

As through some harp, Æolically tuned,
The vulgar breeze to music voice is turn'd,
When o'er its chords the airy tremor floats,
By subtle magic,—so to mind intense
The coarse realities of sense and time
Change, as they touch the intellectual powers,
To meanings beautiful and mental types;
The prose of earth to poetry of heaven,
All paged with light and paragraph'd with love,
Is thus refined for heart's perusal then.
And, oh! ye Scenes, ye Splendors, and ye Sounds,
Like Inspirations, lo! at once ye act.[43]
All hidden sacraments of earth and air,
All signs and symbols of redeeming grace,
With typing eloquence themselves unshroud,
Till the charm'd eye of sainted thought conceives
The dust to overflow with Deity;
While all things, by theology array'd,
Make parables, to hint redemption's plan.

Thrice happy they whom thus Messiah learns
To find a Scripture in the leaves and flowers!

Creation's book then Fancy's Bible forms,
And faith poetic, by the Spirit led,
All nature proves a comment on the Cross.
In this let holy Love our teacher be!
A love perpetual,—for in *that* supreme
The Sabbath's God Himself no Sabbath keeps;
And then, what great Proprietors we are!
E'en *on* the Throne THE UNCREATE is ours,
By covenant from everlasting made;
And *under* it, entire creation works
For good and glory to the church redeem'd.

Many have much, but all desire a *more;*
But less than infinite to man is nought:
The MORE must be almighty, or 'tis none!
But who hath Christ, has god by God bestow'd,
And dread Eternity becomes his friend.
Then still, thou Sun! IMMANUEL's shadow be,
And like a sacrament of glory burn;
Thou Moon! his mystic bride on earth, reflect;
Planets! that with prophetic radiance gleam,
And as the breast-plate of INFINITY,
Bound on the bosom of the heavens, appear;
Thou Paragon of elemental powers,
Myst'ry of waters—never-slumb'ring Sea,
Impassioned Orator, with lip sublime,
Whose waves are arguments which prove a God;

Ye Woods! that with tempestuous anthems ring;
Ye Winds! whose hallelujahs tongue the storm
With music's deep magnificence of tone;
Ye Mountain Altars! which from earth to heaven
Serenely lift your consecrated brows,
While the soft grandeur of the silent hills
Sinks on the heart, like music sad and low,—
Long in your magic each and all abide
Some teaching mystery of Christ to bear,
For minds that haunt ye with revering love:
That so in all things, with an eye of praise
And heart of prayer, true Faith may ever find
In nature, as in grace, her God express'd;
And in the temple of Creation greet
The solemn glories which His name enshrine.

The Affections by the Truth made Free.

"That unmarried life, so cried up in Popedom," said Luther, "is great hypocrisy and wickedness; under colour of it the fathers of the church were deceived. Austin, although he lived in the better time, was deceived through the crowning of monastery nuns and virgins; and although he allowed them to marry if they would, yet he said they sinned in marrying, and did not rightly toward God. Afterwards, when the time of wrath and blindness came, and the truth was hunted away, and lying got the upper hand, then, under colour of great holiness, which, in truth, was mere hypocrisy, the generation of poor woman-kind was contemned. But Christ, with only one sentence, confuteth all their arguments—namely, *'God created them male and female.'*"—*Luther's Colloqu. Mensal.*

"It is almost as impossible to dispense with female society as it is to exist without food. The image of marriage is found in all creatures, not only in the animals of the earth, the air, and the water, but also in trees and stones. Every one knows that there are trees, such as the apple and pear trees, which resemble husband and wife, and which prosper better when they are planted together. Among stones, the same thing may be observed, especially in those which are precious—the coral, the emerald, and others. The heaven is the husband of the earth: he vivifies her by the heat of the sun, by the rain, and by the wind, and enables her to bear all sorts of plants."—*Luther's Colloqu. Mensal.*

If ever, since the pulse of feeling play'd
In the quick breast of God-created man,
Companionless, in isolation pure

Our Being well and wisely might have stood,
(Each function safe, each faculty reveal'd,
And MAN in full-orb'd demonstration shewn)
'Twas when Creation heard him crown'd
Her living monarch; while the lyric stars
Chanted a birth-day ode, and angels lined
The silver battlements of Heaven above,
To see a Masterpiece of human mould,
Divinely radiant, out of dust evoked,
And stamp'd with spirit from the heart of God.
Then was the hour, if ever such might dawn,
When echoless the heart could throb,
And still be happy,—in itself complete,
By woman's smile unwelcomed, and unwed.
But not when Paradise within made peace,
And Paradise without responsive joy,
Was human loneliness by Heaven approved:
"*It was not good that man should be alone.*"*
And thus, the female counterpart was framed,
By oneness sacramentally profound,*
From his own being moulded and educed;
And WOMAN thus to Adam's bower was brought;
There the first marriage, by Almighty hands,
In stainless Eden, was perform'd and seal'd.
As the first miracle MESSIAH work'd

* Eph. v. 32.

To wedlock gave the glory of its power,
So life monastic came from man alone;
But life domestic is from God derived;
And in espousals high and holy deem'd
The bridal myst'ry of Redemption smiles.

But She, the murd'ress of emotions pure,
The vile creatress of mistaken good,
Both law and love in nature contravened,
And dared, with hand of sacrilegious force,
From the fine bosom where soft feeling dwells
Expunge all instinct, and the soul uproot,
To plant and place it in a coarser soil
Blighted and bare, with chills unmanly cursed.
But Nature proved an unmonastic thing;
And when in light the monk of God arose
To quench the famine of the soul for Truth,
The HEART did hunger for the food of love.
Pining, and pent, in passionless remorse
It wither'd, by a tort'ring fetter bound
To vow itself to suicidal gloom.
But few had fester'd in o'er-righteous chains,
Though Canons frown'd, and Convent law decreed
Death to the heart by female heart enticed,
Till thus, in self-revenge, the blood o'erboil'd
In fires of feeling; ruffian passion raged,

And homes, which might have been like heavens of bliss,
Had holy wedlock lit the vestal flame,
Grew hells impure, unmentionably vile,
Where Powers of darkness turn'd to Priests of lust,
And Satan saw himself by Rome outdone.

But he who brought the buried Scripture forth
From tombs of silence, and monastic death,
The bright restorer of domestic bliss
At length, with dreadless vigour dares to be.
Affections are the food of hearts that feel;
For such pined Luther; and in Ketha met,
Fresh in her maidenhood of life of love,
That feeling sympathy fond nature sought.
For what, though all around grew black and drear,
And the wild echoes of the peasant war
Rang loud in Europe's ear, while reek'd the blood
Of thousands on Thuringa's hoof-worn plain,
Where Murder roved fanatically mad,—
Yet did the WORD about him cast a shield,
While o'er him hung the canopy of Heaven.
The God of Marriage was the God of Man:
Here, on this rock, the thunder-blasts of Rome
Sank powerless as the lisp of summer winds!
And then, though man and fiend together scoff'd,

Better by far that flesh and blood should quail,
Or all creation be annull'd in gloom,
Than one majestic truth of God be harm'd!
In heresy our God himself we lose,
And the big Universe a bubble seems
Weigh'd in the balance of a single word
Dropt from the lips of an almighty Love.
But *that* was with him; sealing woman's love
As heavenly bright, and by the Saviour blest:
And therefore not by this the cause sublime
Was perill'd, nor the Reformation's ark
In danger, when the monk of Wittemberg
Rose, in the freedom of a fervid soul,
To rive the fetters of monastic vows
Asunder, from his God-deliver'd mind;
And, lifting his pure conscience in the light
Of Scripture, up to majesty and truth,
Shined on the world,—a Husband not ashamed!

And, lo! around that scene, where heart and home
The wedded Luther to his Ketha gave,
Eternal Wisdom cast approving smiles,
And Heaven its hymeneal blessings shed.
For then was Private Life from priestly lust
Deliver'd, peace conjugal back restored,
And wedlock in its sainted charm enshrined;

While Rome, another and a ruder shock
Experienced, from the soul of Luther sent:
And now affections, nerved with sudden life,
Together with deep principle combined,
Till, both concenter'd, back to Nature gave
A creed which conscience could avow, and act;
To guide the faith, to guard emotion pure,
And brighten homes with honourable love,
Where prison'd feeling, passionless and pale,
Languish'd alone, or lewd corruption came
To look the angel, with a demon's heart!

And thus within the haven of a home
Luther at length his care-toss'd spirit found
Anchor'd, in peace and matrimonial joy
Secure. And where do love's fond annals tell
A home of heart more exquisite than his?
The once cowl'd monk, (who trod the cloisters dim,
And made his melancholy footsteps ring
With cadence long and lone,) was now become
A glowing husband and a gladden'd sire.
And lovely was it, when his mind, unrobed
Of all its panoply of public state,
Reposed in sunshine,—and, at home retired,
Sparkled and play'd around his infant boy;
Or else in laughing sweetness echo'd back
The tones of glee and truths of gay delight

Which Ketha from her sunbright bosom sent;
Or look'd applause, to see his portrait rise
Under the magic of embroid'ring art
Featured and form'd! And so, when dusky night
Mantled his dwelling with sabbatic peace,
Seldom have Angels, as they waft their flight
From home to home, on voiceless errands wing'd,
A fairer landscape of domestic love
And life beheld, than Martin Luther made
Around him, with his wife and infant smile;
Nor, haply, upon Heaven's memorial page
The meek hosannahs of more thankful minds
Have they recorded, than the chants they heard
When sang the great Restorer of the Truth
Hymns of the heart, around his household shrine.

A monk was married! How the priesthood raved!
But God was with him, and His word approved
A deed that shook all popedom to the base,
The convents oped, the Vatican alarm'd,
And push'd the world, by matrimonial law,
A cent'ry forward, into fearless paths
Of light, of liberty, and spousal love.
All scripture canonized the act; but powers
In nature, also, with approval smiled;
For imaged wedlock, in the vital bonds,
The unions pure, the harmonies profound,

The loving sense, and sympathy of things,
His fancy by poetic vision saw.

And let the hard utilitarian smile,
Whose creed is chiefly by the palate form'd,
Building religion on a sensual base
For ever,—thanks to minds of heavenly mould,
A faith there is, which, like to Luther's, loves
The adumbrations of a deeper life
Beyond the sense, in matter's self to trace
CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH; for these the world was framed;
And thus to them, with eye divine endow'd,
The SPIRIT'S KINGDOM on this earth to see.[45]
Creation teems with poetry for Christ,
By forms of matter unto faith reveal'd.
All pangs, all pleasures, privileges, and powers,
The souls of God's elected race can find,
Or feel, or suffer, may from Nature draw
Tones of respect and touches of regard,
And response that resembles sympathy.

Nor let the worshippers of clay alone
Pronounce this pure imagination's dream;
For haply thus the myst'ry may unwind,
And what the poet sings the saint admire.
When this fair World to conscious being rose,

With beauty eloquently garb'd, and bright,
Why were her forms, her symmetries, and scenes,
Touch'd by a spell that can envisage mind,
And, like a glassing metaphor, reflect
An image dim, but exquisitely deep,
Of much the mental universe combines?
The forms of nature with the facts of grace,
Why do they so responsively apply,
That each with each in harmony coheres?
Or, in the regions where the Feelings dwell,
Why does our Spirit, from the sounds and scenes
Of Nature, catch a mute intelligence,
As if, with consciousness of Man and Mind,
Her every motion to replies was tuned?[46]
The woven rhapsody of summer winds,
The soothing descant of a far-off sea,
The storm's loud wail, the ocean's sullen roar,
Noon with its sun, and midnight with the stars,
The Spring, with her sweet family of flowers,
Or widow'd Autumn, with consumptive leaves,
And pale-faced Winter, with a frozen vest,—
Why do they all intelligibly bring
Hints to the heart, and harmonies for mind?
Does Fancy *only*, by fond magic, dream
A mock resemblance in the mould of things?
Or, is not Earth a PARABLE DIVINE?
And poets, when their witching eyes discern

Meanings that flow from matter into mind,
Priests of THE SPIRIT in creation are.
For THOU, O CHRIST! art universal KING:
By Thee, and *for* Thee, were not all things made?
So when the SPIRIT on the mass new-born
Of Nature brooded, then, with mystic seal,
All matter, for THY glory, was impress'd
With types peculiar, with expressive laws,
Thy church to prove, thy symbols to expound,
And thus preach GOSPEL to our very sense;
Till Nature acts the orator for Grace,
And all creation 's one gigantic type
For Christ and Christianity arranged.

And such the creed Imagination holds,
When the proud beauties of this earth appear
But shadows from the Saviour's glory cast.
And seldom hath th' electric blood of man
Rippled with sense more rapturously keen
Of BEAUTY, than did Luther's, when he pour'd
High feeling out with passionate excess
Of sympathy, with all that lived, or look'd
Into his heart with Nature's eye of love.
But moods of preternat'ral calm there came,
With might of thought, and majesty of dreams,
And a deep awe beyond all words to voice,
Under the mute and melancholy heavens,

As oft he worshipp'd, in his window-shade,
At starry moonlight. Then, th' unpillar'd vault,
By viewless energy for aye upheld,
Harangued him, like a holy sign, which spake
How like that arch of glory God sustains
The Church elect, by bleeding merit won.
Or, when the moon through some black cloud emerged,
In radiant victory from a brief eclipse,
To him a symbol of refulgent grace
It shined, of how the Reformation's cause
From the fell darkness of Imperial frowns
At length would glide to glory and to peace.

Yet not from nature, solitude, or night,
Nor wedded life, with all its household sweets,
Its sober quiet, and its sterling joys,
A force to grapple with infernal arms,
Wisdom to guard or prudence to restrain
The lawless plunges of impassion'd will,
The brave reformer drew: below the skies
There dwelt no charm which could have moulded him.
From ONE high source both cause and courage sprang,
And that, divine—from spirit-breathing prayer,
Hour after hour communing with his God.[47]

He loved the Bible,—and he lived it, too,
Till each bright promise to experience turn'd,
By faith transmuted, or by love enjoy'd:
The source of Luther was a strength of PRAYER
Frequent, and full, and fervidly inspired,
As oft the castled gloom of Cobourg heard.
Though loud the reformation's battle grew,
And empires as with moral earthquake heaved,
Throned was his spirit in Elysian calm.
But where man wonders, faith can all explain:
'Twas God within made Luther great without;
Whether against that triple-crown'd Pretence,
The mitred Antichrist of Rome, he hurl'd
His thunders, or on sacerdotal crimes
Pour'd the fine vengeance of his free-born words
In truths which burn'd with majesty and mind,—
Prayer was the panoply, the shield and strength
That arm'd him for the fight, and kept him there.
With this, the World, the Arch-fiend, and the Flesh
Combined, he nobly fought, and bravely fell'd;
And we inherit what his prayers procured:
For light in conscience, liberty in creed,
And the pure freedom of our British faith,
How much to blessings drawn by Luther's voice
From the high sanctu'ry of Heaven they owe!
Yea, half the glory living Empires boast

Shines with the mercy which a monk procured
When GODHEAD listen'd to a Luther's prayer!

And round a privilege augustly dear
Like this, no language, save inspired, can twine
The wreath (how due!) of evangelic praise.
Prayer from eternity true riches gains
To make the poverty of time less poor;
Heaven down to earth, and earth to heaven, it brings,
While dust with Deity by faith confers:
And, mark! through nature, providence, and grace,
What miracles hath mighty prayer achieved!
The kingly Elements their thrones have left
To bow before it, and obey (though vast)
Its high dominion; flood, and sea, and fire,
Have soften'd their severity of force,
Suspended by it; sun and moon have paused
In wonder, on their cars of wheeling flame,
As if arrested by th' Almighty's touch;
And the wild brute, which not a world could tame,
Meek as a lamb before a saint has crouch'd,
Harmless and mute, when it beheld him pray.
Heroes in heart, in principle, or power,
Hath prayer alone with high perfection crown'd;
While saints, and martyrs, and the men of old,
Giants in grace, who grappled with the Fiend,
Or threw him bravely in the spirit's fight,

By valiant prayer their elevation reach'd:
And lone IMMANUEL, in his day of flesh,
Outwatch'd the midnight with His mountain prayer,
And from the reservoir of Godhead drew
His faith intense, his fortitude divine:
And all who love the Cause Eternal have,
Like their pure MASTER, fought the world with prayer,
And strike for God, by God Himself inspired.

A Landscape of Domestic Life.

"Pray for me, my dear sir, that God the Lord may graciously bless and sanctify my newly-founded order (wedlock); for the philosophers, even of our own party, are much displeased at this step. They ought, however, to consider, that matrimony is the order of God; but my wife's veil and my own cowl deprive them of their senses, and provoke them even to speak against God. If my marriage be God's work, what wonder is it that the world is displeased? We have placed in the hands of the Prince the rents and interests of our monastery, and I now live like any other married man in the cloister, so long as it is the will of Christ. I have not taken a wife because I count upon a long life; for I feel that nature cannot much longer endure so much opposition, all, both of high and low estate, being so violently enraged against me; but because I wished to support my doctrine by my own example, and leave it behind me, as a comfort to weak consciences."—*Luther's Letter to Michael Stiefel.*

"Grace and peace! I present to you my thanks in the Lord, my Spalatin, for your very hearty congratulation (may God grant your prayers) to me, a happy husband, to whom my dearest, best beloved wife, has, by God's blessing, given a son, little John Luther; and thus, by the wondrous grace of God, I have become a father. The same blessings which I enjoy myself, I wish and earnestly supplicate for you, but that they may be far greater and more durable; since I feel that you are a much better and more useful man than I. But pray for me, that Christ would preserve my child from the influence and power of Satan, who, as I well know, will leave no art untried to wound me deeply in my son, if God does not prevent him; and already I perceive the child suffers much from sickness. Grieved am I that Mr. Eberhard has lost the delight of his eyes; but the will of God is good, though often mysterious in its nature; yet it ever prevents a still greater evil from befalling those who love him. But when do you again intend to

visit us, and enjoy once more a season of social friendship? I have planted a garden and sunk a well, both of them according to my wish. Come, and you shall be crowned with a garland of lilies and roses."—*Luther's Letter to Spalatin.*

To Stiefel he writes:—"Kate, my rib, desires her kindest regards to you, and thanks you for having honoured her with your charming letter. She is quite well, by the blessing of God, and in all things submissive and obedient to my will, more than I ever ventured to hope; so that I would not exchange my poverty for all the treasures of Crœsus."

"There is no alliance or society more beautiful or more exquisite han a good marriage. It is a delightful pleasure to witness the husband and the wife living in unity and peace; but nothing is more bitter or grievous than when that bond is broken. After that comes the death of children. I, alas! know that last grief."—*Luther.*

From out the bosom of Paternal Bliss
When came the Second of th' almighty Three,
And God (in human image bodied forth,)
Alighted on this orb of graves and gloom,
As Prince of Peace and Purchaser of Life,
How lived, how spake, this Archetype of all
Consummate manhood at its height approves?
E'en like his Person did his life appear,
Divinely human with coequal grace:
In Godhood, never sunk the God beneath;
In Manhood, never raised the man above;
To each extreme symmetrically just;
Believer, here thine own Immanuel hail!

How awful was He, when the cloud of flesh
Gleam'd with the lustre of indwelling God!
Thy fixities, vast Nature! from the sleep

Of twice two thousand years, by HIM were moved;
For all thy laws by His deposing lip
Their changeless glory to His changing will
Yielded, like vassals by their king o'erawed.
He look'd—Creation at his glance was thrill'd!
He spake—the Elements each tone obey'd!
Earth, Sea, and Air their royal sceptres threw
Down at His feet, and fell before their LORD;
While shrinking, (as with conscious dread commov'd,)
Back from his word the rushing storm recoil'd,
Soothed its mad roar, and like an infant smiled
Itself to sunshine and soft peace again.
Blindness, at HIS command, the Sun beheld,
And Deafness heard Him, when the Fiat came;
Disease was Health; and Lameness felt her limbs
With miracles of energy to move;
And the dead body from the bier up rose
Beneath the resurrection of His word.

And awful was He! when the Curse was borne,
While his bow'd head was crimson'd o'er with blood;
Then shook the Earth, and shudder'd as the groan
Of Christ appall'd her, and a deep eclipse
Dropt like an eyelid o'er the flaming Sun,
(Dreading to gaze on God incarnadined!)
But in that syncopé of mortal hopes,
That pause tremendous in our human fate,

When sepulchred Messiah, cold and pale,
Seal'd in the rock, a dead Redeemer lay,
While Nature seem'd as if with stern revenge
To triumph o'er her pallid victor there,
How awful was He when his grave clothes stirr'd!
When the rock trembled with an earthquake pant,
Till the stone, (radiant with angelic touch,)
Roll'd from his sepulchre, and, rising up
In all his Majesty of Might, behold
The Saviour gather'd to a God again—
Martyr, at once, and Master of the tomb!

But gentle was He, with all grace of Man
Completely as with charms of Godhead crown'd;
For He who came, by love eterne inspired,
From heights celestial, with a pitying stoop
The low horizon of our world to meet,
Not in the costume of exterior flesh
Alone was found; but FELLOWSHIP with man
The life of Jesus bodied forth, and breathed;
The accent of created love He caught,
The sunshine of created joy He shared,
The sorrow of terrestrial sighs He heaved,
And with the tenderness of mortal tears
Moisten'd His eyelids when a Sister wept.
His form was human, and His feelings too;
Thus, manhood there in archetype may see

Each moral landscape which a life presents
When holy; where affections crowd the scene,
And heart and home a mingled Eden make,
While virtue follows where the Saviour went,
Through haunts of love and bowers of social bloom.

And thus, Religion, like her Master, glides,
With touching beauty, or with tender grace,
O'er duteous walks of Life's diurnal round:
For while, on wing celestial, faith can wait
Up to the THRONE, a meditative soul,
Down to the Actual, with adaptive love,
Where broad humanity in humble guise
The man develops, it can safely come,
And o'er it cast a consecrating smile.
So, from the blaze of public life retired,
'Mong shades domestic, where affection blooms,
And feeling all its happy foliage sheds,
Behold the Man whom death nor dungeon awed,
Serene and simple as a peasant live:
No airs heroic in dramatic style,
No sickly vapours of abstracted thought,
No lofty, loveless, and disdainful looks
Around him here, severest judgment finds;
But plainly bold, with apostolic mien,
And full-toned manhood in a free-born style,
A husband in the great Reformer see,

Like Martin Luther, and like nothing more.
No big pretension, with its saintly pomp,
The actor made him. In the walks of home
Lord of himself, the individual mind
Free from the fetters of o'ermast'ring fame
He kept; his life was freedom to the last,
Stamp'd in the mould Simplicity admires.
The Man was never in his Name absorb'd,
Chain'd like a captive to his own renown.
Framed in the homeliness of cottage worth,—
A racy humour, and a rough disdain
For mock supremacies, for mean effect,
For little greatness, and for large pretence,
Were his; and he who held all Rome at bay,
And bulwark'd Europe by his brave appeals,
Looks he less lofty to the hearts which love
The Sterling and the True,—when playful seen
In the mild sunshine of a married state?
There could he sparkle round the social board,
As romp'd the infant on his rocking knee,
While the glad mother sat with glowing face
And bathed her feelings in the father's smile.

Yes! beautiful behind the scenes to gaze,
And there no mock attempt, whose aping pride
Would play the hero in ascetic gloom,
To witness; but the solid worth of sense

And healthful sanctity, whose fervid power
The fire and fulness of o'erflowing heart
Betoken'd. Lofty in his bosom beat
The pulse of principle and great design;
But not alone, or frowningly aloof,
A frigid, stern, and adamantine Thing,
Whose life (in passionless contempt retired
From warm reality's most welcome hour)
Freezes away, unloving and unloved—
Not thus the avenger of the Bible lived:
In faith a hero, but in heart a man,
With him, the simple with the great combined,
And both together made that blending charm
Beyond the drama of affected life
To feel,—though play'd with art's consummate guile.
But Nature, with her typing glass, reflects
A soul like Luther's, of sweet majesty.
Expressive mountains! from whose massive forms
The dread Almighty speaks Himself to man
By syllables which hearing Mind translates,
And Conscience, with believing joy, adores,—
How often, underneath your shades august,
Or, in the hollows of your green descent,
The tiny flowers, in tenderness and bloom,
Wave their young beauty!—or infantile plants
Bow to the breeze their unresisting heads,
While the faint lisp of dropping leaves returns

A murmur'd response to the rippling stream
That runs beside them, with loquacious play.
And thus, methinks, beneath that mental shade
The tow'ring Giants of the mind produce,
Simplicity, in loving calm, delights
To watch the flowrets of affection bloom,
And see those lilies of the heart arise
Which make the garden of our spirit green,
And breathe a fragrance o'er affection's world.

And thus admire we, with revering gaze,
True greatness, when it lays all thunder by,
Till the soft childhood of the heart returns,
And solemn wisdom, sparkling into wit,
Can gild the heights of intellect with smiles.
But chief from music came the master spell
Which Luther, like a Spirit's echo, loved.[48]
To him it seem'd a charm divinely framed,
An earthless magic out of myst'ry born—
A something from immediate Godhead sprung,
And so with heaven intoned, that Satan fled
When melody its subtle might array'd,
And sank o'er passion, like a healing dew,
Pure from the fount of freshness in the skies.

'Twas thus the poetry of private life
Around him, with an unresisted reign

Gather'd its tones. But, oh! ye quiet fields,
Where, lost in sunshine, soar'd the lyric birds
In wing'd delight and ever-warbling song,
How would he listen to your jubilee and joy,
Till the gay summer of his spirit smiled
With answ'ring lightness to the scene it loved!
And often, when the fever, hot and harsh,
From human outrage, parch'd him into pangs
And weary anguish, till the spirit wept,
Didst thou, meek Nature, with maternal smile,
Look through his soul, and laugh the cloud away.
To him thy shrines, thy solitudes profound,
Thy hues and shades, and harmonies inwove,
Brought more than feeling to his heart of faith;
And so the very flowers to him could plead,
And, by their pathos of persuasive bloom,
Remind him oft of Eden, long no more,
Or bade him muse on what the world shall be,
When second paradise again shall bloom;
Since *all* that fell, by Adam's guilty fall,
From outward glory into penal gloom,
And all of kingship that the soul enjoy'd
When man, as monarch of creation, ruled,
And, as anointed priest of paradise, became
The mouth of Nature, and her mute delights,
To pristine splendor shall once more arise,

Till crownless Manhood wear a crown again,
And Earth, redeem'd, Messiah's palace be,
To shine, as round his central Throne she rolls,
The loved Metropolis of sumless worlds.

And who, amid some trance of thought
Sublime, on MAN, as Prophet, Priest and King,
Hath never mused, or imaged how the soul
In the bright mould of Innocence was stamp'd—
When, Lord and Master of this living world
The ancestor of human kind was crown'd?
Who hath not ponder'd, or profoundly sigh'd,
In the deep hush of some diviner mood,
O'er the dead glories of that primal scene
When all Creation, christen'd by his lip,
Look'd in his face as KING on Nature's throne?
For what is Science, but a shadow cast
From the pure substance of primeval mind?
A haunting—dim, indefinite, and deep—
Of LIGHT departed in the gloom of sin?
Or, what is JUSTICE, but our Priesthood felt—
The moral echo of supreme desire
That God and conscience may in one combine?
Or, what our appetite for boundless sway,
This hunger of the heart to rule and reign,
But sense of Kingship in our soul alive—
A regal longing for a vanished crown?

By law of mild association led
From nature's step-stones to ethereal heights
Of things that *shall* be, thus the heart ascends.
A mute theology all nature makes;
The very ground no vain religion breathes,
Where thorn and thistle, blent with fruit and flower,
Both cross and curse by intimation teach.
But when from feeling unto faith we mount,
What fine accordance doth Redemption shew
Between the ruin and the rise of man!
For in thy PERSON and thy SPIRIT, Lord,
A re-production of those trinal powers,
(That threefold state of majesty entire,
When priesthood, prophecy, and kingship crown'd
The MAN consummate,) faith's adoring eye
In dim rehearsal, or in dawning grace,
May witness. Hence our being, at the best,
Is but an embryo of the Life to be.
Philosophy a mere precursor looks,
All high Attainments but the preludes are,
And Science but presentiment appears
Of all which manhood (when redemption brings
The primal glories of our birthright back,)
Complete shall have millennially enjoy'd.

Behold a centre where our Yearnings meet,
That oneness where all aspirations blend—

When o'er the ruins of Ourselves we roam;
And not from nature *up* to nature's God,
But *down* from nature's God, look nature through.
'Tis here the meaning of their mystic strife
Passion and Principle alone explain.
The hell we merit, or the heaven we make,
The poet's Eden and the painter's dream,
With whatsoe'er magnetic Genius cites
By shaping vision from her scenic world,
Together with all temples and all shrines
The ritual Heart instinctively erects,—
These, (in their secret unison of aim,)
In blind concurrence to one centre tend;
E'en to regain what sin's vast forfeit took
From earth of beauty, or from man of bliss.

And what an income to poetic mind
The dædal earth by sight and sound affords!
Oh, wise beyond the learning of all books,
And learn'd beyond the learning of the Schools,
And rich beyond creation's gold to give,
The man who thus by deep communion binds
His heart with Nature's in maternal bonds!
A great proprietor of glories he!
Monarch of each mild happiness at home,
And with the Universe a sharer deep
In all the march and movements of a LIFE
Without embodied, or within inspired!

And what though Age, with shaded brow and
cheek,
And eye made solemn by a sense of death,
No longer, in the wild and wild'ring glow
Of new-born passion, looks on nature's scene,
As once impassion'd Boyhood loved to do,
(Gay as the sunbeam gambling at his side,
And headlong as the breeze that round him sped;)
Still, not the less may Life's autumnal dreams
Be fed with beauty, and not seldom find
Meanings that melt, and mysteries that thrill,
The lesson'd hearts which Nature's lovers hold.
By earth and ocean, sky and breathing air,
The ever ancient and the ever young
Creation, with expansive charms appeals
To youth and age, intelligibly loud;
And by unceasing laws a symbol gives
To fleeting life, of permanence and power;
Till, haply, in the hush of higher moods
We mount aloft on meditation's wing
To HIM, the CHANGELESS! in whose eye alone
Both Past and Present make perpetual Now,
And all the ages of unreckon'd time
Are but the pulses of Eternity.

The Catechism.

"But this I say for myself, I am a doctor and a preacher—ay, as learned and experienced, perhaps, as any of those who arrogate so much assurance to themselves; and yet I behave like a child that is learning its catechism, reading and repeating it word for word every morning; and, if I have time, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and also several psalms; and though besides this I read and study daily, yet I cannot satisfy my thirst for Scripture doctrine, without remaining a child and scholar of the Catechism, and remain willingly such; yet these vain, superficial hirelings expect to be *doctores doctorum* with one perusal, and consider themselves capable of everything, and deficient in nothing. Well, well! it is a certain sign that they despise, not merely their own office and the souls of others, but God himself, and his word; and are not in mere danger of falling, but are miserably fallen already. Therefore, I beg such lazy, idle gluttons, and pretended saints, to be by all means induced to believe, that they are, in very deed, not such high and learned doctors as they imagine, and never venture in their conceit to suppose that they are completely masters of this book."—*Luther.*

FAR as imagination's wing can roam,
Or free conception take its daring flight,
We love to mirror the ALMIGHTY'S power,
Infolding boundlessness with life and love
For ever. Throned in secrecies of awe,
Unfathomably within Himself retired,

We vision worlds, as echoes of His will
Around HIM summon'd: but the stooping grace
Of Love creative, when it moulds a flower,
Or makes an insect happy,—thrills the heart
With all the soft theology of tears,
And anthems silent. While the great
In Godhead magnifies th' adoring Mind
In His minuteness, how we greet His name!
For in the circle of an atom's range
Dwell the same Attributes as made, and move
An universe, with all its breathing worlds.
If God in great things be supremely great,
To Feeling looks He greater still in small:
For when the WORKER and His work appear
To our perception, all divinely squared,
Religion then is Reason at its height—
Then parallel with HIM the platform lies,
And our imagined Infinite is graced
With Attributes most infinitely fit;
But, when some particle or pulse contains
The MIND, which makes eternity a home,
And through the chambers of immensity
Walks to and fro, creatively divine!
Then, dazzled reason into faith absorb'd,
Worships the myst'ry, and with wonder glows
To watch the working of our God complete,
In all things center'd—nowhere circumscrib'd!

Yes! while He wheels ten thousand worlds along,
In the same instant, lo! He stoops to count
The tiny populace a sunbeam holds,
Time the quick beating of an insect's heart,
Or close the eyelids of a babe for rest.
As if nought else Eternal thought embraced,
Each atom holds a concentrated God;
While our protection by its grandeur proves
All mercies waft th' Almighty on their wings!

And thus, (if bold analogy may dare
The human with divine to parallel,)
Most touchingly the moral sight appeals
To all of pathos in the heart enshrined,
When He who thunder'd with alarming roar
Round the vile popedom, till its pillars shook,
Sank to the level of a simple child,
And won frail childhood to the creed he framed!
The Son of thunder, soften'd to a breeze,
Behold him shroud the lightning of his soul
In shading meekness; while the hand which hurl'd
The false Decretals to devouring fire,
Plies o'er some little book, or teaching page,
Where Infancy may learn the name to lisp
Of Jesus, or the budding mind unfold,
In faith and freshness, to the call of Heaven.
His was the heart that glow'd with all that grace

Of deep compassion for the spirit breathes.
ONE living soul, from sin and Hell redeem'd!
He weigh'd it in the balance of that BLOOD
Whose every drop with Deity was priced.
And thus behold Him, with paternal smile,
And graceful stoop of his gigantic mind,
Bow to his task, a creed for youth condense,
In language artless, as the lisping mouth
Of Childhood could pronounce, or read, or pray.
While reason's light through fancy's prism falls
In lines of error on the proud man's view,—
Luther, himself a child, with children knelt
That cross beneath, where nature must again
Be born. He felt, to *know* he nothing knew
Was knowledge passing what the world calls wise.
And so, if myst'ries, like the mountains, cast
A shadow deep'ning as their tops advance
Nearer and nearer to the soundless heaven,
He left them in the glory of their gloom,
Untouch'd by reason with its carnal gaze,
Unmaim'd by guess-work from the Schools derived,
Unmock'd by mind, with meaningless assault
Presuming through the HOLIEST to rush,
Where God in darkness rears His throne—and thinks.

And, like him, may we learn to pause, and pray,

Nor argue down the glory we deny.
When God is speaking, 'tis for dust to hear,
And learn to rev'rence more than mind can reach:
For God unmantled, would be God no more;
Remove the myst'ry—and th' Almighty's gone!

Conflict with the God of this World.

"——Evil beings headed by the Prince of the air. These were no metaphorical beings in his (Luther's) apprehension. He was a poet indeed, as great a poet as ever lived in any age or country; but his poetic images were so vivid that they mastered the poet's own mind! He was possessed with them as with substances distinct from himself: LUTHER DID NOT WRITE, HE ACTED POEMS."—*Coleridge.*

"I have found by myself that, in my greater tribulations, which tormented and exhausted me in such a manner, I could scarcely pant and take breath. I went dried up and pressed out like a sponge. No creature was able to comfort me, insomuch that I often wondered whether I was the only person who felt such tribulations in spirit. But God comforted me again through his holy angels, and enabled me to strive and fight against the pope."—*Luther's Colloquia.*

"The devil often assaults me, and alleges that great offences and much evil have proceeded from my doctrine; and although I often answer him that much good has also been derived, which by God's grace is true, yet he is such a nimble and crafty rhetorician, that he can pervert the same to me. What I teach, write, and preach, the same I do openly, not in a corner. I square it all by the gospel, by baptism, and by the Lord's Prayer. Christ standeth here: I cannot deny him; upon the gospel I ground my cause. Notwithstanding this, the devil cometh so near me with his crafty disputings, that the sweat of anguish droppeth from me."—*Luther's Colloquia.*

"Indeed, although the devil be not a commenced Doctor, yet he is both deeply learned, and well experienced; he has been in the practice of his art now almost six thousand years. No human creature can prevail against him, but Christ alone; and yet he made trial of his art on our Lord Himself, as when he drily said unto Him, '*If thou wilt fall down and worship me, I will give thee all the kingdoms of the whole*

world,' &c. He saith not as before, *'If thou be the Son of God,'* but saith, in plain terms, 'I am God, thou art my creature; for all the power and glory of the world is mine; I give the same to whom I please: worship me, then, and thou shalt have it.' This blasphemy of God, Christ could not endure; but calleth him by his right name, and saith, *'Get thee hence, Satan,'* &c.

"No man is able to comprehend this temptation. I would willingly die on condition that I might fundamentally preach thereof."—*Luther's Colloquia.*

How eloquent is Night!—when all the stars
Unseal their eyelids, and with loving gaze
This world salute, till our attracted souls
Responsively their looks of love return—
When thoughts, which plunge themselves in Deity,
Or, through the starr'd immensity career
Exulting, waft the mind on reckless wing,
Through visioned scenes, immeasurably vast,
And bright with orbs unnumber'd as unnamed,
Till, earthward dropping, on exhausted plume,
Like the awed Psalmist of the night, it feels
A soft religion from the sky descend,
A charm'd humility, that preaches thus:
"Say, what is Man, when paragon'd with Worlds!
How mean a speck, how miserably small,—
Minute beyond minuteness to portray,
Creation where he walks, and weeps, and dies!
And He, the Architect whose Fiat call'd
And will'd this universe of worlds abroad,
Creatures and echoes of His voice and hand,

Where is the temple that can hold His praise,
The Mind created which can shadow HIM,
Whose throne is Being, trackless and untold,
And from whose glory (were the crowding orbs
And suns, that with their eighty millions blaze,
Or on the concave of our circling world
Repose their splendors) not one ray would melt,
Were all this bright magnificence and mass
Fell'd by His frown, to perish and to fall!
For if deep Ocean, with her sumless waves,
Not less in majesty of water rolls
If haply some expiring billow sink—
Or forest huge, whose patriarchal trees
Their wild luxuriance to the winds present,
Not less o'erawes us though some leaflet die:
Then would no countless host of worlds, though dead,
Or coffin'd in God's everlasting frown,
One shade on His supernal glory cast
Who makes and unmakes, moulds and masters ALL,
But *in* Himself sole consummation bides."

And may not thus our lesson'd Being lie
Low at the footstool of this felt IMMENSE
To learn humility from all it finds?
A contrast wise, comparison profound,
Nocturnal splendors, may they not inspire?

When, from the fever of his day-worn life
At length escaping, pensively alone,
Thus may the Mystic of the heart delight
To soothe excitement in the sainted calm
Breathed from thy presence, oh, ambrosial Night
Of solitude, serenity, and stars!
Thine is the hour for poetry and prayer;
Searchings how deep, and soarings how divine,
Are then experienced!—Time and Earth depart;
The shadows of exterior life recede
Like cloud-mist from a morning vale uproll'd;
And through the Infinite we seem to gaze,
Symboll'd in those visions of the Vast we view.
'Tis thus, beneath the sacramental Heavens
Man sinks to nothing, and his world becomes
An atom, twinkling in eternity;
And life the scintillation of a Soul,
Radiant and restless, with its tiny gleam,
That sparkles into suff'ring,—and expires!

But here, Perversion, by its mildew breath,
Would damp Humility with chills of doubt,
And Christ from out His own creation drive
By logic, from our littleness educed,
And call'd, transcendent: "*Can* this puny Ball
Of Nature, this revolving speck of earth,
Seen like a glow-worm 'mid the gorgeous blaze

Of Suns and Systems, form a proper world
For Deity in flesh to seek and save?"

But see how this base argument, and blind,
Philosophy and Faith at once o'erthrow
With swift prostration. Pause, thou Sceptic !—think!
Or ever thus from orphan'd earth thou take
Redemption; and in Nature read
Thy refutation, thy intense rebuke.
Bend to the dust thy microscopic gaze,
There, GOD in atoms, e'en as GOD in worlds
Witness, and worship with believing awe!
To HIM no magnitude as great appears,
And no minuteness as the small can be;
Gradations all, in Godhead are absorb'd,
And vanish; Languor cannot HIM relax,
Nor low, nor lofty, vast, nor various, bring
Distraction o'er HIM. Thus we hail him, GOD,
Alike in worlds immeasurably great,
Up to the climax of Creation's scenes;
And downward, far as piercing eye can gaze,
Behold Him, in each full perfection shrined.
For in the polish of an insect's wing,
As in the symmetries of shapely worlds,
The traces of consummate MIND appear.

But might the sceptic from His heart expunge
Such Fatherhood Divine,—oh! *could* we feel
That melting softness which so moves the mind
To learn how great and tender God at once
Can be! Who (while all Heaven His word upholds,
And Life, and Matter, Motion, Space, and Time,
Form but the channels where His will evolves,)
Can note and number all our orb contains;
Observe the insects, that on summer eve
Within the palace of a sunbeam play;
Robe the soft leaf, the transient air attune,
Direct a sunbeam to its shining toil,
Or guard an infant on its tott'ring feet
From death or danger; or at balmy night,
The silken eyelids of young Sleep bedew
With slumber, watching o'er its aidless breath!

Thus may Philosophy and Faith sincere
Their creeds unite; and when on high we view
The great epiphany of glorious worlds,
Or listen with the ear of Thought within,
To all that liturgy of rolling stars
Whereby Creation, with unconscious swell,
Prolongs for ever the Almighty's praise,
We sink not, by immensity appall'd,
But (in the sacred glory of our creed)

Can call OUR LORD the MASTER of it all!
Moreover, mind, (God's miniature,) is ours,
Though faint and feeble; nor can man deny
A single thought *more* Deity enshrines
Than all the beauty of yon blazing orbs,
If mind be absent. Therefore, while we own
The sad Palmyra of our ruin'd state,
And what a Tadmor in the desert soul
Humanity on this soil'd earth presents,
Yet hither, from the Heavens all heavens above,
Descended (by Paternal glory sent ;)
Divine IMMANUEL! *here* His feet have trod;
Around His awful head our sun hath shined;
This air His breath of purity inspired,
And here the music of His lips hath rang
In speech and doctrine; miracles illumed
His mission, and each Element confess'd
The solemn pathos of that Saviour's wounds
Whose heart for sin on Calv'ry bled and broke.
And thus not all unfelt, nor all unknown,
This orb minute, by God in flesh redeem'd,
In time or in eternity can be.[49]
Rather may Reason, (when by Faith enlarged,)
The charter'd empress of all worlds, pronounce
An Earth so ransom'd, with such BLOOD restored!
For, lo! the INCARNATION'S act immense,

Where God himself in Man's own image makes,
Hath made its inorganic dust sublime,
And link'd our clay to Being's endless chain.

Hence wisdom does not back with doubt recoil,
(By Reason's name made reasonlessly proud,)
When told that Earth a mystic platform makes,
Where clashing angels, for contested SOULS,
With or against the dread Almighty fight.
Here Attributes eterne their cause have staked;
Here Character Divine itself unfolds;
While *from* it men and angels wisdom draw;
And high o'er space, chronology, and time,
All Principles of Truth themselves enthrone:
In cloudless ether of unchanging Law,
With all the sacredness of God they shine;
(Who might, if thus He will'd Himself to shew,
Round the mere centre of an atom cause
Thy majesties, Eternity! to move.)

Thus from that book where Heaven-taught science learns
All Facts whose summits reach the Trinity,
Pavilion'd where, in syllables profound,
The mind and mercy of the SPIRIT dwell,
Luther, and all like him by faith transform'd,

The true position of our earth obtain'd.
For, though embedded in a brilliant mass
Of worlds on worlds incalculably ranged,
Like a mean province, (where ephem'ral dust,
Shaped into men, to nothing hourly dies,)
It hardly glimmers; yet, to ranks on high,
Who from evolving God alone extract
The rapt elixir of celestial joy,
E'en they can here arresting grandeurs find,
Which blazon Godhead out from world to world!
Yes! LOVE and LAW, harmoniously complete,
To them by cross and crucifixion gave
A new APOCALYPSE, which threw them down
Amazed, and into adoration thrill'd
To view this vast IDEA newly rise,
Radiant from deeps of uncreated Mind.
Thus they who once unblotted Eden walked
With man, a human paradise to share,
Now, when the banner of a Fiend has waved
Defiance, yet on our dismantled earth
Of sin and treason cast a yearning gaze,
And watch and wonder, worship and admire
Th' unfolded secrets of forgiving Love
Developed here. And when a lurid gleam
Lighted perchance the features of the damn'd
Archangel with a hope that ruin'd man
With God unreconciled must ever be,

And all His attributes to crisis brought,
How did their wings ecstatically wave,
And loud their endless gratulations sweep,
The arches of Eternity with praise,
God's paragon (redeeming Love) to hail!
While he, their paradox and problem, sank
To plot in darkness for his own despair.

Thus fiends against, but angels for, our souls
Are now contending: on the CROSS sublime
Their fix'd and fascinated eyes they bend,
That glisten o'er its glories; while they cry—
"Depth within depth, O God! how deep art THOU,
Ark'd in THYSELF, all secret and unshared!"
The hidings of divinity they feel,
But fathom not; yet such revealings flow
From our IMMANUEL, that this world becomes
A Focus where emphatic Godhead brought
The burning fulness of His love to bear,
With motives vast eternity enriched,
And taught the Seraphim a song, how new!

But while angelic bosoms heave with love,
And Watchers bright from heavenly mansions glide
Down to this earth, the prodigal of worlds!
And, with the elder love of sinless truth,
Bend o'er our doom with ever-breathing care

Of pure compassion, are we not beset
By fatal opposites?—by fiendish Hosts,
Curtained in secrecy of Hate and Hell?
Shapeless and sightless, round all hearts and hours
Inaudibly they steal; in joy or gloom
Present alike, to poison or pollute
Man's being. Sin their fascination forms,
And hell in man for their lost heaven atones:
So deep the horrors of infernal hate!

And what experience have the fiendish band
Who haunt creation with their spells accursed,
From human mind and misery derived,
As, age on age, to murder souls they watch,
And dog them to the very gates of Heaven!
Six thousand years of study and of sin
Have deeply, through the labyrinthine heart
Instructed Satan how to wend his way,
Unfelt, unfear'd, deceiving as he goes.
Him Luther imaged, with a shaping mind,
As GOD OF THIS WORLD, (howsoe'er disguised,)
In moments shaded with Satanic gloom,
Or hours of heavy darkness, when the blood
Ran wildly, and his brain was worn
By fev'rish over-task. And is the FIEND
A thing impersonal, by shapeless awe
Summon'd around us when the soul is weak?

But he, whose prototype was Paul sublime,
Did, like his pattern, make high reason bow
Before the majesties of Truth inspired,
Believing firmly what the Bible spake.
As Fact to thought, or Law to will is framed,
So Scripture to his faith a reason was;
And he, who never shrunk from face of dust,
Mitred or sceptred, but, by zeal inflamed,
High o'er the heavens had pitched his dreadless flight,
To scorch the angels with a scathing curse
If other than the gospel truth they preach'd,
To fight the Devil, God's own armour took:
Mail'd with the Spirit's panoply of prayer,
Thus was he taught with ghastly Fiends to fight,
Weapon'd by hell, to lead infernal war.

And was he feeble while his faith was strong?
Or, rather, from his creed colossal might
Derived he not? Simplicity was strength
Here in that myst'ry, whose untravell'd glooms
And paths untrod do mock advent'rous mind.
Here, God is reason to Himself alone;
To us, mere revelation, and no more,
He deigns to be. Still, o'er forbidden ways,
By HIM foreclosed, its undisturbed flight
The pride of Reason, in her pagan dreams,

Presumes to wing; but drops abash'd, at length,
Down to th' horizon whence conceit arose.

Oh, for a heart as docile and as deep
In things divine as that Immortal shew'd,
Whose genius round the suns and stars,
And through the cycles of immensity,
The march and movement of Eternal Laws
Interpreted; and tracked each orbed maze,
And, like a priest o'er planetary lore
Presiding, taught us how the spheres revolve
In woven splendors! But the mind that read
Creation's secrets with untroubled eye,
The light anatomized to sep'rate hues
By clear dissection, while with steady hand
He felt the heaving of great Ocean's heart,
(Throbbing for ever with a billowy pulse,)
Sat like a pupil down to Nature's page,
And from her canons all that creed educed
That makes him seem a miracle of mind
Unmatch'd—who, like th' apocalyptic saint
Of Patmos, hath for earthly science shewn
What he for heavenly—God *behind* the veil!

And they who roam, with retrospective gaze,
Back to the deeds impassioned Luther dared—
Whose wonder kindles when, through him, they mark

How Mind exploded with a moral burst
Indignantly, for Freedom, Faith, and Thought,
And what rebellion of the mental powers
Flamed into birth, by his bold spirit fired—
Say, do these worshippers of great Results,
The vital essence, the informing soul
Duly revere, from whence such harvest sprang?
But, as with him whom wide Creation felt,
To search her secrets with undreading eye,
By proofs, and not by speculations, earn'd
A righteous glory—so did Luther win
The bloodless laurels his brave mem'ry wears
By firm adherence to substantial faith
In Thine own authorship, ALMIGHTY! There,
And there alone, infallibly divine,
His creed was founded. There, supreme, he knew
That God as in a shrine of language dwelt,
And breathed His will in syllables to man.
Simple as Newton, (who could soar and pray,
Building philosophy on facts alone,)
Luther, in faith, could Luther's self renounce,
Sit like the scholar of the HOLY GHOST,
And learn his lesson from the lips of God.

And deep the knowledge which his Spirit drew
From Heaven's own page of Devils and of Men.
A stern arena, where a sightless crowd

Of Fiends and Angels do incessant fight—
A battle-scene, where strangely awful powers
Muster and mingle, and their arms unsheath
For Good or Evil—did our world become
To him, who saw it in th' Eternal light.
For, just as when some Empire's outraged heart,
Big with emotion, swells with surging zeal,
If but a subject by his slaughter'd life
For her be fallen, and around his grave
Pours the rich life-blood of her dearest song,
So is our Earth, though dismal and depraved,
And darkly mean, (with vaster worlds compared,)
A centre where the Chivalries of Heaven
Marshal their forces, and with fiends engage.
The terror of their arms eye cannot see,
The rushing of their plumes we do not hear,
Nor view the motions of the mystic fight:
But yet, the contest is for countless Souls!
And for the royalties of Heaven they strike.
And who, (save those who fetter with the bonds
Of clay all faculties of finer scope,)
In some rapt hour, when mind is half unearth'd,
Like Luther's, have not *felt* the fight unseen?
Or dimly realized what Truth declares,
And, through the haze carnality effects,
Vision'd the battle-scene that rounds the Soul?

So felt the man whom Superstition fear'd,
Whom Satan ever with a savage watch
Haunted, and down to his own hell did long,
By black temptation of his soul, to bring:
And hence to him, thus tempted, tried, and torn,
No thin abstraction, impotently vain,
No mere creation of monastic gloom
The Arch-Fiend was; nor to his hell confined,
But here on earth, in dark unrest employ'd,
(And round the axis of infernal guile
Revolving ceaselessly his cruel plans,)
Luther beheld him—such as God asserts,
By Will, and Intellect, and Power endow'd,
In living personality array'd,—
A BEING ACTUAL—Head of all the Damn'd,
Maker of death and monarch of despair,
Who *would* the universe to cinders blast,
Baffle JEHOVAH, and His mercies blight—
Yea! all things into hellish rack dissolve,
To make eternity a pang immense,
And hear his music in Creation's groan!

And dare we to some lacerating dream
Such agonies as rent th' undreading heart
Of Luther—dare we thus the whole refer?
Was it with Phantoms of a brain diseased,

Or Fictions out of gloomy thought evoked,
Fanatical and false, that saints of old
Contended? or, with dismal cloud oppress'd,
Did Prophets only with the air contend?
Were brave Apostles, when their spirits bled,
By Satans of the mind alone convulsed?
Or did the GOD-MAN (in his day of Flesh
Tempted like man) no thrilling combat face,
But simply, by stupendous vision rapt,
Fight with black Nothing, and baptize it, Fiend?
Let dread Gethsemane a response bring!
There, where the bloody sweat from Christ was wrung,
As round him, in his human weakness, rush'd—
With eyes that hunger'd on his pangs to feed,
And wings that flutter'd with a fiendish joy—
The Hosts of Darkness, let the Sceptic ask
If *That* be air which made IMMANUEL shake!

They mock the Devil who obey him most;
But Hearts made simple by a strength divine
Believe the combat, and partake it too.
The FRIEND of Sinners was the FOE of Sin,
And therefore saints with Satan must contend,
As did their Captain for his Cross and Crown.
Such was the creed our Saxon Hero held.
Yes! the brave spirit who in public shined

Clear as the Sun of Righteousness he loved,
Who calmly watch'd the papal furnace heat,
Prepared to battle with its sevenfold fires,—
Prostrate and pale, with agonizing tears,
Bound in the blackness of temptation's night,
Behold him, like a reed of sorrow now!
And they whose wisdom faith and fear produce,
Touch'd by no common awe, will come to view
A martyrdom beyond what fire inflicts
In the torn depths of Luther's tortured breast,
When Satan fell'd him, and the shades of Hell
Frown'd on his heart their horrible dismay.
Oh! there were moments when th' Almighty seem'd
Extinguish'd by the Scripture which He penn'd;
When Sinai over Calv'ry hung its cloud,
Till the LAW's thunders struck the Gospel dumb![50]
Then Christ did vanish into viewless air,
And pardon'd Sin unpardon'd aspect took;
While Conscience, like a scowling demon, lower'd
Full on the past, and e'en the Bible lost
Its music, and the melody of truth
Turn'd to strange discord, where no tones of grace
Or God were found. Then fiend on fiend began
Between the Saviour and his soul to rush,
In raging darkness; till, at times, he shook
In fancy o'er the flaming deep of Hell,
And hover'd, as by grasping Demons held!

But he who bled beneath Satanic blows
Hereafter, kiss'd the rod his heart endured;
Then to his pangs th' Almighty's purpose link'd,
And saw them gilded with a Father's smile;
For need there was of educating woes
To pierce him to the centre, till he pray'd,
And the great Luther grew a little child,
Safe in the hands of his Almighty Sire.
Since much of darkness in his light remain'd,
And much terrene with his celestial mix'd,
And much of Adam with his Christ there blent,
Say, what but WISDOM, in the Godhead found,
Knew how to build a perill'd Luther up?
So not a pang his inner being tore
Which was not needed, and by Heaven o'erruled,
To tame that temper whose volcanic fires
So often rent him with outbursting rage,
Or soothe a prejudice, a pride allay,
And melt to mildness (such as Jesus breath'd)
The rugged loudness of his hostile tones.
Luther was great—and God would keep him so,
By proving in HIMSELF all greatness lay,
And *there* alone the Reformation stood.

Reader! the combat rages darkly still
Around thee; though an unrent cloud of flesh
Shut from thy soul their movement and their march,

And the dread soldiery by Hell array'd;
Yet in the midst of Satan's host art thou
Contending; were thy veiling flesh withdrawn,
Full on thy spirit what a battle-field—
Where all the chivalries of Heaven contend,
And all the sympathies of Darkness fight
For souls immortal—would at once outflame!
But not with garments roll'd in blood, or death,
And not with weapons which conception wields,
But sightless do th' unbodied Host engage;
And therefore Satan is the sense's mock,
The sneer of science, and the scorn of fools.
But thine apocalypse, O faith! is true,
And most tremendous when 'tis most denied.
A Devil doubted, ends in God disown'd;
Till the first glance a disembodied Mind
Takes of the truth behind the veil disclosed,
Falls on the Fiend, who made himself a lie
To rock the sinner into damning rest!

Reader! believe, the combat rages still;
No pause, and no parenthesis of love
Or pity for our world the Fiend endures;
Darkness his throne, destruction his delight!
Ruin and ravage his dominion make,
And earthquakes seem the echoes of his tramp.
But chief to battle with the sainted host,

Fighting beneath the banner of their king
Crimson'd with blood, and blazon'd by His cross
Redemptive, does the Prince of hell advance.
Thus Luther felt; and thus shall ever feel,
And, like him, in the spirit's fight contend,
E'en to the gasp and agony of faith,
The heirs of Light, and heroes of our God.

"*The serpent's head, the woman's seed shall bruise!*"
So spake the lip Almighty; and to man
Revolted, then The INCARNATION preach'd
In promise; thus by grasp prophetic spann'd
Ages of conflict in the church to come,
Till Time's worn clock his closing hour shall strike
And this phantasmal scene where Satan fights,
This whited Sepulchre of sin and woe,
This Prison-house where dungeon'd Nature pines
For purity, in renovated bloom,—
A thousand years of hallow'd rest shall have,
A typing sabbath of millennial peace!
But not till hurl'd, by thunder-blasts divine
Down to his pit, in chaining darkness bound,
The mystic Dragon will from earth withdraw;
But fiercely to the last a fight maintain
Implacable, against all Truth array'd.
Thus, from the first, imperial Rome he fired
With Pagan fury; and when that flame was quench'd

By blood of martyrs—lo! the Arian creed
Flooded the church with desolating tide;
And when they ceased, Platonic visions came,
And round the Cross a dazzling falsehood wreathed;
Till Papistry in full-blown horror rose—
The last perfection of Satanic lies!

Perpetual Motion of the moral Vile
He was, and is, and shall for ever be,
The Prince of darkness—from his throne of Death
Dispensing ruin. Who his sway can meet,
Or stretch the word to where his sceptre waves
O'er Time, and Scene, and universal Man!
For ev'ry wheat he sows a rival tare
In the vast field where faith and virtue thrive.
Each ward of intricated Self he knows,
And so for each, some fitting key he finds
Wherewith to enter, and the heart possess.
And let the mockers of the world unseen,
The solemn findings of th' experienced heart
In this believe—that, like the Saxon Monk's,
The Life of faith is one long battle now,
Beyond the passion of exceeding words
To syllable, with him who murders Soul.
As Conscience preaches, so Temptation tries
By him directed; hence no mood is safe,
No scenes are shelter'd, and no hours secure

From art infernal. Ask the thoughtful mind
How often, when th' inflated world hath shrunk,
With all its forms, its follies, and its fears,
Down to a shade, before the solid truths
And substance of eternity believed—
How often then, (when Resolution winds
Our Being up by tension most sublime,
To heaven's pursuit, and its majestic toils,)
Back to the low and little we are lured,
Fever'd as ever, and with fretting pangs
And noisome cares, inextricably close,
Again involved; as if this earth were home,
And immortality *below* the skies!

Nor height in God, nor depth in man, forbids
Our dread Assaulter. ATTRIBUTES divine
How oft he covers with deforming shade,
Darkens for dread, or deepens for despair;
Or softens down to Sin's presuming dream,—
Till God a SENTIMENT almighty seems,
And nothing more! Hence the LAW He wields,
Fangs its dread curse with everlasting fires,
And on the gibbet of tormenting doubts
Hangs the pale Conscience in perpetual gloom.
For though in health, when light the blood appears,
And all looks bland that in Jehovah dwells,
Then Sin a trifle of the past becomes—

A vacant nothing, with a sounding name.
But when the dampness of the tomb bechills
Our nature—when some retribution frowns
Black on the spirit from the bar of God,
Then Sin (which once a moral pigmy seem'd
But scarce apparent) like a giant swells
Upward to heaven, and with horrid shade
Beclouds the INFINITE on whom it falls.—
And more than this the ARCH DECEIVER dares,
For he to time eternity contracts,
And time to false eternity dilates,
When cheated fancy to his wand replies.
And not *one* grace THE SPIRIT'S hand bestows,
For which no counterpart in passion finds
This dreadful Parodist of God to man.
But chief that BOOK, where inspirations breathe,
How would he poison, like a Pope of Hell!
Fain would he hurl it from the bounds of Thought,
Or make it echo all his heart conceives.
A Bible mute, like speechless God would be,
When conscience yearns for pardon or for peace;
Or Scripture (venom'd by perversion's taint)
A circulating Hell of language prove,
When man would cast a gospel from his guilt,
Or make a SAVIOUR out of Passion's mould.

But, praise to God! His heroes do not fight,

In this fell combat, by their faith alone.
The LORD, THE SPIRIT, leads them to the field,
And none can perish o'er whose shielded heads
Waves His pure banner of protecting grace.
Safely through HIM they grapple with the foe,
By brave endurance till the field is won;
When angels, with a battle-shout of praise
Welcome to glory those heroic saints
Who cut their way, unwounded, to the skies!—
And thus what girded Luther for the fight
Doth each bold Gideon in the cause of Heaven
Accoutre now,—an armour Spirit-proof,
Burnish'd and bright, like that our CAPTAIN wore,
When HE and Satan for creation fought.

Eternal FORMER of the holy mind
VICAR of Christ! who art to men redeem'd
Soul of their souls, and Light of light within,
Vast in thy sway and viewless in thy strength,
How full, how free, unfathom'd, undefined
Yet *felt* art THOU in purity, and power!
Thou o'er the chaos of the earth new-born
Didst move, and print it with Thy plastic seal
And inspiration. Beauty hence began,
Order, and Shape, and Symmetries arose;
For Thou of all the CONSUMMATOR art,
In the green earth or garnish'd heaven display'd,

And Nature still is but THINE organ, moved
Responsive to the impulse of Thy power.
Her laws, her lineaments, and loveliness,
Are but expressions of Thy shaping will,
The outward index to THINE inward hand
Creative; beauty is Thy vest terrene,
Grandeur and grace thine intimations are,
And second Causes form but stepping-stones
O'er which Thou marchest to thy works and ways;
And o'er the waters of our human world,
The ruder chaos of revolted hearts
Still art THOU brooding, with thy halcyon calm,
Through all the tragedies of sin and time.
Oh! never since Pollution's dawn commenced,
From man (the savage of the senses made)
One sigh, or tear, or tone of sacredness
To heaven had risen, or God's welcome sought,—
But for thy grace, O SPIRIT!—pledged and priced,
And by the blood of earth's GREAT MARTYR bought.
E'en the pure MAN-GOD, as to breath and blood,
By Thee was fashion'd in the Virgin's womb,
From whom HIS *finite* all its unction drew,
With Hell to combat or for Earth to bleed.

Then, are we lonely in the war of life
Terrestrial? Strengthless are we doom'd to strive
With foes of darkness and with fiends of death,

Who round the heart, and in the heart contend?
Perish the thought! The grace which Luther felt,
Soldier of faith, is prompt to succour thee.
Here is the haven for each surging woe
That maddens—port of sabbath peace to souls
When the loud billows of temptation rise,
And the heart trembles with their sullen roar.

Oh! for a language out of sunbeams made,
In syllables of light Thy power to praise,
HELPER and HEALER of the heart alone!
Sustainer truly of the sinking mind!
Sole Paraclete of all for sin who weep!—
Descend, and with the dewfall of thy grace
The World refresh, the withered Church revive,
And the hot fever of our thirsting hearts
With healing balm of blessedness allay!
For Thee without, our God ungodded seems,
The Christ is charmless, and the Bible mute
To Conscience, (though to mental powers it speak,)
While all in morals, or in motive, forms
But heathen polish with a purer name.

And where the shrine, the palace, or the throne
From whence Thy secrets and Thy splendors flow?
Where shall our Hearts those inspirations seek
Which make all Christians echoes of their CHRIST,

Down from the full-toned holiness of heaven,
To feeblest notes that yet from earth arise?
Wherever man and mind, and scene and space,
Can meet or mingle,—there, O SPIRIT! Thou
To solemn fellowship the soul mayst charm.
What though the herald stars no longer glide
To light the Magi; though no mystic Bush
Burn with divinity in speaking fire;
And by no miracle made bare or bright,
The ARM ETERNAL out of Heaven is waved;
Though shut the Vision, and the Witness seal'd,
Nor Voice nor Thunder out of glory rolls
This Earth to waken,—still thy love abides;
For the hush'd presence of the HOLY ONE
No bounds can limit, and no laws can bind
From Hearts that seek Him in the tempted hour.
In cities loud, amid the hum of men,
He walketh; or in loved and lonely haunts,
Shaded and secret, where Reflection hies;
On mountain heights, by musing poets traced,
In vales withdrawn, by melancholy shores
Lashed by the billow in eternal beat,—
In each and all God's Whisper may be heard,
And still small Voice through listening conscience
steal.
Yea, heaven, with all its sacredness of stars,
Earth, with its majesties of scene, or might,

Home, with its magic, infant's guileless laugh,
And mother's glowing smile,—each a path may prove,
Or channel, where His Secrets may descend
In solemn gushes through the spirit's depth.

But in Christ's temple—there thy palace is,
SPIRIT DIVINE! from whom our glories come:
There prayer and praise, and ordinance sublime,
Symbols and sacraments, and ritual signs,
Anthems august and hallelujahs deep,
Attend thee, and thy ministries attest.
But, oh, we bless thee for a God in print,
(Making our chamber like a temple glow
With life celestial, when by faith perused,)
THE BIBLE!—There we hail THEE on Thy Throne,—
The Urim and the Thummim of Thy power.

READER! thyself a GOD is reading now,
While thus the question of all questions peals,—
Art *thou*, like Luther, by the Spirit led?
Or art thou by the Fiend seduced?
Whoe'er thou art, this truth take home, and THINK!
Two Spirits only for thy soul contend,
The good, or bad,—but now alone is GRACE
Imparted; soon thy final sands will fall,
And thou in moral nakedness shalt be

To Devil or to Deity assign'd
Through endless ages!—Oh, that truth immense
This mortal immortality shall wear.
The pulse of Mind can never cease to play;
By God awaken'd, it for ever throbs,
Eternal as His own eternity!
Above the angels, or below the fiends,
To mount in glory, or in shame descend,
Mankind are destined by resistless doom.
A Soul may *perish*, but it cannot *die;*—
Immortal ESSENCE, 'tis from Godhead drawn,
And, like that SOURCE, unquenchable, endures.
Then, do Thou, SPIRIT of celestial Truth!
That Essence sanctify, refine, and save,
And so renew it, till, resembling Thee,
Its heaven commences ere its earth be past.

The Destinies of Rome.

"——— Pagan Rome was Satan's work, constructed with HIS OWN materials of ambition, arms, policy, and knowledge; but Papal Rome is Satan's work, constructed with the materials of GOD, revealed in his Holy Word, and therefore is the more to be admired as a piece of knowledge and power.——In a ruined habitation had Satan to work; with such scantiness and poverty of all materials had he to construct the second temple of his pride, over which my mind wandereth with great admiration. But thou art destined to fall, O Lucifer, son of the morning! thou art even destined to fall, thou and all thy works."—*Irving.*

"That day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that MAN OF SIN be revealed the Son of Perdition." * * * "And *then* shall THAT WICKED be revealed whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of HIS COMING."—2 Thess. ii. 1—8.

THREE hundred years of beatific life
Unbodied, Luther's living Soul hath breathed,
Since the last thunder bolt of truth he hurl'd
With hand, how fearless!—at the heart of Rome.
There, in that World where ransom'd minds repose,
Where Priests, and Prophets, and the Kings of faith
Are gather'd into glory, and await

The pealing life-blast that shall rouse the dead,
The Monk of Wittemberg his Master sees,
And worships, battling for his destined crown.
But hath the World from sacerdotal chains
Itself unfetter'd? Is her faith the free
And pure, and prompted by the SPIRIT'S love
And guidance,—soul and spring of saving truth,
Light of all churches, and the Bible's LORD?
Alas! we slumber; and our carnal rest
Calmly around it lets the chain of Rome
Wind its dark coil, with most infernal ease
And falsehood. Drunken with our self-esteem,
Gorged with our vanities, and proud with vice,
Rapt in fond dreams of intellectual might,
At ease in Zion are we; while a foe,
Remorseless, dragon-eyed, and slily fierce,
Wakeful as ever,—watches for the prey
Apostate weakness for her fang prepares.

Oh, for a Luther, with his dreadless eye,
And voice by Scripture eloquently loud,
To front the brazen Antichrist, and face
The Vatican, with all its veil'd array,
Its marshall'd doctrines, and its muster'd lies
By jargon polish'd and by Jesuits plann'd!
So might we bare the heart of blushless Rome,
And rouse brave England's execrating voice

Till back the priesthood to her dens recoil'd;
While Pope and Pop'ry, with a palsy smit,
And scared by Scripture, might for ever shrink
To coward gloom, to convents, and to cells,
Hooted by Nature, and by freemen hurl'd
At once from Virtue's and from Reason's throne.
Oh, that our protest were as bravely deep,
As toned with inspiration, and as strong
As saints and martyrs sent in olden time
From their deep hearts against the MAN OF SIN,—
Mocker of Christ, and murderer of souls!
Oh, that in light, from flames where Ridley died,
Or Cranmer suffer'd in his burning death,
The Church of England would her hist'ry read,
And ponder, as she read with eye of prayer,
Till in that light her lethargy awoke,
And rising, like a giant from a sleep
Enchanted, back the Romish chain would fall
Dissever'd, from her limbs of glory dash'd
In horror; then again that trumpet cry,
That battle-voice magnanimously bold,
The tocsin of a nation's truthful mind
By Heaven excited, would once more be heard,
Like moral thunder, round the Seven-hill'd Seat
Of Antichrist, in peals of dauntless power—
"NO PEACE WITH ROME, TILL ROME MAKES PEACE WITH GOD!"

But that bold spirit which in martyrs blazed,
For truth and freedom, and our Britain's name
Laurell'd with ever-blooming praises, sleeps
In dormancy most fatal. Thus the BEAST
Apocalyptic, once again his head
Of treason and his horns of vengeance lifts,
To smite the nations, and the Church eclipse
With papal midnight. But his outward mien
Is alter'd: smoothed by modern hands
To gentleness, his ruffled hairs relax,
No savag'ry his watching eye reveals,
And all his claws of cruelty are cut,
Or pair'd, or polish'd into harmless peace!
And yet, the BEAST is changeless; for his heart
Uncultured burns with blackest hate intense,
Deadly and dire, as in the days of blood.
For well the Mother of all guile can suit
Her face, her features, or her form
Chameleon, as the atmosphere requires;
And now, when learning, science, mind,
From orthodoxy's Bulls of death,
And blasts of excommunicating ire
Shrink with disgust,—Rome the hint receives,
Till, like the echo of all Wants and Wills,
(Predestined mother to supply our needs,)
Behold her! with the freeman talking free,
With tyrants, she at once can tyrant act,

And for idolators an idol frame
In saint or virgin! Whatsoe'er the creed
Politic, she can yield responsive tones,[51]
Can flatter each with some obliging key;
And thus, opinion, passion, low desire,
All tempers, dreams, imaginations, thoughts,
All moods and minds,—whate'er the wish of man
In learning, morals, or diviner life—
To each and all, see Romanistic craft
A seeming counterpart affect or frame
But, deep at centre, anti-christian still.
Thus works the myst'ry, and the world is won,
And aspect changed, for principle reform'd
Is now mistaken! Thus for time prepared,
Rome meets all pressure from without enforced
By powers elastically prompt within;
Responsive always to each varied call
From creeds that dare, or crisis that demands,
Her weapon'd skill, her wisdom, and her guile.

"And why hath God, the Merciful and Great,
All True, all Wondrous, and all Free, whose Power
And Will are colleagues in resistless love,
Rome's vile burlesque of Calvary allow'd?"—
But here may silence our religion make;
Nor dare we, with inflated mind, presume
JEHOVAH thus to catechize, in vain.

Yet, what if CONTRAST Earth's great Teacher prove?
And thus, when Man and World have both been taught
Their impotence,—when Art, and Love, and Skill
Their powers have tried, all moral engines used
To lift our Nature from the gulf of sin,
And tried in vain,—when thus mankind have learn'd
That not Refinement, in theatric dress,
Nor giant Intellect, with all its grace,
Nor high Philosophy, with deeper spell,
The plaguing leprosy of sin can heal,—
Thus, when the CREATURE all its vileness knows,
Shall MERCY in meridian blaze be crown'd
Man's only helper: GOD may ALL in ALL,
O'er men, o'er angels, and o'er demons shine
Consummate! So shall creatures gain in time
Lessons that through eternity will last,
And vibrate through all Principles and Powers
A saving thrill, to heaven itself attuned;
That man in glory may be humble kept,
And mindful, though with bliss immortal crown'd,
How black on earth his human heart hath been!

So from the first, infernal war hath raged
Against the Woman and her SEED elect;
While each high plan supernal Wisdom chose
Hath Satan, by some counterplot, o'ertook,

Aping th' ALMIGHTY with an impious skill,
And guile stupendous. But the all unmatch'd,
The dread Hyperbole of daring guile,
That great Conception where his glory shines
With blasting lustre,—is the Roman mock!
There falsehood in the garb of truth is found,
There darkness in a dress of light appears,
And all the many-chamber'd mind can hold
Of lies which lull, or sophistries which please,—
Is met, and answered by some prompt reply.
No! not a tone that character can sound
Through the strange gamut of the varied mind,
Without an echo, from some chord of lies
Play'd by the master-hand of popish art!
Oh, 'tis a Counterfeit where Satan, veil'd,
Hath mimick'd CHRIST, and made his Gospel turn
Round on itself, with suicidal hand;
Till, that which blood and burning could not do,
(When heathen Rome and Arian butchers tried
The Church to mangle and her creed to mar,)
This arch defection, in canonic guise,
By him erected, hath for cent'ries done!
No partial error, out of reason framed,
Nor falsehood from licentious will begot,
Hath Satan in the Man of Sin achieved,—
But one great bondage for essential MIND!
A ritual network, where the Soul is caught,

And co-extensive with its ev'ry power.
Thus, all of tendencies or truths which rise,
(By man or time fermented into play)
These, by a process of absorbing guile
Rome with herself by soft alliance blends,
Can with her cause incorporate and mix,
And so, transmute them out of hostile form
To fine activities, whose friendly sway
Is won, and wielded for her *own* at last!

But whence the model for this curse immense,
This boundless magic of a baseless creed,
For ages, like an incubus of Hell,
O'er human spirit seated? Whence the power
Bewitching, far beyond destruction's range?
Why, 'tis a counterpart,—a church reversed,
A mock of Satan by a Man inform'd,
A mimic SHOW of what in very life
And lustre, form and glory, *should* the CHURCH,
As Ground and Pillar of the truth, have been.
For had she constant to her FIRST LOVE proved,
(In faith concentred, as in form compact,
Binding on earth what God in heaven has bound,)
And witness'd boldly for her absent KING,
Bedeck'd and bright with apostolic charms
And robe apparent,—then had sensual Earth
And Falsehood from her hallow'd mien recoil'd

Self-blasted; then this World had, wond'ring, seen
What never yet her carnal eye hath view'd—.
Christ's mystic BODY, arm'd with sacred powers,
Mitred, and crown'd with Majesties august—
The ROYAL PRIESTESS, on whose light and laws
A radiant image of her LORD had shined.

But Satan copies, where he cannot change;
And thus, a Parody in Popes contrived,
The LORD forestalling; thus the Fiend has framed
A Pageant hollow, where his plot can hide
And act himself beneath the SAVIOUR'S name.
For all, and more than Rome *assumes* to be,
By Heaven empower'd, in privilege and grace
Imperial, must the gospel Church have *been*,
If Holiness with apostolic light
Her Shrines, her Altars, and her Sacraments,
Her ministers and members, all had crown'd;
Creation's Priestess would the Church have proved;
And from the Urim of her spirit roll'd
Pure oracles, from CHRIST above inspired,
Guiding all hearts to glory, and to God.

And here, (as ever,) from the Plan divine,
In building up his Babylonian pile
Of mock'ries dire and machinations dark,

The lost Archangel hath, with fiendish craft,
Directive elements of wisdom drawn.
His model was JUDAIC; thence he stole
Some armour; thence his cunning weapons forged,
Effective; and in archetypal mould
Fine adaptations for the sensuous mind
He view'd there,—organized in typic forms;
Myst'ries and rites, and ceremonial awe,
Splendors and shades, and meanings darkly clothed,
And ritual pomps magnificently veil'd,
He found prevailing; these he studied well,
Then caught the genius of the mighty whole,
And made a COPY for the Church of Rome,
Which Pope and Priest, levitically blind,
Hath used for ages, and transcribeth now.—
Thus the dead carcase of Mosaic form,
(By God deserted, when by Christ fulfill'd,)
Satan himself hath re-possess'd, and ruled,
And quicken'd. Here the Roman platform see,
Where man travesties what Messiah did,
And writes UNFINISH'D o'er His perfect Cross!

But can our Age, though clad with self-conceit,
And helmeted with intellectual powers,
Push from her pedestal of priestly strength
This fell Colossus which the soul bestrides,—
This giantess of papal craft and crime?

Where is the David whose predestined hand,
With sling of Scripture, and with stone of Truth
Well-aim'd, her brazen forehead can indent,—
Blasting her glory with a righteous blow
To darken'd ruin or abhorr'd decay?
But, where the signs, the symptoms of her fall?
Where be the weapons which our arms can wield,
Wherewith the triple Crown to pluck, and dash
Her high pretensions into baseless dust?
Alas! our locks of strength are almost shorn;
Distracted counsels and divided aims
Impede fair union; and that mystic ROBE
(That, all unrent, while on His gory Cross
The Martyr of Creation hung, remain'd,)
Is torn to tatters underneath his Throne
By hands and hearts schismatically wild!
Is *this* an attitude for deeds sublime?
With masters many, while our Lord is one,
Our cold negations can no church evince,
(In act embodying what our creed affirms
Of Oneness vast, and visibly array'd.)
Say, can we thus with uncompacted powers,
And mere abstractions, depthless, dim, and faint,
Battle with Rome, or keep her priests at bay?

Alas! Expediency our Moloch was,
And at her feet our ancient glories fell

Dishonour'd. Mute that mighty PROTEST now,
Which once did thunder, like a Voice from Heaven,
"COME OUT FROM HER, MY PEOPLE! QUICKLY COME!"
For base concession legalized her guile,
And, lo! the land whose soil with martyrs' blood
Is hallow'd, where burnt Hooper's ashes sleep,
Where lived the lion-hearted men, whose tongues
Shook the roused Empire with their shout for God,
For Faith, and Freedom,—there the Papal BEAST
Again is lodged, and in his den of lies
Can whelp—by Principle unwatch'd at last.

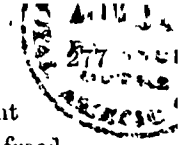
But, to and fro, behold! the many run,
And knowledge, as by Seers foretold, increase.
But what though ocean, air, and matter seem
A university for Mind become
Where Sense can study, Science take degrees,
And Comfort all her sensual dreams enjoy,
Is *this* protection from the spells of Rome?
Oh, not in Culture where no sacred germs
Are planted—not by knowledge where no peace,
No pardon, and no purity abound
In Conscience—not by these are Empires great,
A people glorious, or their welfare sure.
Knowledge brings Power, but FAITH beyond it works,

Forming our manhood to its finest mould
And stature; fetches out of Heaven a Means
Of mercy, where alone true wisdom grows;
Till through the heart's regenerated depths
The mind it reach, and make it holy too.
To catalogue creation; or the tides
To balance; all the stars to read; or scan
The secrecies unveiling Science loves;
This may enlarge, but not ennoble MAN,
If man be measured by his noblest scale—
By Will, by Conscience, and by perfect Love,—
Love that is heavenly, and by God *begun;*
For thus, Philosophy divine asserts,
We find the lovely, and that thing we love;
But what God loves, He thereby lovely makes.

In these alone pre-eminent abound
Those elements which make our Being great,
Our manhood perfect, and its wisdom pure.
But THINGS to master, all their names to know,
Their use, their natures, and their powers to wield,—
Can make the income of the senses rich;
They serve the Body, not the Soul refine
Or chasten. Thus in vain doth modern Light
Itself for ever idolize, and dream;
For life exterior forms its sway alone.
But where the palms by princely genius pluck'd

In times of taste ethereal,—when the truth
Descended to the awful springs of MIND
Interior, reason's dread foundation scann'd,
And fathom'd conscience to its very core?
Where be our priests and patriarchs of soul,
The poets high, who prophesied for Heaven,
Who sang of Beauty's archetypal forms
And cast eternity in moulds of time?

But ne'er can mind, at best, a bulwark frame
To fence corruption from the inner soul.[52]
In central likeness all men meet at last;
For there is conscience in the vilest left,
With immortality in all presumed;
And this great vicar of the Sleepless ONE
Wakens at times to vindicate His truth,
And preaches on eternity and doom
Sermons that sound like arguments from God,—
Dreadful, and deep, in syllables divine!
And *then*, religion, forced, or felt, or feign'd,
The heart's convulsion and its craven guilt
Alike demand: and where can earth produce
A creed so organized with subtle craft
To soothe the guilty, but retain the guilt,
As the mock creed of manufact'ring Rome?
And though, at times, pure Reason may rebel,
(Shock'd into shame by fell imposture's lie,)



Reason is bribed, and understanding bought
When lust is flatter'd, and the conscience freed
From loading guilt, from darkness and despair.

Thus, no mechanics from the sensual mind,
No arguments by haughty science ranged,
The MAN OF SIN can weaken or o'erwhelm;
Rome laughs at these, as she has laugh'd before,
Melting them into nothingness, or names;
And ev'ry realm progressive science haunts
Pre-occupies, and masters at her will.
But what a paradox of wondrous crime,
What myst'ry dark of permanence and power,
To men and angels, must her hist'ry be!—
For though a slaughter-house for souls she made
The church for ages,—still, without a blush
She lifts her forehead in the light of Heaven!
And though, full often have the pent-up fires
Of wrath around her, hot with ruin, flamed;
And Power hath tried, and Policy assail'd,
Her bulwarks; battles, and rebellions leagued,
Tyrants and victors have besieged her walls,
While Reason hath anatomized her well
And wisely; Truth and Science both have hurl'd
The thunderbolts of their denouncing bans;
Though Ridicule, with her sarcastic fire,
Hath scorch'd her, flashing with severest ray;

And (more than all) most eloquently strong,
From the deep bosom of the soul hath swell'd
Time after time, Humanity's appeal,
Big with the wrong of ages, to condemn
The blackest outrage that can e'er abase
Morals and mind, and all which man should be;
And yet, the HARLOT, on her seven-hill'd throne,
Array'd in pomp and theocratic pride,
Reigns like a Priestess of the spirit still,
O'er crouching millions!—their souls struck blind!
But, find we not a symbol in the fate
Of Rome the city, how the Romish creed
All time would master, and uprooting change?
In vain three thousand years and more have swept
Their deluge, and their devastating tides,
O'er the famed city where the Cæsars ruled
In blood, or baseness; Babylon hath sunk
Beneath the blast prophetic, and become
A den of ruin; Nineveh is nought;
The Persian perish'd in his pride of arms;
Assyria's dead, and Macedon no more;
The daughter-islands of the ancient Deep,
(Once free and fruitful, in their noon of fame,)
With Tyre and Sidon, and the classic isles
Of Greece and glory, are but sunken things;
And Palestine, (th' Almighty's home!) remains,
E'en like a mother, for her children dead

Wasted and weeping, in mysterious woe:
But ROME is mighty in her magic still.
The ark of ages, in stern glory there,
Like man's eternity, by stone express'd,
Behold her!—fated for terrific doom,
When deeds by prophets sung shall there arrange
A destined platform. Well may wand'rers trace,
In wonder, how august she yet remains—
With fountains, baths, and famous aqueducts,
Arches, and catacombs, and hoary shrines;
While all the genius of dead ages haunts
Her soil with shadows, and her scene with spells
That speak, though silent! Past and Present meet
In high communion; and historic dreams
Her tombs unlock, till all the marble streets
Move with her Heroes,—whose eternal Minds
Yet walk the world with intellectual sway,
Reigning like monarchs on our mental throne,
Tyrants at once, and teachers of the soul.

And as the city so the creed, endures,
Deathless in might, immortally depraved!
Her aspect alters—when her power is weak;
Her plans are soften'd—when her foes are strong;
Her practice gentle—when the age requires;
But Rome, IN PRINCIPLE, is Roman still,
The changeless never! for her creed is ONE,—

And that is—to absorb the world in power,
And on HERSELF a faith almighty found
Resistless, dread, infallibly divine!

And what a miracle of witching force
She wielded, when the craven Soul had sunk
Down to the level which her creed demands!
Like to some vision of unearthly gloom,
(Shaped in the midnight of a dreaming brain,
By horror featured,) doth her sway emerge
From the gone ages, when barbaric mind
Bow'd at her footstool—for the throne of God!
Two worlds she claim'd; o'er both presumed to cast
The priestly shadows of her sceptred power,—
Moulding eternity, and mast'ring time!
Till, in the climax of Presumption's dream,
That mitred Autocrat of Creed and Cross
A mortal copy of Jehovah call'd
Himself,—and aped the dread Omnipotence:
God's attributes, in libell'd form, a Man
Did thus array; and when his frown grew black,
It shaded all things with submissive awe
And silence; on his lip Creation hung;
The elements from him their course derived,
And plague and pestilence his law obey'd!
His names were natures, and those natures all
Ambition wanted, or his will decreed.[53]

But when his arm of excommùnicating ire
Was lifted, Heaven itself that arm revered!
And Hell, with all its agonies and glooms,
Its motion watch'd;—but when indeed it fell,
Empires turn'd pale, and palsied kings recoil'd,
And half the World vibrated with the blow!

But had this tyrant but the body cursed,
Made cities tremble, or a province poor,
Or tax'd the passions for an income base,
Mankind were left some virtue still to save;
But NATURE, in her sacred ark of strength,
(Where Man is Man, when all besides decays,)
This did the Pope with dreadless lie profane
And plunder; there was sacrilege endured
Where the deep power of self-dominion dwells;
And dreader far than Famine, Fire, or Sword,
Dungeons and Deaths, with all that martyr'd Flesh
Can suffer,—what outraged CONSCIENCE feels,
When, like a moral suicide, the man
Himself must abdicate in law and will;
Then rots the mind in servitude and shame,
The faculty august of reason fades,
And blinded Nature grows a base machine
By craft inspired, to work a despot's will.

But sheathed for ever is th' avenging Sword
Of Godhead? Will it ne'er on Roman crimes
And cruelty with flashing ire descend,
To cleave her bulwarks to their very base,—
Dark mother of all simulations dire!
Oh, dare we think that all the mangled host
On Alpine mountains hunted, spiked, or slain
By thousands, or by Marian hell-hounds torn
To bleeding tatters,—have in vain their voice
Heroic peal'd along the Heaven of Heavens,
Startling the angels on their golden thrones,
When the loud rapture of their burning lips
Came up before them? Fruitless have they lived,
Or preach'd, or felt, or suffer'd, who of old
Gave to the world the glory of their death,
By wheel, or gibbet, rack, or fiery stake,
In vaulted cells of subterranean gloom,
By death-lamps lighted,—where the lurid beam
Faintly along some victim's quiv'ring flesh
Glimmer'd, and lit the harrow'd features up?—
Far otherwise may thoughtful bosoms feel
When grateful Hist'ry to their shrines of Death
Resorteth, as to oracles of Time.—
The living dead ones are they; and their words
Ring round the heart like tones that never die.

Beyond their sermons, preach their sorrows still!
Their anguish is our glory; for we feel,
Who died for principle, for God yet lives,
To perish never! Where they bled, or burn'd,
Corded or chain'd, or rent by racking fires,
Devils were taught what mortal flesh
Can master, when by prompting grace inspired.
And therefore, martyrs of our peerless church!
(Thou ancient Plant of apostolic seed,
Sacred and sound, from Christ Himself deduced!)
We laud and love ye with no cold delight,
Who bled for conscience, and to Britain left
A creed untouched—like Cranmer's heart, entire!
E'en from your tombs an eloquence there rolls
Which champions ages to repeat your worth;
And never, from our venerating hearts,
The deeds ye dared, the majesty ye shew'd,
Yea, all the anguish of your godlike souls,—
Shall die! All time your holy debtor is;
And, long as in our Church's veins there runs
The precious life-blood of protesting truth,—
Never can England from her mindful soul
Cancel the debt her glories owe to you.
Your pangs have her inheritance become,
That made her rich beyond what gold effects;
Ye gave THE BIBLE, which your tortures won;

And shame terrific on our head alight!
If what the blood of martyrdom bequeath'd,
In black ingratitude we basely yield!
Ye gave THE BIBLE!—and the book ye gave
Our blessings *all* in germ at once bestow'd.
For what is science in her purest flights,
With all the blending harmonies that rise
From social nature,—but the Mind evolved?
But, both the moral and the mental roots
Of human nature, with transmuting sway
The Scriptures reach; and thus, with latent force
And vigour, *these* the heart of Britain cleansed,
Making her land the miracle of isles.

Then not in vain, though Rome be blushless still,
And round her creed a Trentine darkness casts
Cruel as ever,—have the martyr'd hosts
And hecatombs of peerless saints, who bled
For Truth, to God against their murd'ress cried.
Beneath the ALTAR rise their mystic wails,*
And enter, not unfelt, the ear of Heaven;
Since ev'ry drop their costly veins effused,
With every pang their burning limbs endured,

* Vide Rev. vi. 9.

Have bright memorial in the LAMB's own book;
And shall be answer'd, when the hour decreed
Shall darken forth, with dismal terrors big.
Then shall the LORD in robe of fire descend,
Thus with the breathing of His mouth to smite,
And with the brightness of His coming blast,
And into cinders by His curse consume,
Earth's second Babel—Antichristian Rome!

Meanwhile, inventive man would fain achieve
What Scripture only to TH' ETERNAL gives
In plan and purpose, for His crowning work.
Thus, all are prophets, to themselves at least,
And preach perfection possible below;
But can corruption to *itself* be cure?
Yet still it tries, nor will Heaven's cure allow,
Nor dip in Jordan till Damascus fails!
But man is ruin; if rebuilt he rise,
'Tis not by rubbish from himself begot,
But by a means transcendingly divine.
The creed *within* forms character without,
And God alone can educate the will;
But will makes MAN in all essential powers;—
And therefore must he, by omnific grace
Beyond himself, through heavenly love be raised;
Or still be changeless in his moral core.
Yes,'to the last, the leper will remain;

The skin may whiten,—but the blood is black,
And burns in secret with a plague-spot there!

But yet 'tis written with a pen of light
That Rome shall wither, and the Earth rejoice,—
In the rich beauty of her bridal robes
Apparell'd, and beneath her reigning LORD,
Keep the long Sabbath of a thousand years.
And so millennial is the heart of man,
(As if 'twere haunted by some primal grace
Of vanish'd Eden, when the World was young
Sinless, and bright, without one scalding tear
To wet her eyelids, or her cheek to stain)
Creation groans for her Sabbatic peace;
And echoing Mind, in every age of thought,
Repeats the longing. This the poet's lyre
Hath warbled in prophetic strains of song,
Caught from the harp of Scripture; and the creed
Of aspirations, as they rise, and reach
Their zenith, does with this high faith accord,—
That earth shall bloom with paradise regain'd,
And be unweeded of her thorny woes
And thistles; and our age itself is big
With expectation of some golden dawn
Of peaceful glories. But, alas! for Earth,
If *no* millennium, save what Science brings,
Await her! if those moral TRUTHS sublime,

That touch the everlastingness of man,
To which the great diploma of our God
Precedence noble in the scale of mind
Hath granted,—find no room for reigning here!
For sooner may the hand of Science think
To bale the ocean from his boundless depths,
Than drain corruption from the soul of man!

But so empiric vanity presumes,
By plasters which philosophy invents
To heal our NATURE and her wounds repress.
Beyond it, can Satanic falschood soar?
And yet there be, in camp, and court, and school,
In pulpit, platform, and Athenian hall,—
Who thus perfection out of man derive,
Politely bow apostles to the door,
And gently hint the Bible may be wrong!
Beyond the Daniels of the church to dream,
Thus can they think, decrepit Rome shall fall,
Her head diminish'd in despair shall hide;
Her creed be crush'd, her rites to nothing scoff'd;
And priestly Bridewell (where the soul is whipp'd
To virtues, and corrected vices feel
More shame in fire than ever flesh endured,)
Consummate Mind shall into phantoms mock
And banish! *More* than Bibles yet have done,
Beyond what Luther in his daring tried,

Philosophy by magic force shall do,
And Reason triumph where Religion fail'd!

'Tis here the pagans of the mind presume,
Low at the footstool of themselves to fall,
And worship at the shrine their hands erect.
For carnal Knowledge to herself is true,
And constant ever!—back from GOD recoils,
Behind the Tree, to gorge forbidden fruit,
Lurking, like Adam, in a guilty shade.—
But, oh! thou Spirit of celestial life
And wisdom, teach them *first* THYSELF to know,
And, knowing THEE, themselves to feel, and find
That man, when Christless, is embodied sin;
And though embellished, and by art emboss'd,—
But veil'd corruptions all his virtues form,
Till faith can touch them with a spell divine.
Oh, for a science such as Heaven can teach
And Love can master,—that conceited Dust
Within itself may learn to look, and mourn!
So would our leprous heart its plague deplore,
And intellect from sky, and sea, and air
Would soon avert its overweening gaze;
And more discoveries in our moral depths
Than Matter catechized will ever yield,
Might then be master'd. Such refinement needs,
For many compass huge creation round,

Who will not round themselves presume to sail.
What isles of vanity, what creeks of vice,
Would then be charted,—if 'twere wisely done!
What continents of sin and self appear!
What strange geography the heart would prove,
That, unexplored, till now remain'd unknown!

But prophets be there, who for Rome predict
A downfall, not by arms of earthly might,
Nor yet by reason, howsoe'er its powers expand.
Far humbler they!—in things divinely deep,
JEHOVAH is their reason; and they bow
With faith compliant at that mental Shrine
Where Deity in human words unfolds
The Future, and HIMSELF to Soul expands.
And thus convinced, (and by the SPIRIT taught
That man with man can never right be made,
Till right with Godhead Will and Worship be,)
Our true advancement by preventive grace
Alone they augur. Well their natures know,
That as the sun with his bright ray we see,
The living God with HIS OWN love we love.
And so, beneath the lightning of the Truth
They love to image how great Rome shall fade
Before the GOSPEL,—in millennial reign
And coronation. How their faith exults,
From the rich organ voice, and rolling chants,

And strains profound, by rapt Isaiah pour'd
Down many a chapter of stupendous pomp,—
To catch the music of Messiah's reign
That in them warbles!—But a WAIL there is,
Or ever thus the gladden'd earth shall lift
Her choral triumphs, yet from man to rise :
For Seers august, from Enoch's olden time
To him of Patmos,—all their voice unite
In diapason terribly distinct;
Denouncing woes beyond what Time hath seen,
Or this world suffer'd, ere apostate Rome
Be ruin'd, or millennial splendors reign.
And though, by ardency of hope inspired,
Along the heights of prophecy we look
Enraptured, and their sun-gilt peaks admire,
Deck'd with the radiance of a blissful dawn;
Just as the mountains of our world appear
In the blue distance, lined in lofty range,
And harmonized by one unbroken swell,
With no dark gulf between,—so doth Hope
Too often on the heights prophetic gaze,
And merge and melt them in soft unity;—
Though black the gloom, and dreadful the abyss
Of wrath and judgment that *between* them frowns.
But, unobserved by Rapture's eager eye.

The bridge of ages, in prophetic time,
Our dispensation is by Heaven decreed:

Inclusively between those Seers 'tis rank'd
Who first Immanuel in His veiling Flesh
Predicted,—stricken, cursed, and crucified
For our acquittal; and then,—Christ to come,
Crown'd with the royalties of reigning pomp,
As PRINCE of souls and PARAGON of worlds
To be enthroned. A crisis thus there stands
'Tween second Advent, and that Gentile church
Which now rehearses it with glowing mind.—
And, 'tis the zenith of all Dreams inspired,
The sounding climax of predictive song,
The chant of martyrs, and the cry of saints!—
And in the gamut of successive time,
Whose chords are eras,—have divinest prayers
Risen for ever, with augmenting swell,
To see this fated Consummation shine!—
Yet dare we not, by holy raptures fired,
Forget that PENAL CUP the Church must drink,
By wrath and judgment to the brim o'erflow'd!

And hence the Past, analogously dread,
That doom confirms, the voice of God reveals!
There, as we ponder, lo! each perish'd age,
Dark'ning and dark'ning as it died away
From deep apostasies to deeper still,
And deeper yet again,—our *own* instructs,
That not from bright to brighter shall we speed

In truths and tendencies, till thus we glide
Softly and sweetly to those golden times,
(That shine so brilliant in the bardic chants
Of GOD's own poets, by His praise inspired,)—
But rather will our Gentile sun go down
A bloody occident, in wrath and gloom!

And what a warning, (would our ears attend,
Nor, deaf as adders, from the charming Voice
Avert them)—do the ever-faméd scenes
Where churches once, which miracles endow'd,
Apostles watered, and the SPIRIT's grace
Divinely freshen'd with celestial dews,—
Preach to the haughty Age we honour now!
Where are they gone, those daughters of the Sea,
Smyrna and Sardis, and the Sisters five,
Whose Angels once the loved Disciple taught?
And by the shores, where Oriental waves
Chime their lone music to the Afric blast,—
How perish'd all, Tertullian's page unfolds
When Carthage made his apostolic crown,
Or martyr'd Cyprian into glory died!
While Hippo, where sublime Augustine mused,
And wrote his immortalities of truth,—
Hath melted down to miserable nought!
These give dread warning, if we wisely make
The Past a preacher to our Present be.

But sick at heart, and in the head unsound,
And sleek, and satisfied with all we do,—
The mountain of our majesty appears
Immovable; our age, Augustan call'd
Our arts advanced, our science most complete,
Our wealth enormous, and our wisdom vast,
On land victorious, and by sea the same,
While on our empire sinks no travell'd sun,—
'Tis thus, by self appreciation deck'd
And privileged beyond the Past, we seem
Perpetual glory for our doom to wield—
Above destruction, and beyond decay!

But where, amid this worshipp'd age of mind,
The weapon'd arguments of well-aim'd power
To baffle Rome, and keep her force in awe?
Alas! too often do our trumpets give
A sound uncertain; Creeds are battle-words;
Some churches,—temples where Religion yawns;
While hosts who hate the Cross its name profess,
And love the preacher while The LORD they shun.

A CHURCH elected, not a world renew'd,—
Here is the centre for united aims;
And faithful round it (touch'd by solemn awe)
Meekly and firmly may we watch, and wait
Th' unfolding drama of that hour decreed

For vengeance, when the Scarlet BEAST shall fall;
When He, in whom *all* types of terror blend
And blacken into one colossal form,—
The dread Fulfiller of prophetic woes
And wailings,—shall at last Himself reveal!
The sin of AGES into ONE condensed;
Shall then be acted; then the Church endure
That fiend in flesh, of whom all Scripture gives
Faint Antichrists,—that fling their shades before
The coming substance of infernal might,
By Daniel vision'd and by David sung
In shape, in song, terrific. Then a day of blood,
Of burnings, deaths, of blackness and despair,
All creeds shall test, all living Churches try,—
Purging the faithful, till their dross they lose,
And, purified, from out the flames they rise
In radiant beauty; and by Love bedeck'd
With bridal vesture, to receive their LORD.

And signs there are, and symptoms which escape
All but the Souls who see with Scripture's eye,
Prophetical of that dark crisis, doom'd,—
The Gentile churches to dissolve and end
Amid the crash of Kingdoms! Far and wide,
From Thames to Tiber, throng the shadows thick
Of Terrors, which predict those Latter Times
Ripe for the harvest of Almighty wrath,

When God for glory reaps the vengeance due.
Look where we may, the boding mind discerns
No sackcloth'd Empire on its knees at prayer,
No kingdoms bow'd in penitence and tears;
But all is headstrong, haughty, and unchanged
As ever.—Vainly have revolving Years
Dread sermons preach'd on anarchy and crime,
To banded nations, or benighted men:
For, black with hate to holiness and Heaven,
In both alike, the heart, is heaving still;
And though Earth rocks, and Nature's footsteps
reel,—
Full on the buckler of JEHOVAH'S wrath
The age is rushing,—'gainst His bosses dread
To dash its forehead, and endure the death
Of treason! Soon, perchance, may come
The dark catastrophé which closeth all
The fearful drama which this fallen world
Is now enacting on the stage of Sin.
The ancient Dotard of the Triple Crown
Is yet a mocker, and the Bible hoots
Madly as ever; while absorbing Rome
Beneath the banner of her witchcraft draws
All opposites in creed that rise,
To swell her potency, and aid her charms.
Discord, and Crime, and brutal Passions rage;
And Lust and Rapine, in delirium steep'd,

Loosen all truths, and let all lies abroad
In lawless havoc over hearts and homes!

And thus there rally, from the regions where
Disturbing elements of Mind can mix,
All Powers and Principles to final war.
And by such phalanx, which a Fiend might lead
To battle,—when the world is well prepared,
And leaven'd to the core with lying spells;
When Faith (the bond of all cementing bliss
'Tween man and man) her social life withdraws,
And no Religion to the THRONE eterne
Binds with a golden chain this Earth below,—
Then may the hour, by Luther's prescient eye
Foreshadow'd, and by tragic Seers foretold,
Come to a head,—and ANTICHRIST be scorch'd
To cinders by the thunder-blast of God.
The VIALS six have all been emptied now;
The TRUMPETS six their peals of woe have blown;
And of the SEALS Apocalyptic, six
Their fated truths have each unfolded, and fulfill'd:
But when that VIAL, for the seventh decreed,
Its curse shall empty; when the closing TRUMP
Hurtles its thunder through the mystic heaven.—
Then may this world some INCARNATION see[64]
Infernal!—such as never from the deeps
Of burning darkness hath permissive God

Allow'd upon our palsied earth to stand;
And act the climax, where all horrors rise
To reach the possibility of woe.

But, whatsoe'er this Shape of hell appear,
As WICKED, WILFUL, or the LAWLESS one,
MYST'RY in flesh, or man with fiend combined,
Papist or Heathen, Jew or Pagan, He;—
If not in *name*, in *nature* He shall prove;
SON OF PERDITION,—who Himself shall dare
To magnify beyond all worshipp'd God,
Or Saint, or Angel, on His temple throne;
And rob THE INFINITE of glory due
By lying wonders. Come, whate'er he may
In form or fashion, Faith in this exults,
That in the wine-press of Almighty wrath,
Trampled and torn beneath avenging CHRIST,—
The final ANTICHRIST is doom'd to fall!
For when awhile, on Satan's seven-hill'd seat,
The nameless ANARCH hath his wine-cup dregg'd,
(Making the earth all drunken with the draught,)
And crushed his compeers, till beneath his flag
All Shapes of evil shall themselves enlist,
(Dilated, darken'd, and by deep excess
Made terrible, beyond what terrors dream,)—
When thus fell ANTICHRIST himself shall vaunt
A new ALMIGHTY on Creation's Throne!—

Then shall that FIGHT, whose dismal pomp arrays
Full many a vision with prophetic awe,
And many a promise with its glory fills,
And many a verse with battle-music lines,—
Be hasten'd. Lo! the bright AVENGER comes,
In panoply of dreadful glory sheathed,
And blasting; and the disenchanted Earth,
By foes, fiends, and infidels uncursed,
Again shall smile, and with responsive joy
Partake millennium in the Church's peace.

But who can gaze with spirit unappall'd
On the vast outlines of this coming doom,
When all, that now in prophecy looks dead,
Leaps into life, and acts the part sublime!—
But, the great BATTLE OF ALMIGHTY GOD,
By visions pictured and by prophets sung,
And with whose muffled roar the Bible rings—
Who shall presume its awfulness to paint?
Then, the LAST HEAD of desolated Rome,
Under his banner, with his Kingdoms Ten,
And rebel Nations rallied at his cry,
Shall, front to front, the God eternal meet
For battle!—and beneath the blast divine
Down the deep hell of darkness and dismay
Descend for ever, to his doom accursed.

Thought cannot think, nor tongue of flesh describe,
What yet is vision'd, that our souls may learn
The consummation of this hour decreed!
But come He must—the FAITHFUL and the TRUE,
To reap the harvest of that holy wrath
By him of Patmos fearfully portray'd.—
Oh! tells he not of that tremendous WORD,
Whose name is written, but to man unknown,
Whose Eye flames lightning, on whose awful Head
Were many Crowns; and through the opening heavens
While paws the White Horse his portentous way,—
Lo! how the wavings of that blood-dyed vest
Symbol the Lord himself—a MAN OF WAR!
Of these, oh tells he not, the loved St. John,
And writes a *Blessed!* on the faith that hears,
Believes, and watches, for this end decreed.

Then may we dare one gaze of awe to send
Down that red Lake of ever-living fire,
Where BEAST and PROPHET by the LORD are hurl'd,
Aye in the burnings of unquenched wrath
To welter,—never more on earth to rise,
Or witch with sorceries our world again.—
Thy truth, O Christ! be magnified with fear,
Thy work with conqu'ring majesty be crown'd;
For now the Installation of thy Power
Approaches.—Lo! the SEALS are open'd all,

The VIALS emptied, and the TRUMPETS blown:
And there, within abysmal depths of fire,
Burned and blasted,—lie all Foes of truth,
All Shapes of error, and all Forms of sin
Which Time hath marshall'd, or that Satan took!
Tyrants, and all the hell-hounds who have torn
The Church to ruin, or her creed defiled
With falsehood,—sunk and scatter'd are they now!
Extinct, and sepulchred in endless shame;
But THOU, O KING of Kings, and LORD of Lords!
The lyric chant of sempiternal love
And wonder,—let our hearts to THEE uplift
Incessant; join we (though with mortal strain)
The minstrelsies, like many waters loud
That round about THY radiant throne resound
From Saints and Elders, in their white array,—
The deathless thunder of a deep "AMEN!"
And "ALLELUJAH,—for the LORD doth reign."

Thus, link'd with terrors, and with truths sublime,
As Hebrew prophet on his watch-tower shaped
Or shadow'd, when the Future's pall was lift,
And summon'd Ages gave their secrets up
Before him,—is the fall of papal Rome
Predestined; gulf'd within a dread abyss
Of ruin, 'mid the shock of shaking thrones,
Empires, and Principles, and banded Powers,

Th' abominatress of the Soul will sink
To black perdition.—But a scene, array'd,
With grandeurs, more horrifically touch'd
By truth inspired, than Armageddon's fight,—
E'en like an epilogue of closing awe
The Seer of Patmos now augustly brings,
For Faith to witness.—While the lake of Doom
Ruffles its blazing surges of revenge
O'er all the slain and sunken of the foes
Infernal,—see! from out yon cloven Heavens,
In dazzling outburst, like a lightning-break
Flashing at midnight through the ebon vault,—
A dreadless minister, from God dismiss'd
On errand, from the bright-wing'd Hosts on high;
And down on earth the flaming Herald comes:
In one hand, like the Janitor of Hell,
The key which locks the Everlasting Pit
Holding; but in the other—hark! the chain
Of Darkness clanks its adamantine links
Resoundingly; and, lo! the DRAGON old,
The ARCH-DECEIVER, whose traducing Lie
Murder'd at once a world of priceless souls,
And libell'd Godhead,—trembles in the grasp
Angelic: captive, chain'd, subdued, and bound,
Hell's roaring LION is arrested now;
For him the Angel, with stupendous force
Grapples; and, like a thunderbolt when dash'd

Through the rent ocean in her raging might,—
Hurls him at once, with archangelic speed,
Down the deep pit of bottomless Despair,
That burns and blackens to receive his fall!

Dungeon'd in darkness for a thousand years,
There shall he writhe; and, in the racking curse
Of judgment holy, shut and seal'd by wrath
Resistless,—magnify the Son of God.
For though on *earth* the conqu'ring blow was struck,
And Satan wounded when the CHRIST was spear'd,
While Death, in grasping at the GOD-MAN, died
In prelude,—here, the radiance of far richer proof
How Christ hath conquer'd, terribly will shew;
And tell it out to Systems, Souls, and Worlds,
How much of DEICIDE in Sin there dwells.—
For, upward, when with God in contrast placed,
In principle, 'tis infinitely vile;
Though downward view'd, the act but finite be.
And hence no pang, but INFINITE, could pay
The debt unbounded to JEHOVAH due.
And by this last apocalypse of woe
We learn,—to punish or to pardon sin,—
The one will God in all HIS glory task,
Or, dread eternity, the other do!

And ye, fair Spirits! who did faithful stand

When He, the primest of your Splendors once,
Fell in proud treason,—by confirming grace
In heaven to worship, and on earth to wait,
Yourselves are strengthen'd, through th' upholding
Christ.—
Bright Angels! though all passionless and pure,
The peerless glory of the Cross ye praise;
And, with the saved and sanctified above,
Circle the LAMB; while from celestial harps
Your choral strains around His MERIT ring—
Raptures which make eternity to thrill
With truths,—that tell the mystic FIGHT is o'er,
And CHRIST and CHURCH o'er chain'd Abaddon reign!

But now (as one from fever-dreams awakes
Haunted by shades and shadows, undefined
Yet fearful, making pale imagination shrink,
Once more to look upon the fair-lun'd moon
Through the high lattice beaming, and to bathe
His wearied temples in the fresh-wing'd air,
Exulting)—so from those stupendous glooms
And themes of awe, where Reason stands abash'd,
To take the soundings of Eternal Mind,—
Back to the brightness of our earth we speed
Delighted.—Here, what living glories blaze,
Above, below, what thronging splendors wait,
Prophetic numbers might indeed rehearse;

And vision scenes, o'er which the harping Seers
Enchanted, roll'd their richest strains of song;
And in the lulling dream of Later Days
For this world destined,—feel what Luther felt
On Pisgah heights, prophetically rapt,
As oft he mused, and hail'd millennial times.

But all-expressionless, the heart recoils!
Under a weight of glory, melt all words
To muteness, when that imaged KINGDOM comes
On earth to be, what now the Bible types,—
And tells of Purity's celestial reign.
Then shall indeed Redemption's work respond,
And reach to all that Revelation sings
In forms of matter, or in facts of mind,
Yet to evolve. Creation's groan shall cease,
And life and sense, and earth, and air, and sky,
The coronation of our CHRIST reflect,
By the felt magic of His reign inspired
And hallow'd. Glory in the sun will beam
With seven-fold brilliance; and the punctual moon
Glide through the mazes of the moving stars
With lustre deeper than rapt David saw,
By midnight, harping; not a fruit, or flower
That bares its beauty to the prying breeze,
That will not in th' o'erflowing Love and Light
Of earth's millennial consummation share!

For Dust itself with DEITY combined,
In Christ's own PERSON, doth Redemption prove;
And when He reigns,—shall more than Adam saw
Of brightness, bloom, and blessedness reveal.
But, oh! if MATTER thus millennial be,
Who can portray unaugurated MIND,
By CHRIST install'd, beneath His sceptre rank'd
Vicegerent,—under HIM, perchance, to rule!
And, like as now THE CHURCH instructs the world,
Though in her weakness,—so, when thus complete,
And train'd to heights of intellectual Truth
By moral Powers, expansively sublime,—
Entire Creation from THAT CHURCH may learn
A pure instruction in the things profound
Of God: so will vast resemblance bind
Creation, Church, and Christ in one
Divine analogy of deepest awe.—
For e'en as CHRIST by mystic suff'ring grew
Up to the heights of His predestin'd rank
Official,—so will God's elect advance
By faint reflections of His threefold sway,
As Prophets, Priests, and Kings of other worlds
And systems; while this inorganic Earth,
(By fellowship of time and truth prepared)
A PLATFORM of material splendors prove,
Where Beauty visible its throne shall set,

And o'er all Worlds our *own* as model shine,
Where Matter triumph'd, and where Mind was train'd.

But, whatsoe'er such thoughts be named,
On the sure footing of the Word inspired
Our hope we plant, and *there* this Promise find—
That Antichrist before the scorching blast
Of throned IMMANUEL shall to death consume!—
The Jew shall yet his bright Jerus'lem see,
And draw salvation from the Sides he pierced
When Christ on Calv'ry bore the bitter Cross;
While ransom'd Gentiles their hosannahs join
THE LAMB around; and resurrection-saints,
Call'd from the dust to greet their living LORD,
A thousand years of coronation joy
With Christ in glory shall on earth partake.
Till when at last, o'er Sin, and Satan's host,
And Earth rebellious, final Judgment sets
That Seal tremendous which for ever shuts
The perish'd in their prison-house of woe
And wrath unutter'd,—Earth and Heaven shall reach
A beauty endless, by baptismal fires
Recast, and clad with more celestial bloom
Than sense can dream, or inspiration tells!—
Thus all Creation will MESSIAH bring
To full perfection, in its brightest form,
And back restore it to the heart of God,

From whence it wander'd. There His kingdom
ends,
And Mediation down its sceptre lays,
For nought *between* us and the GODHEAD acts
Official. Face to face will Finite meet
The INFINITE; nor means nor modes be used,
Nor Sacraments nor teaching Symbols cast
'Tween God and Soul their intervening shade.—
Jehovah's SELF will man's religion be,
His ATTRIBUTES our only Temple prove;
For, deep within their unimagined blaze
Enshrined for ever, will our Spirit dwell;
And ALL in ALL direct JEHOVAH reign
SOUL of our Souls, ineffably intense;
Till God in mind, the mind of God begets,
And Life Eternal be HIMSELF enjoy'd.

Farewell to Time.

"I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me; it is therefore easy to part, as the traveller leaves the inn for his much-loved home."—*From Luther's Lectures.*

"'I shall yield up my spirit.' He then began to pray, nearly in these words:—'O eternal and merciful God, my heavenly Father, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and God of all consolation! I thank thee that thou hast revealed to me thy Son Jesus Christ; in whom I have believed, whom I have preached, whom I have confessed, whom I love and worship as my dear Saviour and Redeemer, whom the pope and the multitude of the ungodly do persecute, revile, and blaspheme. I beseech thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul! O heavenly Father, though I be snatched out of this life, though I must now lay down this body, yet know I assuredly that I shall dwell with thee for ever, and that none can pluck me out of thy hands!' He then thrice again repeated the words, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit! thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!' Also those words, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and that verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm, 'Our God is the God of whom cometh salvation: God is the Lord by whom we escape death.' He then became silent, and his powers began to fail him; but when several present addressed him, 'Reverend father, you die in the constant confession of Christ and his doctrine, which you have preached?' he distinctly answered, 'Yes,' and spoke no more; for, about a quarter of an hour afterwards, between two and three o'clock in the morning of February 18th, with his hands clasped together, and without a finger or a feature being disturbed, gently breathed his last."—*Justus Jona's Account of Luther's Death to the Elector.*

BETWEEN the living and the dead our life
Throbs like a brief vibration, and how soon

This pendulum of anxious being stops!
E'en in a moment, by some touch or tone
Arrested,—lo! the life of Sense concludes,
And we are launch'd beyond the tracking eye
To follow—by the INFINITE absorb'd,
And *in* the secret of Eternity!

But yet, as though REALITY were here
Alone authentic, how the hollow show
Things, which eye or ear can apprehend,—
O'ercomes, and with monopolizing charm
The cheated Mind attracts, and blunts the edge
Of fine Perception for the Spirit's world
To come!—And, oh! how rarely hoping Youth
Turns to the future a prophetic gaze
Beyond this Earth of Shadows! Tomb on tomb
O'er Life's descending pathway flings a shade,
And many a heart-ache to some feverish dream
Must pay sad homage,—ere the mocks of Time
Be scatter'd, and our nobler Dreams of Soul
Their reign commence, and teach the gay to think,—
Shaping a destiny beyond the bounds
And mean horizon of this mournful world.
Then throbs the immortality of thought
Within us! Then adown the gulf
Of Being (infinite but undefined)
Our spirit looks with introverted eye,

By faith made holy; while we learn to feel,—
That Body forms the prison-house of Soul,
And *out* of it the dead indeed are free.

And these are round us in our vision'd hours
When earth recedes, and through the rents of time
Beyond the visible we dare to gaze,
And gather wisdom from a world unseen,—
But not unshadow'd by prophetic mind.
Then do all clouds of Sadducéan tinge
Dissolve; and placidly our dreams recall,
And the loved features of our dead, recast!
For they are round us, in our moods enrapt:[55]
By lonely shores, by melancholy seas,
At moonlight's trance or sunset's dreamy close,
Down vaulted aisles, or churchyard's cypress gloom
Slow pacing—or, beneath some pictured face
That *looks* our mem'ry into mourning sighs,—
How often bend we o'er some Form beloved!
Or, by that resurrection which the Heart
Rehearseth, can bid their cherish'd tones
To wake, and hear their wonted footsteps glide!

But deep the thought, momentously sublime.
To think that not one pulse of conscious mind
That WILL DIVINE hath ever caused to play
In human being,—hath a single rest

Experienced, since the primal throb began!
The spirit-people of the LAND UNSEEN,
(Millions on millions though the number be,)
Are conscious,—more than when by flesh encased,
And clogg'd in action: not a soul's extinct!
Still Adam thinks, still Alexander feels,
Cæsar hath being, Cleopatra lives,
And the crown'd Butchers, whom the world calls brave,
Are feeling more than when they battles fought.
Yes!—all who *have* been, great, or good, or vile,
Patriarchs, Prophets, and the Lords of Mind,
Heroes, and Warriors, and those laurell'd Priests
Of truth, the Poets of eternity,—
All are a living, though a sightless, race;
Each *in himself* a hell or heaven become!
For MIND is everlasting; and the MAN
Is there in essence when all adjuncts fail.
Thus may the Dead a more than sermon preach
To awe the living, and this truth impress,—
That *as* we die, for ever we endure!
The same in principle the *heart* abides:
For MORALS in their root continue ONE
And changeless, though the soul hath taken wing.

Two Worlds thus claim us by a sleepless law;

But one moves round us, palpably instinct
With life and passion,—and, alas! absorbs
In the wild vortex of its vain delight,
What to the other (though unseen) we owe
Of faith and conscience. Thus *for* time we live
As well as in it; thus our hearts deny
Eternity that waits behind the veil;
And when the living from our gaze retire,—
We talk as though they *lived* not, but were quite
From BEING parted, as to sight no more!
But this is madness in the garb of sense;
The blinding mock of Epicurean dreams,—
Dilating time into eternity,
And which eternity to time contracts.
For faith and reason round this truth converge—
The dead are living; but this Life unheard,
Unfelt, unknown, beyond our dreams to shape
Or thought to model,—can but little move
Man by the flesh imbruted, and enslaved.

Yet be there moments when the heart exclaims,
Where are the DEAD? the MINDS who once look'd forth
In light from eyes, in language from kind lips,
And, by the daring of immortal deeds,—
Breathed on our own like inspiration? Where,
Where be the SPIRITS who once felt and fear'd,

Who dream'd, desired, and acted like ourselves?
Where have they fled? In blank absorption lost?
Merged in the infinite, engulf'd, or gone?
Melted to nothingness? Is *this* their doom?—
Oh! wait awhile; for e'en as wintry Earth
By the green outburst of her glorious spring
Hidings of heavenly power in Nature's breast
Infolded, prove,—so, this human Scene
Of earthly visible, and sensual vain,
With hidden radiance of celestial life
Our God will garment; for the reign of Saints
Shall yet be witness'd, shining over all
Conspicuous, with a glory undescribed;
The shell of matter shall at once remove,
Like a strange dream the Visible depart—
And, lo! at once the quick on earth will stand
By angels circled, and by saints enthrong'd,
And in the midst, CHRIST paramount appear!

Meanwhile, the bodiless in secret live,
Till all be rife for this revealing Act
Of sudden, swift, and strange apocalypse.—
HOLY OF HOLIES! in thy shrine august,
High o'er all heavens, ethereally removed
From man's conception,—dwell the Dead redeem'd.
There, the saved myriads of the seal'd First-born
Present with Christ, from Him perchance acquire

(As to and fro the beatific Host
He moves, and ministers the food of thought)
Truths which on earth Experience did not gain.
Patriarchs who dimly on the distant CHRIST
Gazed in a promise, now with clearness look
On HIM they long'd to worship; Prophets too,
The meaning and the majesty of strains
Mysterious, these by ACTUAL Christ expound;
Types are resolved, and shadowy rites unveil'd;
The mystic LAMB on typing altars laid,
And Gospel, by Aaronic priesthood taught,—
The great ORIGINAL of God unfolds;
And proves HIMSELF sole Archetype of all.
While they who died in dimness, or dismay,
(Haunted by fears, and harrow'd to the last
By many a tremor,) in restoring beams
Of comfort, look upon the LORD, and live.—
And there, is CONCORD!—all those hostile notes
Of human dissonance, which now destroy
The solemn harmonies of sainted Minds,—
These doth the LORD, by melodizing Grace
Attune to oneness, till all souls agree.
Thus may that World where parted Spirits meet,
A school of saintship for the Church elect
Be found: there may Christ his priesthood act,
And God's magnificence of truth unveil;
Or, more and more,—the MERIT of His Blood '

Teach to the Spirits who around Him throng.
And bound they not with throbs of burning joy,
Their hearts within them,—while th' INCARNATE shews
His wounds, how deep! His mercy, how divine!—
Till round that SAVIOUR rapt hosannahs rise,
And, in the minstrelsy of Heaven, we hear,
"Worthy the LAMB! for he was slain for Us!"
Down the deep ages of eternity
Roll, like a torrent of melodious praise.

And, to this world, around whose vision'd scene
Our thoughts have trembled, Luther's wearied soul
Advances; soon will that tried Heart repose
In peace, beyond the loudest blast of time
To ruffle!—Twice some thirty years have delved
Deep on his open brow their wrinkling trace;
And often hath he died in thought, and pray'd
At home with Jesus in the heavenly clime[56]
To have his welcome! Hopes, beyond this world
To wither, far above the earth have borne
His spirit; in the balance of the Truth
Its visions and its vanities he weigh'd,
And,—found them wanting! Warn'd by Heaven, he waits
A kind dismissal to his last long Home;
For *there*,—how many have before him fled,

And seem to hail him from their Thrones of peace
Celestial! 'Tis not that proud murmurs rise
From out that noble spirit; but the hue
Of Life's pale sunset, (whose foreboding charm
So often doth our parting hour predict,)
That shades the present with a holy gloom.
Youth with the *Living* loves gay converse bright;
Age with the *Dead* can high communion hold;
Nor calls it mournful, when the graves unclose
Their treasures, when departed friendships rise,
While votive mem'ry drops the valued tear
Which feeling gathers in some aged eye.

And such, perchance, within the pensive gaze
Of Luther glisten'd, when, in hoary eld,
Bowed with care, and pierced with many a pang
Increasing,—in that very home of youth
Again he enters, where, a foodless boy,
Through Eisleben from house to house he sang
For bread! and dropt unseen the bitter tear
That moisten'd it, when cast from churlish hands.—
There,[57] at the window, o'er the wintry heavens
Bleak with the blast, and white with flaking snow,
Dejectedly his deep-set gaze he fix'd,
While heaved his spirit with a swell of prayer,—
Distinct, and deep, and by remembrance toned,
How richly grateful!—On his frame oppress'd

Decrepit age was falling; and both falt'ring nerves
And sense enfeebled, blended presage gave
That soon with him the silver cord would loose,
And bowl be broken at the fountain-head!
But not for this repined he,—for THE CHURCH he mourn'd,
And sighingly her future doom forecast
That now was shadow'd in the stormful creeds,
Around him raging. Thus an autumn tinge
Sadden'd the future with prophetic shades
Of woe and weakness, till at times he long'd
Like Simeon,—now in peace to part,
And on the bosom of his Lord expire.
His work is done, his warfare is complete;
And from eternity there seem'd to sound
A bugle note, that challenged his retreat
Home to the heaven Salvation's CAPTAIN won!

But what a throng of thoughts, unheard, unknown,
That moment of mysterious calm besieged!
There, in the centre of all boyish dreams
And hours departed,—there he mused, and pray'd!
Or, the long windings of his wondrous life
Haply with tears retraced, with sighs renew'd,
And God in shade and sunshine equal saw,—
Guardian, and Guide, and glory of his days

Perpetual! Like a fated life had been
The vast experience of his varied course,
From lowly nothing, to that Alpine height
Of fame and influence, where his manhood climb'd
And age was resting;—scarce had Patriarch's dream,
Or Prophet's vision, more of strange and stern
And deeply awful, in the things of God, beheld
Or suffer'd,—than the Saxon Monk endured,
From faithful Enoch down to fearless Paul!
For when had GOD His IMPRIMAMUR put
With brighter proof, than on the boundless WORK
That now o'er Kings and Kingdoms, Man and Mind,
Breathed of brave Luther wheresoe'er it came?
Sinful, indeed, before THAT EYE he felt,
In whose bright ray the Heavens unclean appear;
But, faithful to his Christ, and Creed, and Cause,
Mercy had kept him,—and to THAT he gave
The crowning merit of the mighty whole.

Around the axletree of TRUTH alone
He well remember'd that his life revolved;
And that is moveless,—'mid the mightiest whirl
Of vexing circumstance, or varied scene.
'Twas thus a power of retrospective peace
Besooth'd him, when he felt no black reproach
From craft, or compromise, could blast him now,
Or round his death-couch bring one dismal shade.

Firm had he lived, and faithful would he die;
In life unblemish'd,—and in death the same!

And if the chamber where the humblest yield
The burden of this Being up to God,
Down to the roots of tenderness awakes
Affection's nature,—if the feeblest Mind
That hovers on the precipice of time,
When beetling o'er INFINITY below
Takes to itself some attributes which speak
Of awe and grandeur,—can we gather round
The bed of glory where a Luther dies
Nor feel an inspiration? Can we mark
That eagle-spirit, from its chain unbound,
In light and liberty from this dim world
Escaping,—nor a solemn thrill partake,
Speechless, but how expressive! There he lies,
Pale in the swoon of swift-approaching death:
But Mind is yet majestic; and his brilliant eyes,[58]
From the black lustre of their mental fire
Alive with feeling,—look forth prayer, and shine
Conscious and clear as ever! while the lips
Move with the verse that on MESSIAH'S once
Quiver'd in peace,—when David's words of faith
Wing'd His worn spirit to the Breast of God!

Deeper and deeper do the shades of death

Around him sadden; dropt are now the fainting lids
O'er his sunk eyeballs; thickly heave and fall
Those panting breath-gasps, while the ear of Love
Drinks with delight some shatter'd tones, or sighs
Of Bible promise, or some falter'd notes
Of Faith, which tell the Spirit's life within.—
The strife is mortal, but the strength divine
That meets it! Death, all stingless, and the Law,
All dreadless,—neither can from Luther's heart
Hurl the high confidence a Christian seats,
There on the throne of evangelic truth.
Around him friends and mourners, each with sobs
Half stifled, and with tears that hang unshed
On the still'd eyelids of revering love,—
Are group'd; while bands of waiting Angels watch
The mighty Spirit into glory pass!
Cold is the damp that dews his whit'ning brow,
And pains convulse him with continuous rack;
But underneath that palpitating flesh
Calm lies the Soul!—in peace celestial bathed,
Though clay and spirit sunder. Hark! again,
The last weak cry of ling'ring Nature lifts
A dying homage to the Truth divine;
And then, on yonder kneeling forms and friends
Before him falls one faint and farewell gaze,—
And all is over!—while his features fix
Their pale expression into placid trance.

No sigh is heard, nor groan, nor shudder comes;
But speechless, and with hands devoutly lock'd,
And mute as monumental prayer, he lies,—
A dead IMMORTAL, deep in glory now!

How hush'd, how holy, how intensely rapt,
(As though the blood would listen as it flow'd,
Till the brain rocks, and check'd emotion reels)
That moment is, when first mysterious DEATH
In full apocalypse his form unshrouds,
Solemn and stern!—And there yon reft ones bend,
Moveless, and pale, like shapes of sculptured woe,
O'er breathless Luther! each by curb of thought
The big sensation from outbursting cry
Restraining;—not a tone of anguish breaks
The trance around them; wordless, on his brow they gaze;
So still, that breath doth audibly intrude,
And loudly strange their living heart-beats play
O'er that beneath them,—pulseless, and at peace!

Behind our veiling drapery of sense,
Baffled we are from darting forth one glance
Of mental knowledge; or the heart, methinks,
Might dream,—when Luther's disembodied Soul
Pass'd from the flesh, to join the Spirit-throng.
Eternity a new sensation felt,

And the high Dead, wherever localized,
Did welcome him to glory, as he took
His throne among them,—like a sainted King!

Oh! 'twas an hour that in itself an age
Condenseth; for untold sensations vast,
From deep Infinity came struggling up!—
Shadows of soul, and Shapes which Conscience eyes,
From moral depths, which seldom are disclosed,—
Emerge, and to and fro the Spirit's hall
Glide,—like the ghosts of awful THING to come;
Till, lo! at length, the pent-up pang explodes
In language, and the load of stifled grief
Rolls from the heart,—to be unloosed in tears!

And let them fall! their tributary flow
Is Nature's litany of weeping hearts.
For there th' ELIJAH OF THE GOSPEL lies!
And rarely to the spirit's home hath fled,
From this low earth, a loftier SOUL than he,—
The lion-hearted Luther! Never more
That princely Heart with generous pang shall bleed:
He sleeps in Jesus, but he wakes to God,
Chanting in Heaven the song on earth he sung—
"Worthy the Lamb! for HE was slain for me!"
The race is o'er, the goal immortal reach'd:
Servant of Light, and vassal of its Lord,

Him hath THE MASTER with the Host above
United, call'd, rewarded,—and resumed
Back to THE BOSOM whence his graces flow'd.

And let the Pope and Priest their victor scorn,
Each fault reveal, each imperfection scan,
And by the fell anatomy of hate
His life dissect with Satire's keenest edge,—
And yet may Luther, with his mighty heart,
Defy their malice, though it breathe of hell!
If Soul majestic, and a dauntless mien;
If Faith colossal, o'er all fiends and frowns
Erect; if Energy that never slack'd,
With all that galaxy of graces bright
Which stud the firmament of Christian mind;
If these be noble,—with a zeal conjoin'd
That made his life one liturgy of love,—
Then may the Saxon from his death-couch send
A dreadless answer that refutes all foes
Who dwarf his merit, or his creed revile
With falsehood!—Far beyond them soars the Soul
They slander; from his tomb there still comes forth
A magic that appals them by its power;
And the brave Monk who made the Popedom rock,
Champions the World to shew his equal yet!

Luther is dead!—and, like the CHURCH's knell,

Booms the sad tale in Europe's startled ear:
Princes are struck with consternation's thrill,
And trembles now the Reformation's ark.—
But turn we most to see Melancthon's tear,
Sacred as ever dropp'd from Friendship's eye![59]
Nations alone the great REFORMER knew,
But he the MAN had loved, and mourn'd him now,
As David over Jonathan bemoan'd,—
Passing the grief of woman! 'Twas the black eclipse
Of Earth's best sunshine, when his Luther died:
For Years had tried them with severest test,
And at each close, more fervidly in faith
Had left them; therefore, what but balm from Heaven
The gentle pathos of his grieving heart
Can soothe, and soften into sacred calm?
Theirs was a friendship which no earthly soil
Can prosper; out of heavenly seed it sprang,
And bloom'd unwither'd 'mid the blight, and blast
Of cold earth's changes. Each to each a grace
Imparted, which apart they did not wield;
Their light was varied, but their love was one;
And the mild discord of commingled souls
In friendship made the harmony more sweet;
While o'er the failings of their mutual hearts
The garment of sweet charity was thrown,—
And hid them. Thus, not Luther, in his mood
Tempestuous, when the lawless rage ran high,

From mild Melancthon forced one bitter tone;
For soon that tempest of a moment sank
To loving silence; forth the rainbow smiled,
And rich good-humour cast its rosy gleam
O'er the brief gloom a frowning word begot.—
And thus 'twill ever be, when hearts are true
As tender; frankly bold and freely plain,
'Tis not in natures, when by Christ attuned,
The smile forgiving from a fault confest
To darken:—love is here our safest creed;
For kindness forms the talismanic key,—
Opening the heart well-lock'd to all beside.

Luther is dead; and lone Melancthon weeps;[60]
And, reader! hast thou no responsive tear
With his to mingle? Is thy gone career
Tombless? and over no departed friend
Heaves the green turf? And is thy present hung
With no sad cypress over perish'd joys,
Or faded dear ones into dust relapsed?—
Alas! the heart's Necropolis is fill'd
With many a tomb by mem'ry's votive hand:
And where is he, the miracle of joy,
In age partaking all his childhood had
Of household blessing or parental bliss?
Oh! long ere wintry years the head have hoar'd,
Or thoughts their furrows in the forehead plough'd,

Eternity with time, at least, divides
Our friendships. Heaven has oft the better half
Of hopes that brighten'd, or of hearts that blest
Our Life's fair morning! Soon the world grows strange;
And bleak and barren do our pathways grow,
As more and more they wind us to the grave!—
And well, if friendship only be the loss
We suffer; oft, alas! our feelings too
Are petrified to apathetic frost;
The Heart's a bankrupt, though the Head be rich;
While all those young simplicities of soul
That lay on character's expanding buds,
Like drops of morning in their freshness bright,—
Exhale, and leave an autumn waste behind.

Not such wert thine, Melancthon! Round thy grief
A radiant hope of sweet re-union shined
In that high world of tearlessness and truth,
Where all of heavenly that on earth we lose
Again shall greet us; and a glory wear,
Perfect and bright, beyond our purest mind
Below to witness. There shall friend with friend,
And babe with mother, son with sire, renew
With blest revival, unforgotten love.
Partings below will soon to meetings turn,—

And serve as foils to set their gladness off
Hereafter, when the soul's embraces blend.—
And there are moments, mystically deep,
When time anticipates eternity,
Making the Easter of our mem'ry bright
Rise on the heart with resurrection's bloom.
Bodied and bodiless can thus converge,
Whene'er to worship at the THRONE we bow,
Or sigh, or speak some lonely prayer of love,
Soothed by soft dreams of well-remember'd times.
There, round that CENTRE of our common LORD,
The dear and dead ones of the heart revive;
Inhale together one surpassing peace,
And bathe their spirits in one blended joy
Supernal: friendships thus in soul remain
When tombs have swallow'd all the senses clasp'd.—
So can the Living with the Dead commune,
And cheat the grave of half its vict'ry here;
And love in Christ divinely thus will prove
On Earth the brightest, as in Heaven the best.

A Poet's Retrospect and Patriot's Conclusion.

" Let not your King and Parliament in one,
Much less apart, mistake themselves for that
Which is most worthy to be thought upon:
Nor think they are, essentially, the state.
But, let them know, 'twas for a deeper life,
Which they but represent,—
That there's on earth a yet unjuster thing,
Veil'd though it be, than Parliament and King."

George Withers.

" The church being thus reduced to a religion, religion in *genere*, is consequently separated from the church, and made a subject of parliamentary determination, independently of the church. The poor are withdrawn from the discipline of the church. The education of the people is detached from the ministry of the church. Religion becomes a noun of multitude, a *nomen collectivum*, expressing the aggregate of all the different groups of nations and ceremonies connected with the invisible and supernatural. On the plausible (and in this sense of the word, unanswerable) pretext of the multitude and variety of religions, and for the suppression of bigotry and negative persecution, national education is to be finally sundered from all religion, but speedily and decisively emancipated from the superintendence of the national clergy. Education is to be reformed, and considered synonymous with instruction." * * * " Thus we have game laws, corn laws, cotton factories, Spitalfields, the tillers of the land paid by poor-rates, and the remainder of the population mechanized into engines for the manufacturing of new rich men; yea, the machinery of the wealth of the nation made up of the wretchedness, disease, and depravity of those who should constitute the strength of the nation." * * * " Religion, true or false, is, and ever has been, the centre of gravity in a realm, to which all other things must and will accommodate themselves."—*Coleridge on Church and State*, second edition, p. 65—71.

NATURE alone is universant Want;
But how to fill it, Man can never find,
Till Heaven instruct him. Sin a gap hath made
Which all the glory that below the skies
Our dreams can manufacture, or Desire
In deeds embody, cannot ever close.—
The happy are the holy; none besides!
But God in man plants holiness complete:
Life from THE SPIRIT, by his Word inbreathed,
Like to a soul within a soul must reign,
Or, at the best, Humanity is base;
Her lights are cold, her attributes eclipsed,
And all her high prerogatives—a cheat!

Yet man himself a moral Crœsus thinks,
And from *his* power perfected Being longs
To frame or fashion. Hence the world has tried
The hunger of the heart with food to feed,—
Drawn from the depths of that presumed supply
It seems to master. But the effort fails;
And time recorded but repeats the tale
Of mutual wants, by mutual pride befool'd
With false supplies, which took the name of good,
But never reach'd its nature!—till, at length,
Giants in faith, (by God himself equipp'd)
With mental grasp, magnificently wide

And wondrous,—on the stage of Manhood rise;
And these, at once, like INCARNATIONS seem
Of all that Cent'ries in their sighs invoked,
Or Truth had imaged as the master shape
In which to cast our virtues. What was once
An aimless yearning, or a blind desire
Haunting the heart with perturbation wild,—
Is now personified by Form express
And open; Want hath now its PRIEST obtain'd
To vent the truth, to give abstraction voice,
And body forth, intelligibly plain,
Sorrows which pleading Ages have deplored

And such was Luther, when the clock of time
Sounded the hour for his decreed approach:
He was the MOUTHPIECE of oppress'd mankind,
A great INTERPRETER of tongueless wants
And pains, that lack'd an intellectual Power
Their own profundity to tell, or prove—
Yet, preludes were there which portended change;
Some dawning heralds of a deeper life,
Diviner morals, and a purer creed,—
Ere the lone Monk from out his convent peal'd
Those thunderclaps of theologic truth,
That startled Leo from pontific sleep,
And shook the Vatican, with such a force

That yet its walls do vibrate with the shock
They gave them!—though three hundred years
Have swept their wings o'er Martin Luther's grave.—
There was a ripple in the mental tide
Awaken'd; streams of holier thought began,
With sudden freshness and more sweeping force,
Heavenward and onward through the heart to roll:
While pale reflections of departed truths
Began to glimmer, and o'er nighted creeds
To shine with contrast,—till this rising stir,
This restless heave of Principles and Powers
Together banded,—*then*, a MASTER MIND,
Shaped in the secrecies of convent gloom,
Mounts on the stage,—to organize the whole
For blended action and consummate good.

And we, who now the Reformation scan,
Mellow'd by time, and by experience tried,—
No random Impulse, no erratic move
Aimless and blind,—in that achievement hail;
But rather a momentum, pure and deep,
From DEITY himself directly sent
To Nature,—that her inmost heart might wake!
Reason and Man were agencies alone;
They acted nought but instrumental parts;
One GREAT DIRECTOR did o'er all preside;
But yet invisible, behind the veil

Of mental drapery,—His guiding Hand
Arrested, moved, and modified the work,
With sacred watch incessant. Hence the CAUSE,
(Beyond the creed of calculating souls,)
So often grew mysteriously begirt
And mantled round with difficulties that mock'd
All human gazers; hence the high result
Proved not indeed what Romish annals feign—
Mere anarchy from man's revolted mind,
Heady and proud, by lawless will inspired;
Nor, was it but the negative Excess
Of haughty reason, with rejecting ire
All ritual forms time-hallow'd and adored,
Trampling to dust: for then the WORK had died
E'en in its birth, as imposition blind
As baseless—founded in no faith, or law,
And tinged with nothing but sectarian hues
Petty and partial.—No! THE TRUTH was there!
And from the centre, like a script'ral heart
Recover'd GRACE with throbs of doctrine sent
A gospel life-blood through the gen'rous whole.
Th' ALMIGHTY SELF the Reformation was!
And Luther but the mental hand HE used
To wield the movements, by His law inspired.—
And thus, with rev'rence be the Past unroll'd:
All truths in time are Providence in *Fact*,
And *Form* evolving, variously profound.

What now makes HIST'RY, once in God was WILL
Unvoiced, unacted, and unseen:
Tried by that WILL—the heart of Hist'ry throbs
With life intelligent, with force divine;
But, when *apart* from Heaven's presumed DECREE
The glooms, or glories of the world we scan,—
Our creed must be—confusion! then, the Church
Matter and Mind alone can e'er display
To Faith or Feeling. Hist'ry's life is God:
All second Causes are the FIRST disguised;
And great RESULTS, though Man sole master seem,
From but mere echoes which HIS WILL repeat.

And, oh! how thrilling! touch'd with solemn awe,
Or, pregnant with philosophy, how deep,—
Are Time's events when thus divinely read!
Here is the harmony of Things obtain'd,
When from the CROSS pure explanations flow;
For here, a PRINCIPLE itself reveals
Etherial, pure, magnificent, and plain,
That binds with beauty, and embraces all,
(E'en like a Zone of harmonizing sway,)
That, else, looks chaos in the life of Things.
Yea! such the homage to a God believed
Empires and nations in HIS hand to hide,
That pagan instinct canonized the creed,
Ere GOD in gospel to the earth came down,

His heart revealing.—Never yet hath man,
A wisdom high, or greatness holy sought,
But, claim'd he kindred with celestial LAW,
And by DIVINITY himself explained.
Thus truth in time shall magnify the Cross,
Until the breast of God-revering Man
Echo on earth the chant by Angels sung
In glory—"KING OF KINGS! and LORD OF LORDS!
In Thee and *For* Thee, do all things consist
In Souls, or Systems, or stupendous Worlds!"

VINE OF THE CHURCH, whose mystic branches are
The host elect of sanctified and seal'd
Immortals,—even so, as CHRIST is own'd,
Our light is safe, our liberty secure.
But when to human from Divine we turn
With homage baseless, and, to mortal breath
A blind religion blinder incense pays,—
Our brightest health is but consumption's bloom!
Faithful, or faithless, to her Lord, as HEAD
And true SENSORIUM of all living grace,
E'en thus as our beleaguer'd CHURCH hath stood,
Sublime in gifts or sunken into shame,
The Bride of Jesus hath on earth display'd
Both form and features. For a threefold spring
Religion only can for creed, or forms
Betake her; and that triple source all time

Illustrates,—Man, or GOD, or Priest alone,—
As each is master, so her fate hath been.
But when the Priest, his sacerdotal chains,
(Forged from the links of apostolic truth
Perverted) round about pale conscience wove;
When Man, unsceptred of his kingly mind,
A mere Automaton, for ritual springs
To pull or play, as guile or gain inspired
Their priestly mover;—when for such
The Esaus of the soul their birthright gave
Of faith and freedom in Salvation gift,
Religion was the JAILER of Mankind,
And bound the Spirit in a rotting gloom
Of Christless errors. But when GOD appears
Again refulgent on a Throne of Grace,—
Revival wakens! and the truth reform'd
By monk, or martyr, is but Christ unveil'd.
PROPHET, and PRIEST, and KING of Souls redeem'd,
The Church adores him. Then, her powers expand,
Her Symbols preach, her Sacraments revive,
Her truths HUMANITY contain, and clasp
With fine embraces of effective law
And love commingled; then, indeed, a GROUND
And PILLAR of the TRUTH she stands, and pleads:
Angels admire, and Devils cannot pluck
One ray of beauty from her righteous crown!
For then, AMBASSADRESS from Heaven to Earth,

Glad tidings brings she on her mitred brow,
And with her full-toned GOSPEL: then erect,
In high preeminence o'er heart and head,
She holds the SAVIOUR, crucified and crown'd.—
Sinner and Sin, for each her Creed presents
Befitting argument, both for God and Man.
There, one is pardon'd,—Mercy be adored!
The other, punish'd,—Justice, own the doom!
So, in twin glory, Love and Law complete
Their vast expression; thus alike, can LAW
Glare from the Cross a dreadful verdict down
On Sin, on Conscience, and on coming Doom;
While LOVE o'er all eclipsing radiance pours,
And MERCY in its rapt meridian shines!

But art thou not thus venerably graced,
Founded in CHRIST, and by Apostles formed,
By Martyrs nurtured, and by bleeding Saints,
Age after age on Heaven's own order sent,
GLORY OF ENGLAND! oh! my Mother Church,
Hoary with time, but all untouch'd in Creed?
Firm to thy MASTER, with as fond a grasp
Of faith as Luther, with his free-born mind,
Clung to IMMANUEL,—doth thy soul remain.
But yet around thee scowls a fierce array
Of Foes and Falsehoods, must'ring each their powers,
And, all prepared their hallelujahs base

Or bloody, o'er thy fallen towers to lift
Triumphantly. And well may thoughtful Hearts
Heave with foreboding swell and heavy fears,—
To mark how mad opinion doth infect
Thy children; how thine apostolic claims
And Love maternal are regarded now
By creedless vanity, or careless vice.
For time there was when peerless Hooker wrote,
And deep-soul'd Bacon taught the World to think,
When thou wert paramount,—thy Cause sublime!
And in *thy* life, all polity and powers
The Throne securing, or in Law enshrined,
With all estates our balanced Realm contains,—
In thee supreme a master virtue own'd
And honour'd: Church and State could then co-work
Like soul and body in one breathing Form,
Distinct, but undivided; each with rule
Essential to the Kingdom's healthful frame,
Yet *both*, in unity august and good,
Together, under CHRIST their living HEAD,—
A hallow'd COMMONWEALTH of powers achieved.
But now, in evil times, sectarian will
Would split the BODY, and to SECTS reduce
The Sainted Mother of th' Imperial Isles,
That have for ages from her bosom drank
Those truths immortal, Life and Conscience need.—
But never may th' indignities of hearts

Self-blinded, or the autocratic pride
Of passions, unperfumed by praise or prayer,
One lock of glory from her rev'rend head
Succeed in plucking: LOVE, and FAITH, and TRUTH,
Her doctrines preach with apostolic force;
Her creed is UNITY, her HEAD is Christ,
Her Forms primeval, and her Creed divine,
And CATHOLIC,—that crowning name she wears;
(In Heaven revered, though unadmired below;)
For GOD is catholic in love and law,
While man in both would mere sectarian prove,
And down the deeps of individual SELF
Would Christ and Creed and Calvary absorb!

And signs there be of more stupendous gloom
Frowning vast bodements over Faith, and Forms
That once intact, by sanctity begirt,
O'erawed betrayal! For a fitful heave,
A restless panting for the UNATTAIN'D
And UNDESCRIBED,—both church and world betray.
Knowledge alone, from FAITH's protective law
Divorced, must now sole educatrix be,
While the dread Universe itself is tax'd
For sensual income, through her living range!
Down from yon palace where the Sun-king reigns,
Throng'd by his court of seasons, to the dust

Existence crumbles on her daily rounds,—
All is for PROFIT!—money makes the man,
And man the money. Gold is England's GOD,
While brute SENSATION forms the people's Lord;
And men are mechanized to flesh-machines
For grinding incomes out of earth and stones,
Till haunted NATURE, (once by Feeling thought
Creation's Urim, where young dreams consult,
And Thummim, whence poetic fancy drew
Replies unsyllabled, yet full of speech,)
Turns a mere platform, whence our Food is drawn,
And Sense may batten! Thus, depraved and sunk,
Our Cains in creed, our Deicides in mind
Who murder Godhead with their secret thought,
(Or live as though his Attributes were dead,
Disarmed, or paralysed,) religion hoot—
Scouting the FUTURE as the fancy's mocks,
A poet's fiction, or a priest-born lie,
Venal as groundless!—Thus dare men conceive
That Cash may do what Creeds have never done,—
Till conscience (man's true centre, where
All that is hallowed in the life within,—
Should gravitate) at length recedes and stops;
Then, man is moral ruin, base and blind,
Anarchic passion, and bereft despair!

Myriads be such, whom sensual Knowledge cheats,
And depthless Minds, with most despotic craft
Beleague and govern. But, amid this whirl
Of Things, when all by ancient creed admired,
And called immortal, waxes dim and pale;
When Law is weak, and Legislation blind;
When guess-work dares all principle decry,
And time-hoared VERITIES, by Heaven approved,
As props and pillars of a Nation's weal,—
Uprooted lie, by violation's grasp;
And SELF alone our practic BIBLE grows.
Lo! in the midst of this spasmodic change,
The Church of England, like a bastion, fronts
The warring elements which round her rise,—
Secure, unbroken, unalarmed, and calm;
And haply (if ordaining Heaven decree)
The Spirit's ORGAN for restoring Life
To Virtues dead, and Morals half extinct.

For, gathered into one expressive whole,
If language could articulate the mind,—
What is the spring, the primal and profound
Of all commotion,—strange, or deep, or strong?—
What is it,—but the hunger of the HEART,
The moral famine of the foodless mind
For GOOD?—a thirst beyond all worlds to soothe,

And all the cisterns of created joy
To quench! But, in the INFINITE of Truth
There may the Intellect its rest attain;
And in the INFINITE of love the Will
Responsive adequacy alone may find.—
But, save in Christ, the RESERVOIR of souls
Believing,—save in Him the GREAT RELIEF,[62]
Where can th' unresting Heart repose enjoy?
For here all aspirations can their echo meet,
Centre in calm, and reach consummate bliss.
But, if that CHRIST in England's church be found,
In pulpit, sacrament, and prayer enshrined,
Her priesthood faithful, and her powers express'd
With order'd grace, and discipline revered;—
Then, in the Hands of her o'erwatching LORD,
Yet may she bring to European Heart
And Spirit, that supply of nurt'ring truth
They need, but cannot name. And signs there be
Which stamp her, with significant effect,
TEACHER of nations,—fated yet to draw
The Future round her, as a central ark,
Where Light, and Liberty, and Law secrete
Their saving essence, to conserve the world.
For, 'mid her faults of sin and tottering faith,
Her stoops of weakness, and her starts of pride
Terrestrial,—in her heart there nobly beat
The truths august protesting Luther voiced,

Like battle-tones, before the ear of Kings!—
And what, if thus by fav'ring Heaven endow'd,
The high deposit of THE FAITH she hold
Untarnish'd? Trial, then, may glory prove;
Safety and splendor may her conflicts crown:
And what to mere arithmetic of sense,
Heavy, and black, and charged with coming woes
Appeareth,—her apostolic zeal
A true arena, where our Church may stand
Fighting the battles of primeval faith,
May be,—and grateful Empires call her blest!

And, lo! what symptomatic meanings throng
To all who gaze intelligently calm
On men, or nations! Signs which preach with power
The sermons deep of Providence to time!
See! Population, with enormous swell,
Increase a thousand ere the sun decline
Day after day; while Space and Time depart
Before the miracles by modern speed
Enacted! Elements our vassals make;
And like a war-steed harness'd and controll'd,
Rein'd by proud science,—lo! the bridled Deep,
Commerce to all her thousand ports conveys,
Rapid as winds can waft, or waters roll!
Empires with empires thus new contact form,

Powers with fresh powers, and minds with minds
embrace,
For vice or virtue; all in mental fusion meet
And mingle,—ready to ignite and blaze
Heavenward or Hellward, as the truth prevails
Or falters! while around this huge ferment,
Mark Legislation to the lowest brink
Of sad humanity her code direct;
While Wisdom pores, with speculation deep,
Round plans and prospects, where the mind may
grow,
And learn to build its intellectual Being up.

Here be the Portents which predict a change,
A crisis, or convulsion! while the dormant East
(That home of apathy and ancient pride)
Wakes from her torpor, with mysterious life
And motion. What shall then the issue be,
When the world labours with some big EVENT
Radiant with bliss, or black with dreadful crime?—
To GOD we leave it; but *this* may Truth pronounce,
That Hell is forming where HIS grace breathes *not!*
And let but once thy spark, Rebellion, fall
Down on the mass of unconverted minds,
By treason moulded and by anarchs led
To lawless triumph,—and the world will face
Suff'rings untold, and horribly intense

Beyond what Hist'ry hath in dread portray'd.
Then Earth a Pandemonium would present,
Raging with lust and reeking with revenge;—
Till by her blood incarnadined, the World
Would be as godless as the Fiend requires!

But this, in mercy, may our God forbid!
Nor leave the world a dungeon of despair.
And may our Church (by gracious Heaven revived)
Hallow'd by love, her apostolic rank
Resume and dignify;—and so present
Her mitred forehead and her saintly mien
Untarnish'd, unattainted; safe alike
From popish rancour, and schismatic rent.
For in her shrine th' ETERNAL MORALS dwell;
And through her sacraments and creeds there flow
(As golden conduit pipes of grace ordain'd)
Streams of high influence, fresh from heaven conveyed.
But could the Mammons of our day succeed,
Unchurch the nation, prayer and praise destroy,
Silence the pulpit, and all means of grace
Baffle or blight,—soon would hell on earth
A more than Rival in debasement, hail!—
For soul itself would putrefy in sin,
Or wither down to senselessness and shame;
While MANHOOD, (which the eye of Faith declares

A true Shechinah, where a shadow'd God
Dimly HIMSELF through mortal haze unfolds,)
A mere Hypothesis of breath and brain
Would be!—a paradox in flesh array'd,
A baseless something, now baptized a Man!

But in thy heart, heroic England! long
May Luther's voice and Luther's spirit live,
Unsilenced and unshamed. Thou peerless home
Of liberty and laws, of arts and arms,
Of learning, love, and eloquence divine,
Where Shakspeare dreamt, and sightless Milton soar'd,
Where heroes bled, and martyrs for the truth
Have died the burning death,—without a groan;
Land of the beautiful, the brave, the free!
Never, oh never! round thy yielded soul
May damning Popery its rust-worn chain
Of darkness rivet; in the might of heaven
Awake!—and back to Rome's vile dungeon hurl
Her shackles base, and slavery abhorr'd!
Without the Bible, Britain's life-blood chills
And curdles; *in* that book, and *by* that book,
Almighty,—freedom can alone be kept
From age to age, in unison with heaven.
Without it, life is but a ling'ring death,
A false existence, that begets decay,
Or fevers only into restless life.

Whose blood is madness, and whose breath despair!
For not philosophy, with Attic grace
Bedeck'd and dazzling; nor can science deep,
Sounding with searchful eye the vast abyss
Of things created; nor politic weal
Transcending all that earthly patriot dreams
Of pure and perfect—our great Country guard:
And though our banners on the four winds waft
Defiance in the face of this huge world,
Our swords flash vict'ry, and our commerce vie
With more than Tyre, upon her throne of waves
Once free and famous,—till our country prove
The banking centre of all climes and creeds,—
Reft of her Bible, not a drop remains
Of holy Life-blood in the nation's heart!

Land of the Lord! my own maternal Isle!
Still in the noontide of celestial love
Basking, beneath the cross of Christ adored,
How bounds the heart with patriotic throb
Devoted, till each pulse a prayer becomes,—
When oft upon thy sea-dash'd cliff we stand,
While ships by thousands haunt thy favour'd shores,
And in their bosom half the world discharge
Of riches and of splendor!—God is thine,
My country!—faithful unto death be thou;
For He has made and magnified thy strength,

E'en like a SECOND PALESTINE, to prove
The Ark of scripture, where a Christless world
May find the truth that makes her spirit free!—
Thy bulwark is the Bible, in the heart
Of Britain like a second heart enshrined
For inspiration, purity, and power:
And long o'er Principle, and Law, and Weal,
O'er public Virtue, and o'er private Life,
May SCRIPTURE be solé paramount and test;
The source and standard of majestic faith,
Where morals form, and whence our motives flow.—
And thus, brave Empire! if thy church beloved
Firm to the truths the Saxon Paul restored
Tenaciously through blood and fire remain;
Then, long as guardian waves begirt
Thy shores, or sunbeams o'er thy cornfields play,
While thy large soul with liberty exults
And brightens; will that CHURCH uninjured stand,
Saintly and solemn, by the wise revered,
By great men haunted, and by good men blest.
And never may thy solemn sabbath-bells
No echo in thy children's hearts awake;
When, pealing softly with a pensive chime,
Or deep-toned cadence o'er thy hills and dales,
Cities and towns, and hamlets far away,—
It bids us feel what Luther's genius won;
Who pluck'd our sabbaths out of papal mire,

And gave to myriads GOD's own Day of rest,—
Pure as the one my page shall vision now.

But, see! from out the radiant East, that blooms
As if with blossoms of carnation'd light,
The rose of morning blushes into hues
Of purpling splendor,—till the arch of heaven,
Serenely mantled with one glow immense
Of opal lustre, tells that Day is born,
And that—a Sabbath: sacred be its dawn!
To all who welcome with accorded rites
Its high mementos, and its claims august.—
And oh! how numb'd with earth's torpedo sway
The minds that will not, in the saintly prime,
Of this rapt morning—feel how GOD hath framed
The world *without* intelligibly fit
By living response to the world *within*—
Now, Matter seems a paraphrase on Mind:
We pour our spirit into sounds and scenes,
(Greeting Creation like an echo'd Self
In forms repeated, for poetic eyes,
Or hearts of high-strain'd purity, to hail.)
And now, most delicate,—from out the spirit's depths
Unsyllabled imaginations rise,
With thoughts that in their trepid beauty hang
Faintly and freshly on the virgin Mind;
From whence we know not!—Sacramental hour,

Hail to thy glories! for the LORD is thine,
And all things of His plastic SPIRIT breathe.
The very sunbeams do their sabbath keep,—
So hush'd and holy is the bright-hair'd morn,
While balm and beauty through Creation's breast
Are now prevailing!—Nature's typing calm
To sabbath-keeping hearts it thus presents,
Who early at the grave of Jesus watch,
Like Mary, to behold her rising LORD.
We call it fancy, but it comes like fact,
Full on the soul with more seductive power,—
That Nature's Heart sabbatically greets
The day in seven which tones the other six
With virtue,—e'en as man's is wont to do.

Now melt the heavens, magnificently soft,
Through the deep eye that loves to drink the hues
Like draughts of lustre, till the flooded gaze
O'erflows with splendor, and grows dim with light;
The larks renew their matins; while the humbler
birds
Send hallelujahs to the King of Morn,
Tiny and broken, but replete with praise;
Who, now uprising from his throne of clouds,
Bares his red forehead to the greeting world.
The sightless finger of the fairy breeze
Wanders about, and with a dimpling touch

Ripples a stream, or tunes the air to song,
Till, like a psalmody of woven breeze,
Fancy admires it; but for this,—all earth
Is cover'd o'er with meditation's calm,
Solemn as in the hoary minster dwells;
And if no waving elegance of trees
With falt'ring motion; nor the lisping talk
Of flowers wind-ruffled; nor the mellow tones
Of gliding waters in their graceful flow,
Broke the blest calm,—'twere all a perfect trance
In sweetest emblem of the hallow'd Morn.
But if from rustic solitude we turn
To where, through parted hills, old Ocean bares
His breast of waters to the braiding sun,—
Thou hast no sabbath, ever-rolling Sea!
At once 'tis witness'd;—but methinks thy waves
Pant like the heavings of a heart that swells,
And pulses heavenward with unspoken prayer.

But day advances: hark! from tower and spire,
Pointing the soul, like principles, to Heaven
And happiness—what many-voicéd bells
Peel their high summons, which invite the world
To meet her MAKER in HIS temple shrined,
Waiting due worship. Oh! consummate DAY,
Beyond the grossness of barbaric sense
Rightly to value. What a blighted scene,

Yea, what a prison-vault of petty cares,
Polluted dreams, and unbaptized joys,
Would Earth, if sabbathless,—at once become!
For if throughout infinity we feel
And act, by conscious glory with our GOD
Conjoin'd; or, (of divinity amerced,)
The gnawing worm of conscience must endure,—
Then, priceless is the Sabbath! and we hail
The Soul of Six days in the Seventh divine.

To let the Eternal o'er the temp'ral cast
A shading awe that bids this world away;
And Earth to Heaven, by aspiration's wing
To lift; by symbols and by signs to charm
Cold Nature, and imagination feed
With rites that nourish for ennobling growth
Its being; then, by combination due
Of epochs high, traditions pure, and faith
Unblemish'd, from a Gospel fountain drawn,—
Here is the function which a Sabbath fills:
Together, with appliances devout
Of praise, confession, penitence, and prayer,
That bathes the conscience in the crimson tide
Of Jesus:—who can such a Day blaspheme,
Thus propertied with those divinest powers
That to the roots of all which makes

A people holy, or an empire wise,—
Sends a live influence from Religion's heart?

'Tis chiefly by this institute sublime,
(Sanction'd by GOD, and by HIMSELF first kept,)
The SOUL'S position in the truth appears
E'en AS it is,—before Omniscient Mind!
Now are we taught, by rites and facts reveal'd
Or by appeals, (whose pathos is THY pang,
IMMANUEL! by awaking grace applied,)
A truth which humbles, yet with holy might
Meetens and melts the heart to bear the doom
Celestial;—e'en this truth of all the base
In moral code, or creed religious found—
"That God *made* man, but man himself *unmade*;"
And now is fallen, from ethereal heights
Of being, into cursed and carnal depths
Apostate,—helpless, hopeless, and impure,
And having nothing but a guilt,—his own!
Oh, verity! beyond our solving minds
To master, but by all things sign'd and seal'd;
For Nature, Providence, and Grace combine
Their witness, and authenticate the FALL:
Explaining much, itself is unexplain'd,
Remains a myst'ry, but all myst'ries lights
With radiance, pure as Reason's eye approves.

Deny it—what a libel on the Love
Almighty, does this blasted Earth become!
So much of grandeur in our grief abides;
So much of glory in our gloom appears;
And in the soil of our corrupted soul
So much the footprints of departed GOD
Leave shining impress of their primal track,—
That *if* not fallen, but in form of mind
MAN in his perfect God-created mould
Be yet apparent,—what a satire then
On Power Creative seems this anarch state!—
Or rather, by such contradiction judged,
Lunatic angels, seraphim gone mad,
Would men be christen'd,—if no beam from Heaven
Lighten'd the gloom of this chaotic world!

And therefore, glory to this Day benign!
For now Eternity and Time will meet,
The heavenly on the earthly state shall dawn,
And man, who in the mass and multitude
Of work-day powers and worldly movements, makes
Too often but an Item unobserved,—
Here in the TEMPLE, where a church becomes
A shrine of Morals to consulting hearts,—
Himself shall realize as full-orb'd MAN;
Single and one, within him hiding depths

Of solemn, vast, and individual Life,
Beyond all utt'rance!—Life which few discern
Or chronicle; but, O my GOD! august,
Since there alone the secrecy of strength,
And power of unpartaken Being dwell.—
For what is action, but the spirit's garb,
The form and pressure of a Life unseen?
And that more awful than the outer sense
Can shape, or recognise, by reaching words.
WITHIN is Life! the TRINITY come there
To bless, or blast, as we their OWN become
By likeness; or Satanical by sin;
But life exterior, with its painted shows,
And all its multiplex array of scenes,
By conduct acted, or experience tried,—
Is like the ripple seen on Ocean's face;
Hiding the unregarded deeps below,
And tempting gazers to discern no more.

Then lift your heads, ye Everlasting Doors!
And be ye open, O Eternal Gates!
That in the chariot of descending grace,
Borne by His SPIRIT down to Hearts that pray,—
The King of Glory, with His train of Truths
Begirt, may come, and find due welcome there.
England! be grateful; for a scene that melts

The soul to thoughts, whose dialect is tears,—
Around us opens, with expansive range!
Uncounted steeples now to Heaven uplift
Their chimes, and swell the wafting air with tones
That rise and fall, like undulating waves
In volumed cadence heaved upon the shore;
But, touching are they!—for the tombs of mind
Open amid them, as they peal, or pause;
While buried hopes, and forms and feelings dead
Quicken beneath their resurrection tones
Mysterious! But, far beyond the gaze
Of earth to witness, will the gather'd souls,
Who meet to worship with commingled awe,
The God Incarnate, to the angels bright
This morn discover, when the piercing truth
Enters the spirit with irradiant power,
And bares the bosom of the soul to light!
For hearts to them are like transparent hives,
Whose hidden workings are conspicuous made
And watch'd for ever.—Yes! the Sabbath gives
Wisdom to angels, while they bend to see
How Nature struggles, as the Spirit acts,
Revives our graces, or rebukes our sins;
Or drags the guilty to that secret bar,
That strange tribunal, which ourselves erect,
And cannot vanquish! 'Tis indeed a Day
When most of God and most of Man evolves.—

What faint beginnings of the infant Christ
Feature the heart with elemental love,
To all which manhood in the faith unfolds
By finish'd likeness to the SON of GOD,—
This do they watch, and with concernment trace:
They love to *think* where infidels would *sneer*,
And learn divinity by reading Man.

But though some emanated charms there be,
Sent from the sabbath, which no eye discerns
Profoundly, as perfected angels can,
Haunting our temples with their wings unheard
And eyes unwitness'd;—yet, enough remains
To prove a magic clothes this holy morn
Beyond all others, beautiful and deep.
And now, methinks that potency begins!—
Open the Heavens, and drop their sacred dews,
Distilling balm, and blessedness, and love.
Whether to yon cathedral, with its form
August, and massive elegance of towers
Serenely rising in the radiant air,—
Your fancy wander; and awhile enjoy
The wave-like rollings of the organ peals,
Bursting and booming down the arched aisles
And hollow naves,—while choir and chanted rites,
And vested priesthood in their pure array,
Ensoul with awful loveliness the scene.—

Or, rather, if to some Arcadian haunt
Where rustic manners in ancestral stamp
Are yet embalm'd—you turn your roving eye,
To view the patriarchs of some village throng
Hie to their minster, with its Gothic porch
And ivied windows 'mid encircling yews
Embosom'd dimly;—yet in each alike,
How much of all the REFORMATION brought
Of peace and purity, may Feeling trace!
But where yon palaces of commerce lift
Their dusky, dim, and many-window'd piles,
'Mid roar of capitals; or cities vast,
How does the day in which MESSIAH rose,
Check the loud wheels, and hush the grating jars,
And vexing hum of avarice and gain!
That care-worn artisans with pallid cheeks,
And all the wasted family of toil,
Each with his little one—awhile may feel,
That Men are *more* than rational machines
For shaping matter, or absorbing food!
But, on their foreheads see a title-page,
An Imprimatur of immortal life;
And on this day, (by Heaven's ordaining Law
Rank'd in the rubric of perpetual grace,)
They all may learn their brotherhood in God.
There, as they group beneath the Bible's wing,
And through the centralizing love of Christ

The level glory of our nature reach
Together,—who can tell what sweet content,
What calm submission to their clouded lot,
With all the heart-burns which their toil-worn lives
Experience ever,—from *that* moment flows!
Here all are equal, in the bond of flesh,
The ties of Nature, and in guilt with God.
Here, crowns and coronets and truncheons drop
To nothing; king and subject share alike;
And in thy royalties, redeeming Love!
A prince may falter, where a peasant lifts
His plea; while in the poor man's eye may shine
A tear of rapture kingdoms could not raise,
Nor all that earth's diameter contains,
Purchase the peace his hallow'd conscience hath!

Glory! to think that once a week, Mankind
Bow at the footstool of their COMMON SIRE
In co-equality of dust and sin,
To plead for mercy at Salvation's fount,—
Ye mighty Hunters in the fields of truth!
Titans of thought! ye giants of renown!
Colossal wonders in the world of mind,
Who, with the shadow of your soul's immense,
Cover creation!—though your genius charm
Th' eternal PUBLIC of posterity,
Your names are nothing in the balance now!

Bend the stiff Mind, and bow the stubborn Heart,
And, in the pleadings of your helpless dust,—
Go! take your station with yon cottage girl,
Or chant a verse with yonder hymning child:
And, happy are ye! if, like them, ye feel
That wisdom is, our ignorance to know,
And greatness dwells in nothingness believed:—
There, cast your anchors in the cloven Rock
Of Ages; for behind the Veil it towers,
Deep as eternity, and high as God!

Abhorr'd be therefore that most brutal aim,
That rank hyperbolé of godless crime,
Which massacres all religion at a blow!—
That ere by riot, lust, or lawless gain,
Or by some logic, false as fiends inspire,
Our Sabbaths from their sanctity should fail
Or falter. On two Worlds at once they touch,—
The Lights of this, the Landmarks of the next,
And reft of these, all anarchies commence
To madden; nor can Praise itself o'erprize
The order'd motions of a day like this,
When thou, maternal Church! whose head is hoar'd
With ages, but whose heart, like Jesu's, beats
With love for spirits,—art a blessing proved
By Forms, by Functions, and by ritual Chants
And Sacraments of soul-exalting grace.

Thine is a work beyond seraphic lyres
To celebrate; for now, by thee allured,
The infant by his lisping tongue may speak
Truths beyond what Socrates could tell,
Or Plato in his rapt and raiséd dream
Embody.—Yes, the Church is Reason's friend!
For what is Reason but th' informing WORD[63]
By grace imparted? and as HE begins
Our nature's law to regulate and rule,—
So, all the circles of our secret life
Concentrical to perfect reason act.
And though alike the humble and the high
In sermons, sacraments, and symbols meet
Depths of divinity they cannot wade,
And meanings never master'd,—yet by such
The mental Energies are boldly trained
To grapple Truths, and rarely let them go
Without a blessing.—But the creed that aims
Both Man and Faith in horizontal lines
To level, proves a flatt'ring lie, that draws
The force *from* reason which it feigns to give;—
Like fawning ivy round some oak entwined,
Eating the heart its verdure seems to brace.

Again then be our lauding chants uplift
To HIM, most holy,—to the Sabbath's GOD!
Who, when the planets sang their lays of light,

While young Earth from her liquid cradle rose,
Rejoicing—from His throne of love decreed
A Sabbath endless, modell'd from his own,
A Rest whose archetype himself enjoy'd.—
Long may our Church, with her organic powers
And rites ministrant, this pure day revere:
For sabbaths make the Morals of our land;
And by their litanies of sacred love,
By pulpit, priest, and all that past'ral sway
Which makes the meanest village in our land
To catch a hue of elegance refined,—
They form thermometers, whereby to mete
(Rising or falling as their sanction acts)
Our true advancement in consummate weal.
Since public Virtue, Monarchy, and Law,
And Church with State, together are espoused
By league of principle, and power of love;
So, if our Sabbaths be from sway dethroned,
The music of the Commonwealth is gone!
Soon into atoms will dissolve and drop
That Fabric eloquent,—whose walls are Mind,—
And founded deep in immemorial laws
And liberties, the CONSTITUTION falls!—
Then, guard them well, ye Senators and Priests,
For they are priceless! and to us preserve
All that in heart and home, in Temple, or in State
Is pure of worship, or of lore profound.

And he who robs them of their rightful sway
By pen, or speech, example, creed, or life,
On Heaven itself a sacrilege presumes,—
Man's awful Being to the centre shocks,
And plucks the apple from a Nation's eye!

But turn from this, one gentle view to take
Again from Nature. Now the day is done;
And, like the radiance of some lovely dream
Poetic slumber fashions,—softly melts
And sweetly mellows into parting hues,
The hour of sunset. From the ruby west
A flashing glory o'er the firmament
Deepens along, and over earth reflects
Beauty, that touches flower and field and fruit,
And yellow cornfields sloping o'er the vale,
With charms more exquisite than garish noon
Inspires. But, if on yonder height you stand,
Beneath you,—what a British Arcady,
In lustre qualified with coming shade,
Is then unveil'd, by sunny calm serened!
There as you stand, around your temples throng
The fresh-wing'd airs, from waving branches sent;
The breeze makes music, while the cadence low
Of distant sheep-bell dyingly comes on,
Or melts delightfully on Feeling's ear.—
Here Nature thrones enchantment; far-off hills,

Crown'd with a coronet of glitt'ring trees,
Paler and paler to the west retire;
And woods, and coppice, lanes, and hedges green,
With sun-bright cots, and farms of mossy roof;
While here and there, some rustic temple lifts
That gothic beauty, (whose mysterious power
Acts on the eye like poetry in stone
Embodied,)—these in blent expression woo
The gazer; mix'd with many a gleam
From rivers flashing, as the sun-ray tips
The current, cheering it with gay surprise.—
But now, a mellow shade of mantling hue
Advances; villages and towns retire
Like pictured visions,—save where yonder tower
In its tall symmetry, with golden tinge
Retains the sunbeam; and as home you wend,
Hark! on the ear of balmy evening comes
The faint far chime of some cathedral bell,
With pensive summons; which, to fancy, sounds
A curfew for Creation's sabbath rest.

And now, that rest is deep'ning; daylight ebbs;
But yet, or ever sinks the Priest of light,—
Around him, like a burning shrine, the heavens
Gather and glow, and with enfolding splendour wrap
His decadence; while colours, richly deep
And dazzling, woven from th' Almighty's loom

Of Nature, all the occident inlay.—
Brighter and brighter his dilated orb
Is now becoming, till at length he sinks
In soft decline, magnificently calm,
Beneath yon flush'd horizon:—leaving all above
Hued with his radiance; like to hearts that catch
From GOD's own heroes, when their dying beds
In farewell glory give the Christian out,—
Flashes of meaning which the face o'erspread
With lustre, and the gazer's cheeks impress
With light,—whose source is Immortality.

Vistas of thought, and avenues of mind
Where Truth may roam in philosophic shade,
Or Fancy, (by her shaping dreams begirt,)
Image beyond what pict'ring words describe,
Open before us,—now the pensive lull
And balmy prelude to the twilight's reign,
Come o'er the heart; till, with sabbatic love,
Nature and Mind responsively confer.
Oh, how the sacredness of silence steals
O'er all things!—just as if a Spirit's glide,
Inaudible, but *felt*, through earth and air
Were passing: mute and motionless the trees
Stand in the gloom, like sentinels entranced;
Not e'en an insect through the stirless air
At times is waking: boughs and birds repose;

While the dark shadows of yon distant hills
Loom on the eye,—portentous and profound,
As if with speaking vastness: but the flowers
Breathe double fragrance, now the heated air
Is cooling; and a thousand secret plants,
That in the sun-warm noon their scents retain
Inviolate, their rich aroma yield;
Like hearts whose finer sympathies are shut
When fortune brightens,—but when affliction's night
Blackens around you, let their sweetness out:
Or, as the promises the SPIRIT's love
To faith applies, which seldom, while the sun
Of joy shines golden, give their treasures forth;
But in our glooms,—how gloriously they breathe
Their buried meanings into living force
And comfort!—But, more hush'd and holy still
Grows the dim landscape round the muser's tread,
Who walks it, till he dreams his very step
Profane intrusion on the soundless air.
And now, methinks, Miltonic eyes would view
Th' angelic Watchers of our peccant world
Patrolling earth with immaterial watch,
And tread unseen; or, by their LORD employed
The wheels of nature to redress, or guide
The comings on of Night,—who now begins
To spread her mantle o'er the sleeping world.
Here is the moment, when our conscience moves

If racked, or guilty; when religion wakes
From depths unopened in the feverish day;
While awed Imagination lives and feels
The unborn poetry of breathless mind,
Within her quickened:—loud the heart-throbs beat:
But in this syncopé of nature's sounds,
What mute theology a moment wields
O'er the strained fancy!—now, indeed, we prove
That worded speech to manhood appertains,
But SILENCE the Almighty's language is;
And Faith can hear it, thrillingly entoned
With inspirations from eternity.

But that hath pass'd; and from the shrouding awe
That girds thee, with a gentle force, awake!—
E'en such a night, as now begins to dawn,
The captive Luther from his watch-tower loved
To witness,—when by prayer becalmed,
He rolled his eye-glance round the vaulted heavens
Studded with stars, like Scripture gemm'd with truths,
And gave his spirit to the spell of Night,
With all a poet's rapture!—Such begins
O'er the dead twilight to assert its reign
Of tranced loveliness, and stellar noon.
Lo! one by one, with timid gleam, and slow,
Star after star comes trembling into life

And lustre; radiant, mild, and mournful oft,—
Like the half tears in Childhood's pensive eye,
Do some appear; while others, rich and round
Like burning jewels dug from mines of light,—
Flash on the forehead of the mellowed sky
Most brilliantly; or, clustered into groups,
The rest commingle their associate beams,
Dazzling the concave. Still, the Earth obscured
Lies dimly veil'd, with umbrage unrelieved,
Waiting the Lamp that lights her beauties up.—
And yonder comes it!—lo! her queenly brow
O'er the dusk air the punctual moon uplifts.
And,—e'en as music, solemn, deep, and slow,
Through the dark chambers of dejected mind
Where all is shapeless, oft to order cites
Thought after thought, successive and serene,—
So her wan lustre, as it mildly steals
O'er the mute landscape,—tree, and bough and bank
Each out of dimness and disorder draws
To shape and aspect; till the dew-drops gleam
Like Nature's diamonds on her night-dress thrown,
In countless sparkles:—but the stars grow pale,
Like mortal graces near th' excessive blaze
Of Thine, IMMANUEL!—save th' undazzled brows
Of the large planets, eloquently bright
With sheen unconquer'd. What a change at once

The Moon o'er all things by her beam hath cast!—
Like faith arising in the nighted heart,
And touching nature with redemption's light
Victorious.—Wheresoe'er his roving eye
Darts a pleased glance, hill, and brook, and hedge,
Rivers and streams, and meadowy range far off,
Cities and towers, and tall cathedral spires,
And village churchyards, with their grassy tombs,
Attract the gazer,—till the glance is fed
With loveliness, beyond the moving lip
To mention. But above,—how beautiful!
There, solemnly the climbing moon ascends;
And each thin cloud within her silver reach
She clothes with splendour,—like a mortal pang
By hope celestial into radiant peace
Transmuted. But in this access divine
Of Nature's sabbath, solitude and night,
How like the fortunes of the Saviour's Bride
The moon's high progress through the heaven appears!—
Varied and full, now crescent, and complete,
Shaded, or dim, and then with radiance clad:
So hath the Church along time's clouded scene
Flourished or faded, shined, or suffered gloom;
But yet, doth travel through her fated round
Upward to glory;—or, may deeper eyes discern
In yon pale symbol of the speechless sky,

The moon-like radiance of imperfect Man
By grace made holy, but how changeful too?
E'en to the last, by shades of sin o'erhung,
Or hidden: while th' imperial Lord of day,
By his prerogative of light, portrays
That sun-clear righteousness of *state* complete,—
Which all the justified of God arrays
With faultless glory, fair as JESUS wore.

Oh! *that* NAME, beyond all nature loud,—
Peals like the trumpet of Eternity
Through all the chambers of responsive faith,
Making them echo with the charm of Christ!—
Nature was forfeit when the first man fell
To sin; and whatsoe'er in nature lives,—
In reason, morals, or in mind enacts
Dominion, from HIS vast atonement flows.
And who but they, who thus the Earth baptize
In Jesus,—half its fascinating creed
Interpret?—not, but myst'ry *there* abides,
And most unfathom'd; for by sense we find
Creation is the way of God *to man*,
In life, or being outwardly express'd;
But in redemption, God *with God* proceeds
By truth and glory, inwardly resolved:
And if the first our reason overtask,—
On what, but scripture, can the second stand?

But this we know, (howe'er the myst'ry shock
The carnal, or the mind's conceit alarm,)—
Creation once her own Creator slew,
In flesh embodied, when for sin He died!
And yet from HIM this hour of beauty takes
All that in sky, or cloud, or star-encircled moon
Is lovely. Here, indeed, material sights
Touch'd by the Cross, with sacred meaning glow,—
Turning creation to a creed of forms
Significantly glorious!—What a truth!
From HIM this boundless orb of Being came,
From nothing cited; by His ceaseless hand
The wheels of Nature, and the wings of Time
Circle their way, or waft their soundless flight;
While all the properties the creatures have,
Are but the actings of a secret CHRIST
Organically present. Here is faith,—
When all the motions which in nature rule,
Her laws and lights, her harmonies and hues,
(From the faint insect to the flaming sun
Apparent,) preach the Saviour's kingly hand,
And to the senses do expound His heart
For ever! What the *sinful* Adam lost,
The SINLESS, by eternal heirship, gain'd;
The Curse unsting'd, then took th' attainder off,
And back redeem'd th' inheritance of MAN!

Oh! tell me not, poetic harps can sing
That science loves, and sentiment perceives,
And calm philosophy, with musing eye,
Beneath the stars magnetic,—all which heaven
And earth of God and Goodness testify.
'Tis only when by DAVID'S KEY unlock'd,
The Secrets and the Splendors of the world
Act their full charm; and by electric touch
Wake the deep springs of answ'ring love within.—
The merest elegance of pagan mind
Can dimly upward to creative POWER
And Goodness, haply grope its errant way;
But when the Christian can his CHRIST discern,
As HEAD and HEART of all creation shews,—
Religion and his Life make parallels;
For faith and feeling in communion move
Divorceless ever! Then, at once, all Laws
And Movements, like cathedral rites appear
By Nature's liturgy of LOVE perform'd
In the vast Temple of the universe,—
Shrining IMMANUEL; then the whole applies
To Him,—the watching, weeping, dying Lord,
The source of Nature and Salvation too!
Then, oh, thou Earth! what oracles there roll
With power and pathos, from thy myriad shrines,
With more than music to the spirit's ear!
And ye, calm Heavens! with liquid moonlight bathed—

With what a rhetoric your silence pleads
For HIM who soar'd beyond ye,—His Seat
Almighty, and behind your veiling pomps
Thrones His high glory! Then alone ye form
Creation's Bible, where the blessed stars
Beam their bright gospel on devotion's gaze,—
By faith illumined, in their light to read
The priceless merit of the BLOOD that keeps
The Heavens in motion, and the Earth alive!

So may we ever, at nocturnal hour,
Morning, or noon,—whatever time we walk
The halls of nature, with a holy tread,—
To HIM, all beautiful, all vast, all bright,
May we refer;—WHO, when Creation fell,
And sin on earth began its hell to bring
Personified Eternity in time,
And clothed the INFINITE with human flesh
For our remission:—

But, the midnight hour is come;
The Moon, with her pale hierarchy girt
Of stars, is gliding to the ocean's brim;
And, listen!—for the chime of far-off bells
O'er the dead Sabbath tolls a dying tone;
And now, the Day is buried; to thy tomb,
Eternity! with all its hopes and fears,
Gather'd and gone!—But, oh! how thrill'd

The chords mysterious of our secret Frame!
As if the stirrings of a life unborn,
Latent, but lovely,—this tranced hour inspired.
The dead seem gazing on our hearts again!
Illapses deep, irradiations pure,
Glide through our spirit, from a source unknown;
Until, (by awful loveliness subdued,)
Above the Gazer lifts his eye of prayer
Expressive;—youth, and home, and long-fled days,
With soft revival, touch him into tears
Unshed; and while the arch of night yet rings
With the soft echoes of the sunken chimes
Around him,—many a thoughtful sigh is heaved
O'er visions gone; while Things that once becharm'd
The dazzled fancy, pale and cold appear,—
Weeds of the past, which lie on mem'ry's lonely shore!

And now, amid thy hush, most holy Night!
Here let us stand, beneath yon hanging cliff,
Closing our song beside the placid Sea
That now lies breezeless. Who that thus beholds
Her bosom by the braiding moonlight deck'd,
And heaving only to attraction's orb,
(As heaves the heart beneath the eye it loves,)
Could ever think, thou democratic Sea!
Thy billows, like the roar of human wrongs
Clamour on high, and cleave the heavens with sound

So often!—Such thy halcyon slumber now,
The stars are mirror'd on thy glassy wave
With beam unbroken; while the feet that press
The pebbled margin of the moonlit wave,—
Rudely and loudly on the hush intrude
Their faintest motion.

Here then, be farewell
To this long strain of meditative truth,—
E'en by thy bulwark, O Britannic Isle!
That, with the meekness of maternal love
Ramparts the home her waves have helped to guard.
Here, in the trance of this untroubled night
Sabbatic, lift we now our hand, and heart,
And eyes, to that SUPERNAL POWER OF TRUTH,
Who governs All things, but who guardeth Thee,
My country! with a most peculiar love:
That once, as out of Zion peal'd the Trump
Of ancient gospel,—hence the battle-voice
Of Truth reform'd, should ever bravely roll,
And waken echoes such as Luther's heart
Could welcome,—deep as burning Cranmer loved,
Or Ridley o'er his pangs of fire prolong'd!

Mysterious SPIRIT of the ceaseless Mind!
HEART of the church, as Christ the only HEAD;
SOUL of our souls in supernat'ral light!—

Unbounded, deathless, and transforming GRACE
And LOVE and WISDOM!—Thee I now invoke;
And to THYSELF presume to consecrate
Pages,—that whatsoe'er of hallow'd power
They have, from THEE alone their truth receive,
And virtue. Oh! thou SEMPITERNAL LIFE,
Breathe o'er this effort, and with force array
Whate'er is feeble; and with heavenly touch
And tone, their meaning so affect, and fill,—
That onward to the inner mind of Man,
Or central Being, where high conscience holds
Her seat august, and faith's dominion acts,—
What truths they carry, may be safely borne
Beyond the heartless, and above the vain
To warp, or weaken. Here, beneath the arch
Of midnight, solemn, deep, intensely calm,
THY PRESENCE would I realize; and lift
Mine awe-struck nature, to the heights unseen
Of ESSENCE Uncreate,—where THOU art Third
In Godhead, where the FOUNTAIN SIRE is First,—
Second, the FILIAL WORD,—and All supreme
In One co-equal, co-eternal THREE,
The GOD Tripersonal and True,—complete.

Descend, pure SPIRIT! Light and Life and Love
Without Thee, are not: Poetry is Thine,
Reason, and Science, and majestic Arts,

The heaven-born Virtues, and intellectual Powers,
With all pre-eminence of grace or gifts,—
Are but as glances from Thy glory cast,
And caught by Mind. But who THY sway can tell?
For, at the first, the Heavens and all their Host,
Moon, star, and planets,—from THY hand derived
Their radiance, from Thy wisdom learn'd their paths.
And Earth is thine: her elemental laws,
Her motions, harmonies and living hues,
Yea, all that BEAUTY (whose consummate spell
In bending symmetries, or breathing forms,
Is to the soul like melody to ears
Respondent) are but emanated powers
From Thee, great BEAUTY'S archetypal SEAL!—
While MAN himself, (that miracle of forms,)
Into his mould was copied from THY cast
Ethereal; and the whole of Truths inspired,
Prophetic Utt'rance, or mirac'lous Deed,
Which was, or is, or shall be,—are but Rays
Sent from Thine essence to created Mind.

Without THEE—more than night Egyptian reigns!
DUTY sublime would stern distraction be,
Commanding what our impotence alarms,—
To love that HOLY, which our hearts abhor
By nature!—But, Thy promised aid attends,

Arches our being like the roof of heaven
Where'er we wander,—and to Will perverse
Such power imparteth, that the precept takes
Thy Presence with it, in each task assign'd.
And all the splendors from eternity
Which visit time, Scripture back to THEE,
Sole fountain of apocalypse,—refers.

THOU teachest GOD, and man himself abides
In fact unfathom'd,—till Thy light reveal
The two eternities of coming truth
Within Him folded,—like a double germ
Soon to expand, in Heaven, or Hell, complete![61]
And hence, our NATURE grows an awful Thing;
We thrill eternity in touching MAN!
For, from the eyeballs of his living head
Outlooks the EVERLASTING!—though eclipsed;
While every heart-pulse in the life of faith
Throbs with Thy Spirit, Inspiration's Lord!

Thou only CRITIC of the complex Mind!
Unerring JUDGE, to whose transpiercing gaze
All the seal'd fountains of shut Motive lie
Unseal'd and open,—bless, oh! bless
Both Church and State, both Monarchy and Crown;
Teaching the highest, that of THEE bereft,
Reason itself irrational becomes,

Virtues are vices,—with a better name
And brighter seeming; but, by THEE becalm'd,
The rudest chaos of corrupted hearts,
At once is chasten'd; till, in love and awe
Embodied harmony the man appears;—
Lives by THY life, and with thy motion moves,
A radiant LIKENESS of the LORD he loves.

And now, O SPIRIT! at the noon of night,
Under the trance of this poetic sky,
While all around me breathes the hush of Heaven,—
Thee I invoke, this erring strain to crown:
Without Thee,—'tis but vanity and voice,
And mere vexation, into language thrown;
But with Thee—Weakness is itself made strong,
While Nature's darkness turns to light divine.
And if with me one aspiration dwell
For truths, beyond philosophy to preach
Or master; if one thought this perill'd mind
Inspire, where THOU, O God of grace, art seen,—
Prevenient SPIRIT! 'tis from Thee derived.
And, oh! if life, with all its loneliness,
The glow of youth hath still in heart retain'd;
If all the waste, the fever, and the fret
Of buried pangs, (beyond the world to know,)
From boyhood in its bleakness, e'en till now,—
Have not untuned me; but a tone have left

In concord with the beautiful and bright;—
If Nature thrill me with as keen a joy
As in the poetry of pensive youth
It ever did; if such for bliss remain,—
Blent with far deeper things, by suff'ring taught,
And faith transmuted, for the life within,
As onward through a bleak and heartless world
Our pathway windeth to the waiting tomb,—
SPIRIT OF GLORY! take my gratitude,
And sanctify the closing strain I sing:
Bear with my soul!—Thy blessing o'er it breathe,
And all who love the MASTER whom I serve!
Divine IMMANUEL! peace may all Thy CHURCH possess,
Till Faith shall in sublime fruition end,
All Symbols cease, all Sacraments retire,
And earthly Sabbaths into heavenly melt,
For men and angels;—where the Host redeem'd,
Shall in the TEMPLE of pure GODHEAD keep
The Sabbath endless of Almighty love.

NOTES.

"I, Martin Luther, an unworthy preacher of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, thus profess and thus believe; that this article, THAT FAITH ALONE, WITHOUT WORKS, CAN JUSTIFY BEFORE GOD, shall never be overthrown, neither by the emperor, nor by the Turk, nor by the Tartar, nor by the Persian, nor by the Pope, with all his cardinals, bishops, sacrificers, monks, nuns, kings, princes, powers of the world, nor yet by all the devils in hell. This article shall stand fast, whether they will or no. This is the true gospel. Jesus Christ redeemed us from our sins, and he only. This most firm and certain truth is the voice of scripture, though the world and all the devils rage and roar. If Christ alone take away our sins, we cannot do this with our works: and as it is impossible to embrace Christ but by faith, it is, therefore, equally impossible to apprehend him by works. If, then, faith alone must apprehend Christ, before works can follow, the conclusion is irrefragable, that faith alone apprehends him, before and without the consideration of works; and this is our justification and deliverance from sin. Then, and not till then, good works follow faith, as its necessary and inseparable fruit. This is the doctrine I teach; and this the Holy Spirit and church of the faithful have delivered. In this will I abide. Amen."

NOTES.

Note 1, Page 2.

"We know but little in reality of the natural world, and far less of the spiritual. What we, in following the Scripture, term the Covenant of Grace, with all its relations and dependencies, may only form a part of an infinitely greater system, extended to worlds upon worlds beyond and above us. The Angels, Principalities, Powers, Might, and Dominions, in *the heavenlies*, of which we have only hints revealed to us, because, as yet, more is not necessary for us to know, may have such a connexion with the fall, and perhaps, (at least those who are evil among them) such a share in producing it, as may vastly surpass our present powers of conception. It plainly appears, that as this world of ours makes but a part of a great whole, so its spiritual concerns may have a relation to transactions in the heavens, which it may constitute a great part of our happiness to grow more and more acquainted with throughout eternity itself; as doubtless it will add to the felicity of all the inhabitants of glory, of whatever order or degree, to see the consummation of the elect with them, through the merit and power of the Redeemer.

"How little do we know of the principle of natural *life*, even in ourselves? Much less do we know of the life of other beings around us; and least of all, of the life of spiritual beings, and the manner of their agencies or operations. We

understand not the life of a mite; and yet we are privileged to enjoy the life of God, which we know that we do enjoy by its effects, so distinct and superior to the course and bent of natural life, as it now exists in our fallen state, and so plainly stated and delineated in the word of God.—There is no end to these wonders! They are all unsearchable! *In the fulness of times, all things are to be gathered together in one, in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him.* Eph. i. 13."—*Serle's Hor. Sol.*, p. 450.

"As in great maps or pictures you will see the border decorated with meadows, fountains, flowers, and the like, represented in it, but in the middle you have the main design: so amongst the works of God is it with the fore-ordained redemption of man. All his other works in the world, all the beauty of the creatures, the succession of ages, and the things that come to pass in them, are but as the border to this as the mainpiece. But as a foolish unskilful beholder, not discerning the excellency of the principal piece in such maps or pictures, gazes only on the fair border, and goes no farther—thus do the greatest part of us as to this great work of God, the redemption of our personal being, and the re-union of the human with the divine, by and through the divine humanity of the Incarnate Word."—*Archbishop Leighton.*

Note 2, Page 7.

On the doctrine which attributes the actings of Reason *as such* in Human Nature since the fall, to the intervening meritoriousness of the Son of God, the writer begs to direct the attention of a thoughtful mind to the following illustrations, which might have been expanded to almost an indefinite amount, from other sources:—"A third sense of the word Reason,—viz., when it is made synonymous with Right, Truth, Justice, as in the following phrases, 'Reason requires,' 'He has Reason on his side,' 'Contrary to Reason,' 'Beyond all

Reason,' &c. Here Reason does not signify the private judgment of any particular man, but somewhat universal, which all, in their proper dispositions, may have access to; which all are obliged to consult, and to whose decisions all profess themselves ready to submit. In this sense it is often called Right Reason, which, when it is represented to our understanding, we may, by our own Reason, investigate, and assure ourselves of the certainty of its determinations. And here we discover the wide difference there is between Right Reason and the personal Reason or Intellect of every particular man. Right Reason is one only, yet universal, and communicable to all intelligent beings. It is Eternal and Immutable, which are essential attributes of the Deity. It is indeed, the Reason of the Infinite Mind, the divine Logos, of whom St. John declares, that *He is the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.* He is an intellectual light, which dawns upon every human mind, and thereby renders us moral agents. As such, as moral agents, we have it in our choice whether we will receive, or not receive, the truth presented to us. In either case we must have some knowledge of it; but that knowledge will be greatly different in those who, admitting it no farther than the head, only reason about it, and those who desirously receive it into their heart, and follow its guidance.

"There are, then, two kinds of moral knowledge; the one a mere speculation, the other a practical conviction. These two differ by the whole nature of things; they differ as a shadow does from a substance; and it is therefore fitting to distinguish them by different names: the first we may call the knowledge by *Reason*; the second, by *Faith.*"—*Heylin's Lectures*, p. 147, 148.

The profound Charnock, in allusion to the Fall, (Works, vol. iv. p. 440, and also p. 530) when discussing the famous text in St. John, observes: "How does Christ *light every man* that comes into the world? *Naturally:* so Calvin:—the world was made by him, and therefore, that which is the beauty of the world, the reason of man, *was made and kindled*

by Him. As all the light the world hath had since the creation flows from the sun, so all the knowledge which sparkles in any man, is communicated by Christ, ever since the creation, as He is the *wisdom of God*, and as Mediator preserving these relics of the fall." Again: "Man is to be considered as respited from the present suffering this sentence, by *the intervention of Christ*, whereby he is put into another way of probation. So these common notions in our understanding, and common motion in our wills and affections, so far as they have anything of moral goodness, are A NEW GIFT TO OUR NATURES BY VIRTUE OF THE MEDIATION OF CHRIST." * * * "By virtue of this mediation, some power is given back to man as a NEW DONATION; and whatsoever power man hath, is originally from this cause, and GROWS NOT UP FROM THE STOCK OF NATURE, BUT FROM COMMON GRACE."

Norris (the Platonic divine), in combating what he terms "The Grossness of the Quakers' Principle," (i. e., that the *light within* is a CREATURE) observes, on this great subject—"'Tis absurd to make the light within to be a creature. Monsieur Malebranche, considering with himself of all the possible ways whereby we may come to have the ideas of things without us, makes this division or enumeration of them. 'It is necessary (says he) that these ideas should either proceed from the objects, or that our mind has a power of producing them, or that God should produce them, either with the mind when he creates it, or occasionally, as often as we think of any object; or that the mind should possess in itself all the perfections which it sees in things; or else, lastly, that it be united to some absolutely perfect being that includes in himself all the perfections of created beings.' And these are all the possible ways of human understanding that this excellent theorist could conceive, or thought conceivable. But this it is to have a dull invention and a straightness of imagination that is not open enough to let in a full view of things. We now meet with a sort of philosophers of a freer prospect, and more enlarged survey, that have found out

another mode of furnishing the mind with ideas, and that is, by its being united to some created being, and that, too, a material one. Strange that so inquisitive and so working a head as that of M. Malebranche should be so defective in his enumeration as not to hit upon this most wonderful expedient of uniting the soul to a creature in order to its illumination. But sure he could not overlook it, but rather thought it too inconsiderable to be mentioned. It was, no doubt, very easy and obvious for him to have considered that the last member of his distribution might have been divided into two, only by making his supposition run first in general, that the mind be united to some being or other, and then by distinguishing that general into created or uncreated. This, I say, he might easily have done, and in point of exact order and method, perhaps should have done; but not dreaming that any would ever be so extravagantly gross as to resolve the illumination of the mind into its union with any creature, and not in the least questioning but that if men were once come so far into the right path as to make the illumination of the mind to depend upon its union with some being or other, they would have no further scruple upon them whether this Being were God or no, he chose rather to pass over all union with the creature in silence, and to make this his last and only further supposable way of enlightening the mind, that it be united to some absolutely perfect Being that includes in himself all the perfections of created beings, which, no doubt, is the only basis upon which an intelligible hypothesis of human understanding can ever be raised. And I cannot but greatly wonder that those who come up so very near it should yet upon a sudden turn off, and pass it by."

Let us wind up this note on the awfulness of human reason, when scripturally contemplated in the mysterious light of the Atonement, by a passage from Cudworth, taken from his "*Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*," p. 13.

"Moreover, from hence, also, it comes to pass that Truths, though they be in never so many and distant minds apprehending them, yet they are but broken, multiplied, or diver-

sified thereby; but they are one and the same individual truths in them all. So that it IS BUT ONE TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE THAT IS IN ALL THE UNDERSTANDING IN THE WORLD." * * * "When innumerable created understandings direct themselves to the contemplation of the same universal and immutable truths, they do all of them but, as it were, listen to one and the same original voice of the ETERNAL WISDOM, that is never silent; and the several conceptions of these truths in their minds are but like several echoes of the same VERBA MENTIS of the Divine INTELLECT RESOUNDING IN THEM."

NOTE 3, PAGE 17.

"As all things began in and from this working WILL, so all things must go on it; and there can be no other creator, worker, or former of things to all eternity, but the working will of God, either mediately or immediately. Nor can there be any other nature in any thing but that which is the birth or magic effect of a working will within it. And everything that is done by the creature, everything which it seeks and likes, or abhors and resists, is all driven on by a working will or magic power which stirs and generates, and works within it.

"Would you know now the true ground of all this? It is this: it is because will is the first original of all power, and the Omnipotence of God consisteth in nothing else but his working will; and therefore no power ever was, or ever can be, anywhere else, but as it is in God; and if the creature hath any power, it must have it, as God hath it, in its working will. For since all nature, with all its qualities, births, and creatures, are all brought into being by the working will of God, it evidently follows, that every creature, with every quality, power, and property in it, is magically born, and therefore must have a magic nature,—that is, a nature that cometh from, and standeth in a working will.

"And now, Sir, you are come into a full view of the most important matter of the mystery of all things — a matter which, if rightly apprehended in the inward ground of your soul, puts an entire end to all the jargon of a false philosophy, and to all those fictions of doctrines and disputes which reason has built upon the written word of God.

"For nothing is effected by fiction and invention, by any contrived arts or searchings of rational inquiries: all this is nothing, because it toucheth not nature, but leaveth it to itself, which carrieth on its own works by its own power, and can only work in its own way, and must bring forth its own births, independent of everything but its own working life. But all lieth in the will and working desire of the soul, because will began and brought forth all that nature that lives in the soul, and is the only life in it, and this life can work and grow from nothing else but that which first brought it forth. Hence you see the full meaning of these words of our author, All is magical; and magic is the mother of all things, and consequently, the only opener of all divine knowledge. All which expressions only imply thus much, that the will, whether in God or the creature, is the ground and seed of everything—is the generating working power which maketh and worketh all things to be in that state and condition in which they are; and that everything begins, goes on, and ends in the working of the will; and that nothing can be otherwise than as its will worketh, and therefore eternity and time are magical, and magic is, and must be, the mother of all things.

"Now here you see, in the utmost degree of clearness, how all true and false religion divide from one another. For if nothing worketh but the will, if nothing else carries on the work of nature, then all is false and vain in religion but the working of the will; and nothing is saving or redeeming in the life of the soul but that which helps the will to work towards God."—LAW *on the way to Divine Knowledge*, p. 145—147.

NOTE 4, PAGE 20.

"The first sort of demonstrations shall be fetched from all the three Persons, and their several influence they have on Christ's heart in heaven to incline it towards us.

"The first shall be taken from God his Father, who hath thus advanced him; and it hath two parts—1. That God hath given a perpetual command to Christ to love sinners; 2. That therefore his heart continues the same for ever.

"For the first. God the Father hath given Jesus Christ a special command to love sinners, and hath withal implanted a merciful, gracious disposition in his heart towards them. This I mention to argue it, because it is that which Christ allegeth (John, vi. 37) as the original ground of this disposition of his, 'not to cast out those that come to him; for it is my Father's will (says he, in the following verses) that I should perform that which I came down from heaven for,' ver. 38; and this lies now still upon him now he is in heaven as much as ever; for 'his will also is (says he, ver. 39, 40) that I should raise them up at the last day,' so as it must needs continue the same till then. And compare with this, John, x. from ver. 15 to 18, where having discoursed before of his care and love to his sheep, to give his life for them, to know and own them, and to bring them into the fold, &c., he concludes at ver. 18—'This commandment have I received from my Father.' It is his will, says the sixth of St. John; and if a good son knows that a thing is his father's mind and will, it is enough to move him to do it; much more if it be his express command. And in this 10th of John, he further says that it is the command which he had received from the Father. A command is a man's will peremptorily expressed, so as there must be a breach if it be not fulfilled; and such a command hath God given Christ concerning us. Out of both which places I observe three things to be the matter of this will and command of God's—First, that Christ

should die for his sheep; in respect to which command he continued so to love them whilst here as to 'lay down his life for them,' so John, x. 15; but then he took it up again, and is ascended into heaven. Therefore those other two things commanded him do concern him when he is in glory—namely, to 'receive all that come to him,' which is the second; and the third, to look that he 'lose none of those for whom he died,' but to 'raise them up.' And for these his Father's command lies as strictly on him now he is in heaven, as for dying for them whilst he was on earth—'This command have I received from my Father, and this is his will.'

"And together with this command God did put into his heart (as where he commands he ever useth to do) such an instinct of transcendent love towards them as shall so strongly incline him to perform it, that he shall need no more commands. He hath put such a στοργη, such an especial love into him, as he hath put into the hearts of parents towards their own children, more than to all other men's children which they see besides, although more beautiful and more witty than their own. And both this commandment and this inclination of love towards them we have at once expressed, Psalm xl. 8, where giving the reason why he became our mediator, and sacrificed himself, he not only says, 'I come to do thy will, O God;' but also, 'Thy law is in my bowels.' In which speech both these two are mentioned—

"1. That command I mentioned is there expressed, for it is called 'a law.'

"And, 2, it was a law wrought into suitable dispositions in his heart, and therefore said to be a 'law in his heart or bowels.'

"You may easily conceive what law it was by the subject of it—his bowels; which are still put for the most tender affections, Colos. iii. 12, 'Bowels of mercy, kindness,' &c. It was no other than that law of love, mercy, and pity to poor sinners which God gave him in charge, as he was to be Mediator. It was that special law which lay on him as he was the second Adam; like that which was given to the first

Adam, *non concedendi*, over and above the moral law, not to eat the forbidden fruit, such a law was this he there speaks of; it was the law of his being a mediator and a sacrifice (for of that he expressly speaks, ver. 6, 7) over and besides the moral law, which was common to him with us. The word in the original is, '*In the midst* of my bowels,' to shew it was deeply engraven; it had its seat in the centre, it sat nearest, and was most inward in his heart.

"Yea, and as that special law of not eating the forbidden fruit was to Adam *præceptum symbolicum*, as divines call it, given over and besides all the ten commandments, to be a trial, a sign, or symbol, of his obedience to all the rest; such was this law given unto Christ, the second Adam; so as that God would judge of all his other obedience unto himself by this; yea, it was laid on him with that earnestness by God, and so commended by him, as that if ever Christ would have him to love him, he should be sure to love us. Thus in that place fore-cited, John, x. 17, 18, Christ comforts himself with this in his obedience, 'Therefore doth my Father love me:' it is spoken in relation unto his fulfilling this his command formerly mentioned, and so withal imports as if God should love Christ the better for the love he should shew to us, it pleased him so well to see Christ love us. And so it is as if God when he gave Christ that commandment, ver. 18, had said, Son, as you would have my love continue towards you, let me see your love towards me shewn in being kind to these I have given you, 'whom I have loved with the same love wherewith I have loved you,' as you have it, John, xvii. 23. As God would have us shew love unto him by loving his children, so he would have Christ also shew his love towards him by loving of us.

"Now for the second branch of this demonstration—namely, that that love which Christ when on earth expressed to be in his heart, and which made him die for sinners upon this command of his Father, that it doth certainly continue in his heart still now that he is in heaven, and that as quick and as tender as ever it was on earth, even as when he was

on the cross, and that because of his Father's command. It is evidenced thus: for it being a law written in the midst of his bowels by his Father, it becomes natural to him, and so indelible and (as other moral laws of God written in the heart are) perpetual. And as in us, when we shall be in heaven, though faith shall fail, and hope vanish, yet 'love shall continue,' as the apostle speaks, so doth this love in Christ's heart continue also, and suffers no decay, and is shewn as much now in receiving sinners and interceding for them, and being pitiful unto them, as then in dying for them. And this love to sinners being so commanded and pressed upon him, as was said, that as he would have his Father love him, he should love them; and so, being urged upon all that great love that is between him and his Father, this as it must needs work and boil up a strong love in him unto sinners, so likewise the most constant and never-decaying love that could be. And this is argued from the analogy of that principle upon which Christ urgeth us to love himself, John, xv. 10. He moveth his disciples to keep the commandments he gave them, and useth this argument, 'For so shall you abide in my love;' and backs it with his own instance, 'even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.' Now therefore this being the great commandment that God layeth on him, to love, and die for, and to continue to love, and receive sinners that come to him, and raise them up at the latter day, certainly he continues to keep it most exactly, as being one of the great ties between him and his Father so to continue in his love to him. Therefore, so long as he continues in his Father's love, (and now he is in heaven and at his right hand he must needs continue in highest favour with him,) so long we may be sure he continues to observe this. And thus that he should continue still to love us, both love to his Father and love to himself obligeth him, we may therefore be sure of him that he both doth it and will do it for ever. Oh, what a comfort is it that as children are mutual pledges and ties of love between man and wife, so that we should be made such between God the Father and the Son! And this demonstra-

tion is taken from the influence of the first Person of the Trinity, namely, from God the Father.

" Then, secondly, this his love is not a forced love, which he strives only to bear towards us, because his Father hath commanded him to marry us; but it is his nature, his disposition; which, added to the former, affords a second demonstration of the point in hand, and is drawn from God the Son. This disposition is free and natural to him; he should not be God's son else, nor take after his heavenly Father, unto whom it is natural to shew mercy, but not so to punish, which is his strange work, but ' mercy pleaseth him,' he ' is the Father of mercy,' he begets them naturally. Now Christ is his own Son, ἴδιος υἱὸς, (as by way of distinction he is called,) and his natural Son; yea, his human nature, being united to the second Person, is thereby become the natural Son of God, not adopted, as we are. And if he be his natural Son in privileges, then also his Father's properties are natural to him; more natural than to us, who are but his adopted sons. And if we ' as the elect of God,' who are but the adopted sons, are exhorted to put on ' bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, &c., as Col. iii. 12, then much more must these dispositions needs be found in Christ, the natural Son, and these not put on by him, but be as natural to him as his Sonship is. ' God is love,' as John says, and Christ is love covered over with flesh, yea, our flesh. And besides, it is certain that as God hath fashioned the hearts of all men, and some of the sons of men unto more mercy and pity naturally than others, and then the Holy Spirit coming on them to sanctify their natural dispositions, useth to work according to their tempers, even so it is certain that he tempered the heart of Christ, and made it of a softer mould and temper than the tenderness of all men's hearts put together into one (to soften it) would have been of. When he was to assume a human nature, he is brought in saying, Heb. x., ' A body hast thou fitted me'—that is, a human nature, fitted as in other things, so in the temper of it, for the Godhead to work and shew his perfections in best. And as he took a human

nature on purpose to be a merciful high priest, as Heb. ii. 14, so such a human nature, and of so special a temper and frame, as might be more merciful than all men or angels. His human nature was 'made without hands'—that is, was not of the ordinary make that other men's hearts are of, though for the matter the same, yet not for the frame of his spirit. It was a heart bespoke for on purpose to be made a vessel, or rather fountain of mercy, wide and capable enough to be so extended as to take in and give forth to us again all God's manifestative mercies—that is, all the mercies God intended to manifest to his elect; and therefore Christ's heart had naturally in the temper of it more pity than all men or angels have, as through which the mercies of the great God were to be dispensed unto us, and this heart of his to be the instrument of them. And, then, this man and the heart of this man so framed being united to God, and being made the natural Son of God, how natural must mercy needs be unto him.

"And therefore continue in him now he is in heaven; for though he laid down all infirmities of our nature when he rose again, yet no graces that were in him whilst he was below; they are in him now as much as ever, and being his nature, (for nature we know is constant), therefore still remain."—*Goodwin on Tenderness of Christ's Heart in Heaven.*

Note 5, Page 23.

"One of the most striking situations for a religious and reflective protestant is, that of passing some solitary hour under the lofty vault, among the superb arches and columns, of any one of the most splendid of these edifices remaining at this day in our own country. If he has sensibility and taste, the magnificence, the graceful union of so many divers inventions of art, the whole mighty creation of genius that quitted the world without leaving even a name, will come with magical impression on his mind, while it is contemplatively darkening into the awe of antiquity. But he will be recalled,—the sculptures, the inscriptions, the sanctuaries

enclosed off for the special benefit, after death, of persons who had very different concerns during life from that of the care of their salvation, and various other insignia of the original character of the place, will help to recall him,—to the thought that these proud piles were in fact raised to celebrate the conquest, and prolong the dominion, of the Power of Darkness over the soul of the people. They were as triumphal arches, erected in memorial of the extermination of that truth which was given to be the life of men.

"As he looks round, and looks upward, on the prodigy of design, and skill, and perseverance, and tributary wealth, he may image to himself the multitudes that, during successive ages, frequented this fane, in the assured belief that the idle ceremonies and impious superstitions, which they there performed or witnessed, were a service acceptable to Heaven, and to be repaid in blessings to the offerers. He may say to himself,—Here, on this very floor, under that elevated and decorated vault, in a 'dim and religious light' like this, but with the darkness of the shadow of death in their souls, they prostrated themselves to their saints, or their 'queen of heaven;' nay, to painted images and toys of wood or wax, to some ounce or two of bread and wine, to fragments of old bones, and rags of cast-off vestments. Hither they came, when conscience, in looking back or pointing forward, dismayed them, to purchase remission with money or atoning penances, or to acquire the privilege of sinning with impunity in a certain manner, or for a certain time: and they went out at yonder door in the perfect confidence that the priest had secured, in the one case the suspension, in the other the satisfaction, of the divine law. Here they solemnly believed, as they were taught, that, by donatives to the church, they delivered the souls of their departed sinful relations from their state of punishment; and they went out at that door resolved, such as had possessions, to bequeath some portion of them, to operate in the same manner for themselves another day, in the highly probable case of similar need. Here they were convened to listen in reverence to some representative

emissary from the Man of Sin, with new dictates of blasphemy or iniquity promulgated in the name of the Almighty; or to witness the trickery of some farce, devised to cheat or fright them out of whatever remainder the former impositions might have left them of sense, conscience, or property. Here, in fine, there was never presented to their understanding, from their childhood to their death, a comprehensive honest declaration of the laws of duty, and the pure doctrines of salvation. To think, that they should have mistaken for the house of God, and the very gate of heaven, a place where the regent of the nether world had so short a way to come from his dominions, and his agents and purchased slaves so short a way to go thither. If we could imagine a momentary visit from Him who once entered a fabric of sacred denomination with a scourge, because it was made the resort of a common traffic, with what aspect and voice, with what infliction but the 'rebuke with flames of fire,' would he have entered this mart of iniquity, assuming the name of his sanctuary, where the traffic was in delusions, crimes, and the souls of men? It was even as if, to use the prophet's language, the very 'stone cried out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answered it,' in denunciation; for a portion of the means of building, in the case of some of these edifices, was obtained as the price of dispensations and pardons.*

"In such a hideous light would the earlier history of one of these mighty structures, pretendedly consecrated to Christianity, be presented to the reflecting protestant; and then would recur the idea of its cost, as relative to what that expenditure might really have done for Christianity and the people. It absorbed in the construction sums sufficient to have supplied, costly as they would have been, even manuscript Bibles in the people's own language, (as a priesthood of truly apostolic character would have taken care the Scriptures should speak,) to all the families of a province; and in the revenues appropriated to its ministration of superstition, enough to

* That most superb Salisbury Cathedral, for example.

have provided men to teach all those families to read those Bibles.

"In all this, and in the whole constitution of the Grand Apostasy, involving innumerable forms of abuse and abomination to which our object does not require any allusion, how sad a spectacle is held forth of the people destroyed for lack of knowledge. If, as one of their plagues, an inferior one in itself, they were plundered, as we have seen, of their worldly goods, it was that the spoil might subserve to a still greater wrong. What was lost to the accommodation of the body, was to be made to contribute to the depravation of the spirit. It supplied means for multiplying the powers of the grand ecclesiastical machinery, and confirming the intellectual despotism of the usurpers of spiritual authority. Those authorities enforced on the people, on pain of perdition, an acquiescence in notions and ordinances which, in effect, precluded their direct access to the Almighty, and the Saviour of the world; interposing between them and the Divine Majesty a very extensive, complicated, and heathenish mediation, which in a great measure substituted itself for the real and exclusive mediation of Christ, obscured by its vast creation of intercepting vanities the glory of the Eternal Being, and thus almost extinguished the true worship. But how calamitous was such a condition!—to be thus intercepted from direct intercourse with the Supreme Spirit, and to have the solemn and elevating sentiment of devotion flung downward, on objects to some of which even the most superstitious could hardly pay homage without a sense of degradation.

"It was, again, a disastrous thing to be under a directory of practical life framed for the convenience of a corrupt system; a rule which enjoined many things wrong, allowed a dispensation from nearly everything that was right, and abrogated the essential principle and groundwork of true morality. Still, again, it was an unhappy thing that the consolations in sorrow and the view of death should either be too feeble to animate, or should animate only by deluding. And it was the consummation of evil in the state of the people of those

dark ages, it was, emphatically, to be 'destroyed,' that the great doctrines of redemption should have been essentially vitiated or formally supplanted, so that multitudes of people were betrayed to rest their final hopes on a ground unauthorized by the Judge of the world. In this most important matter, the spiritual authorities might themselves be subjects of the fatal delusion in which they held the community; and well they deserved to be so, in judicial retribution of their wickedness, in imposing on the people, deliberately and on system, innumerable things which they knew to be false.

"We have often mused, and felt a gloom and dreariness spreading over the mind while musing, on descriptions of the aspect of a country after a pestilence has left it in desolation, or of a region where the people are perishing by famine. It has seemed a mournful thing to behold, in contemplation, the multitude of lifeless forms, occupying in silence the same abodes in which they had lived, or scattered upon the gardens, fields, and roads; and then to see the countenances of the beings yet languishing in life, looking despair, and impressed with the signs of approaching death. We have even sometimes had the vivid and horrid picture offered to our imagination, of a number of human creatures shut up by their fellow-mortals in some strong hold, under an entire privation of sustenance, and presenting each day their imploring, or infuriated, or grimly sullen, or more calmly woful, countenances, at the iron and impregnable grates, each succeeding day more haggard, more perfect in the image of despair, and after awhile appearing each day one fewer, till at last all have sunk."

Note 6, Page 24.

"The human mind is freed both from the external constraint imposed upon it by the hierarchical despotism, and from the internal constraint of the apathy in which it was kept by a blind superstition. It is wholly emancipated from guardianship, and begins to make a more free, and, consequently,

a more energetic and more proper use of its faculties. The documents of religion, the titles of the hierarchy, are subjected to a severe and profound criticism; and as the study of the holy books, that of the fathers, of the councils, of the decretals, are connected with that of antiquity, history, the languages, the masterpieces of Greece and Rome, all these great objects of classical learning assume a new aspect, and are illuminated with a new light. The scholastic philosophy, the ally and supporter of the ancient system, finds in these innovators formidable adversaries, who unveil its vices and attack its weak sides. The torch of reason, which the edifice of the scholastics kept in concealment, begins to shine again. The empty science of the casuists vanishes before the morality of the Gospel, the reading of which is restored to all Christians. The human mind, delivered from the obstacles which stopped its progress during the centuries of the middle age, displays all its activity, probes the foundations of the tottering societies, discusses the rights of the people, those of governments, those of the state and of the church.

"This activity makes its happy influence to be felt on every branch of human knowledge; and the scrutinizing disposition impressed on all minds by the Reformation, puts philosophical inquiries, and the most sublime theories of the sciences and the arts, in motion. D'Alembert has sketched this picture with a masterly hand, and at a single stroke. He says, 'The middle of the sixteenth century saw a rapid change in the religion and the system of a great part of Europe; the new doctrines of the reformers, supported on the one hand, and opposed on the other, with that warmth which the interests of God, well or ill understood, can alone inspire, equally compelled their partisans and their adversaries to seek instruction; the emulation excited by this great motive multiplied knowledge of every kind, and the light produced in the bosom of error and trouble, spread itself to those objects also which seemed most foreign to these disputes.'*

* Elemens de Philosophie, I.

"The long, multiplied, and desolating wars which this commotion gave rise to, retarded some of the effects which should have resulted from it. The moral culture of the people, which was on the point of taking a new flight, was, for a short period, driven backward. But shortly, their souls, steeped in misfortune, resumed their energy, and the imperishable spirit which had been awakened, displayed all its activity. At first, it wandered among the devious paths of theological controversies; but, at length, it returned, more supple and more accustomed to meditation. Nevertheless, the necessity the different parties felt to gain over the multitude of nations, causes them to cultivate the vulgar languages, and multiplies good writings in them; the French, English, and German prose is developed, perfectionated, and enriched, amidst the disputes of sects and the conflict of religious opinions.

"Particular associations arise, or are strengthened on the different sides, either for attack or for defence; some mysterious and persecuted, the others open and privileged. The order of Jesuits, the most important of them all, is placed in opposition to the Reform. It requires a preponderance proportionate to the enormous mass it is destined to counterbalance. Dragged forward by the torrent of the universal spirit, this order, which should only have supported the hierarchy and the scholastic philosophy, contributes, by itself and by its formidable adversaries the Jansenists, to the progress of knowledge. It falls when the time arrives at which it should give place to institutions more suitable to the new age. Thus, by its action and its reaction, the religious commotion effected by *Luther* carries the European nations forward in the career of knowledge and of intellectual culture."—*Viller's Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation*, p. 290—292.

Note 7, Page 24.

The Book of the Birth and Generation of Antichrist, the Son of Hypocrisy, the Son of the Devil.

"The Devil begat Darkness, Darkness begat Ignorance, Ignorance begat Error and his brethren, Error begat Free Will and Presumption out of Self-Conceit, Free Will begat Merit, Merit begat Forgetfulness of God, Forgetfulness begat Transgression, Transgression begat Superstition, Superstition begat Satisfaction, Satisfaction begat the Mass Offering, the Mass Offering begat, of Unction, the Priest, the Priest of Unction begat Misbelief, Misbelief begat King Hypocrisy, Hypocrisy begat Trading with Offerings for Gain, Trading for Gain begat Purgatory, Purgatory begat the yearly solemn Vigils, yearly Vigils begat Church Livings; Church Livings begat Mammon, Mammon begat Swelling Superfluity, Swelling Superfluity begat Fulness, Fulness begat Rage, Rage begat Licentiousness, Licentiousness begat Rule and Dominion, Dominion begat Pomp, Pomp begat Ambition, Ambition begat Simony, Simony begat the Pope and his brethren, about the time of the Babylonian captivity. After the Babylonian captivity the Pope begat the Mystery of Iniquity, the Mystery of Iniquity begat Sophistical Divinity, Sophistical Divinity begat Rejection of Holy Scripture, Rejection of the Holy Scripture begat Tyranny, Tyranny begat Slaughtering of the Saints, Slaughtering of the Saints begat Contempt of God, Contempt of God begat Dispensation, Dispensation begat Wilful Sin, Wilful Sin begat Abomination, Abomination begat Desolation, Desolation begat Questioning, Questioning begat Searching out the Grounds of Truth, out of which the Desolator, the Pope (called Antichrist), is revealed."—*Luther's Colloqu. Mensal.*

Note 8, Page 25.

Scott, in his Luther and the Reformation, has appended to Melancthon's deeply interesting account of the intense spi-

rituality and noble catholicity of Luther's mind, the application which the chaste and classic Atterbury has applied to the German Reformer. The reader of these notes will probably read the whole with much gratification.

"Often have I myself gone to him unawares, and found him dissolved in tears and prayers for the whole church of Christ. He commonly devoted a portion of every day to the solemn recitation of some of the Psalms of David, with which he mingled his own supplications, with sighs and tears: and often has he declared that he could not help feeling a sort of indignation at those who, through sloth, or under the pretence of other occupations, hurried over devotional exercises, or contented themselves with mere ejaculatory prayer. On this account, he said, divine wisdom has prescribed some formularies to us, that our minds may be inflamed with devotional feeling in reading them, to which, in his opinion, reading aloud very much conduced. When, therefore, a variety of great and important deliberations respecting public dangers have been pending, we have witnessed his prodigious vigour of mind, his fearless and unshaken courage. Faith was his sheet anchor, and, by the help of God, he was resolved never to be driven from it."

And in this place also may be introduced the noble application which Bishop Atterbury has made to him of a sublime passage of St. Paul's writings. It is in his defence of Luther's discontinuing the observance of the "canonical hours," or that daily repetition of forms of devotion, to which the Romish ritual obliges the clergy. "His active spirit," the bishop says, "was employed upon things more acceptable to God Almighty, because more useful to mankind. He was wrestling against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. To this end, he took unto him the whole armour of God, that he might be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. He stood, therefore, having his loins girded about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and his feet shod with the preparation

of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith he was able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And he took the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: still praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance, and supplication for all saints; and for himself, that utterance might be given unto him, that he might open his mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel. I could not forbear," the bishop declares, "setting down at full length this panoply of St. Paul, wherewith Luther completely armed himself in his spiritual warfare: and I do not know whether this description so justly belongs to any man as to him, since the days of the apostles."

NOTE 9, PAGE 26.

"All was ready. God, who prepares his work through ages, accomplishes it, when the hour is come, with the feeblest instruments. To do great things with the smallest means is the law of God's dealings; and this law, everywhere evinced in nature, is also to be traced in history. God took the reformers of the church whence he had taken its apostles. Everything was to manifest to the world that the work is not man's, but of God."—*D'Aubigné.*

NOTE 10, PAGE 30.

There is much truth, and candour, and discrimination in the following, from D'Aubigné on the scholastic philosophy contemplated as (under God) one of the indirect preludes to the Reformation. In regard to Thomas Aquinas, the spirit of the passage is preeminently applicable. Any one acquainted with his "SECUNDA SECUNDÆ," (Bp. Sanderson's favourite vol.) will at once concur with the statement, that in the scholastic system there were "some TRUE doctrines."

"The singular system of theology which had grown up in

the church could not but powerfully contribute to open the eyes of the new generation. Formed for an age of darkness, as if it was to subsist for ever, this system was destined to be outgrown and torn in every direction, as soon as the age should have waxed in stature. And so it was. The popes had added, now this, now that, to the Christian doctrine. They had changed or removed only what was incapable of squaring with their hierarchy; what was not opposed to their system was suffered to remain during pleasure. *There were in this system some true doctrines, such as that of redemption, of the power of the Spirit of God, of which a dexterous theologian, if any such existed then, might make use to combat and overthrow all the others.* The pure gold mixed with vile lead in the treasures of the Vatican might easily have led to the detection of the fraud. It is true, that if any courageous adversary adverted to this, Rome's fan rejected this pure grain forthwith. But even these condemnations did but augment the chaos.

"It was prodigious, and the pretended unity was but a vast disorder. At Rome there were court doctrines and doctrines of the church. The faith of the metropolis differed from the faith of the provinces. In the provinces, again, the diversity was infinite. There was the royal faith, the popular faith, and the faith of the religious order. Amongst them were distinctly enumerated the opinions of such a convent, of such a district, of such a doctor, or of such a monk.

"Truth, in order to pass in peace through those times in which Rome would have crushed her with her rod of iron, had done like the insect that spins with its thread the chrysalis in which it takes shelter from the bitter season; and, strange enough to say, the instruments of which that divine truth availed itself to this end were the so much decried ones of the schoolmen. Those industrious manipulators of thought had set themselves to withdraw every theological idea, and out of all those threads they had manufactured a net, under which it would have been difficult for the most dextrous of their contemporaries to recognise the truth in its pristine purity. It may appear sad that the insect full of life, and sometimes

glistening in the loveliest colours, should shut itself up to all appearance lifeless in its obscure cocoon; but this envelop proves its safeguard. So was it with the truth. Had the interested and jealous policy of Rome, in the days of her power, met it all naked, it would have slain it, or at least endeavoured to do so. Disguised as it was by the theologians of the time under subtleties and distinctions without end, the popes did not perceive it, or concluded that in that condition it could not do them hurt. But the spring might arrive in which the hidden truth should raise its head and cast far from it the threads that covered it. Having gathered new strength in its seeming tomb, it would yet be seen, in the days of its resurrection, to carry off the victory over Rome and her errors. That spring did arrive. At the moment when the absurd scholastic wrappers were falling one by one under well-directed attacks amidst the contemptuous laughter of the new generation, the truth issued from beneath them in full youth and beauty."

Note 11, Page 32.

The following passage is from an eloquent sermon from Dr. Croly, to which the writer of this has the gratification of rendering his grateful acknowledgments.

"But the providential stamp of the time exists even less in this accumulation of vast discoveries; each a magnificent portal into a separate empire of nature; than in their combination with events. In the midst of this period Constantinople fell! and a catastrophe which seemed to have crumbled the ramparts of Europe before barbarism, and stooped Christendom to the Turk, was made the primary source of European civilization. By the fall of the Greek empire, its learning, the old stimulant of the human understanding, was suddenly spread anew through the west. Then followed the passage to India, which had baffled mankind in all ages; and with it followed all the animation belonging to the most opulent commerce in the world. Almost at the same moment, came the

discovery of America, of which man had never dreamed—a discovery which gave him the astonishing donative of a new hemisphere, doubled the world, poured in upon him a tide of gold, and in the fresh resources of that new and boundless region, offered incalculable means of increase to his enjoyments. his uses, and his knowledge. Never before was there such a series of brilliant excitements heaped upon the human race. It is well known that they were felt in their full force throughout the whole frame of society. The correspondence of even the most secluded scholars of those days teems with expressions of delight, surprise, and gratitude. But the effect of those discoveries was to be more than the indulgence of an ardent, or a learned curiosity; it was to teach men to think on the great subjects of civil and religious freedom,—that shower of meteors not only dazzled and delighted the universal eye with their descending splendour, but ploughed up the old rigidity of a moral soil long hardened by the heaviest tread of tyranny and superstition.

"While Europe was thus panting in the chase of knowledge; while scientific zeal had begun to mingle with new feelings of unconscious freedom; while every eye was lifted to expect the advent of some glorious enlightener from the skies—the German Reformation was given! Christianity, purified from the long corruptions of the dark ages, and appealing as of old to the understanding, was given, as of old, to that understanding, excited, trained, and strengthened for its reception. It was scarcely twenty years from the discovery of America, when Luther preached his first sermon in Wittemberg; and in that hour laid the first stone of the Reformation!"

Note 12, Page 41.

Let us hear what the most delightful and philosophical among modern writers on the nature and struggles of intellectual heroism say.

"The man of erudition in closing his elaborate work is

still exposed to the fatal omissions of wearied vigilance, or the accidental knowledge of some inferior mind, and always to the reigning taste, whatever it chance to be, of the public. Burnet criticized Varillas unsparingly; but when he wrote history himself, Harmer's 'Specimen of Errors in Burnet's History,' returned Burnet the pangs which he had inflicted on another. Newton's favourite work was his 'Chronology,' which he had written over fifteen times, yet he desisted from its publication during his life-time, from the ill-usage of which he complained. Even the 'Optics' of Newton had no character at home till noticed in France. The calm temper of our great philosopher was of so fearful a nature in regard to criticism, that Whiston declares that he would not publish his attack on the Chronology, lest it might have killed our philosopher; and thus Bishop Stillingfleet's end was hastened by Locke's confutation of his metaphysics. The feelings of Sir John Marsham could hardly be less irritable when he found his great work tainted by an accusation that it was not friendly to revelation. When the learned Pocock published a specimen of his translation of Abulpharagius, an Arabian historian, in 1649, it excited great interest; but in 1663, when he gave the world the complete version, it met with no encouragement: in the course of those thirteen years the genius of the times had changed, and Oriental studies were no longer in request.

"The great Verulam profoundly felt the retardment of his fame; for he has pathetically expressed this sentiment in his testament, where he bequeaths his name to posterity, AFTER SOME GENERATIONS SHALL BE PAST. Bruce sunk into his grave defrauded of that just fame which his pride and vivacity perhaps too keenly prized, at least for his happiness, and which he authoritatively exacted from an unwilling public. Mortified and indignant at the reception of his great labour by the cold-hearted scepticism of little minds, and the maliciousness of idling wits, he, whose fortitude had toiled through a life of difficulty and danger, could not endure the laugh and scorn of public opinion; for Bruce there was a simoon more dreadful than the Arabian, and from which

genius cannot hide its head. Yet Bruce only met with the fate which Marco Polo had before encountered, whose faithful narrative had been contemned by his contemporaries, and who was long thrown aside among legendary writers.

"Harvey, though his life was prolonged to his eightieth year, hardly lived to see his great discovery of the circulation of the blood established. No physician adopted it; and when at length it was received, one party attempted to rob Harvey of the honour of the discovery, while another asserted that it was so obvious, that they could only express their astonishment that it had ever escaped observation. Incredulity and envy are the evil spirits which have often dogged great inventors to their tomb, and there only have vanished. But I seem writing the 'calamities of authors,' and have only begun the catalogue.

"The reputation of a writer of taste is subject to more difficulties than any other. Similar was the fate of the finest ode writers in our poetry. On their publication, the odes of Collins could find no readers; and those of Gray, though ushered into the reading world by the fashionable press of Walpole, were condemned as failures. When Racine produced his 'Athalie,' it was not at all relished: Boileau, indeed, declared that he understood these matters better than the public, and prophesied that the public would return to it: they did so, but it was sixty years afterwards; and Racine died without suspecting that 'Athalie' was his masterpiece. I have heard one of our great poets regret that he had devoted so much of his life to the cultivation of his art, which arose from a project made in the golden vision of his youth: 'at a time,' said he, 'when I thought that the fountain could never be dried up.' 'Your baggage will reach posterity,' was observed. 'There is much to spare,' was the answer.

"Every day we may observe of a work of genius, that those parts which have all the raciness of the soil, and as such are most liked by its admirers, are those which are the most criticised. Modest critics shelter themselves under that general amnesty too freely granted, that tastes are allowed to differ;

but we should approximate much nearer to the truth, if we were to say, that but few of mankind are prepared to relish the beautiful with that enlarged taste which comprehends all the forms of feeling which genius may assume—forms which may be necessarily asscciated with defects. A man of genius composes in a state of intellectual emotion, and the magic of his style consists in the movements of his soul; but the art of conveying those movements is far separated from the feeling which inspires them. The idea in the mind is not always found under the pen, any more than the artist's conception can always breathe in his pencil. Like Fiamingo's image, which he kept polishing till his friend exclaimed, 'What perfection would you have?' 'Alas!' exclaimed the sculptor, 'the original I am labouring to come up to is in my head, but not yet in my hand.' "—*D'Israeli.*

NOTE 13, PAGE 49.

"It is to be feared, that in the department of morals, as well as in that of natural philosophy, there is an illusion by which, through the atheistical tendencies of the heart, (perhaps in some instances almost unconsciously,) not a few minds are misled. The illusion to which I refer arises from the substitution of the word *Nature* for God. * * * Nature assumes in the mind an imaginary personality, like the mysterious plastic power of some of the ancients. * * * Nature, in this manner, by the frequency of such phraseology, instead of being regarded as merely an influence, or the product of that influence, slides imperceptibly into the place which should be occupied by the God of Nature."—*Wardlaw's Christian Ethics*, p. 258, 259. Third edition.

"There is much practical sense in this; and it would be well if the glorifiers of 'nature' would remember what Bishop Berkely says of the natural world "in reference to the actuating intelligence of omnipresent Deity:" We cannot make even one single step in accounting for the phenomena without admitting the IMMEDIATE PRESENCE and immediate action of an IN-

CORPOREAL AGENT, who *corrects, moves, and disposes* all things according to such rules, and for such purposes as seem good unto him."—*Siris.* 237.

NOTE 14, PAGE 55.

"May it please your electoral grace," he says, "it is not of men that I hold the gospel, but from Heaven, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, by which I am able to call myself his servant as I wished, and to assume the name of an evangelist. Although I have often requested to be examined, it was not because I doubted the goodness of my cause, but that I might prove my deference and humility. But since I perceive that an excess of humility only humbles the gospel, and that the devil, if I yield him an inch of ground, will occupy it all, my conscience compels me now to act otherwise. It is surely enough that, to please your electoral grace, I have passed a year in solitude. The devil knows well that it was not fear which induced me to do so. He saw my heart when I entered Worms. If that town had been full of devils, I would have joyfully thrown myself among them.

"I write this to let your electoral grace know that I am going to Wittemberg under higher protection than even that of your grace. I have no intention of requesting an audience of your grace. If I thought that I would not be protected, I would not come; yet I believe that I am as able to defend myself as to be defended. *At present the sword can do nothing; God will act, and men must not interfere. That man whose faith is strongest is the ablest to protect me;* and as I perceive that your grace is still feeble in faith, I know not how you can protect and save me. Your electoral grace demands what can be done in the present circumstances, thinking, perhaps, that you have done little up to this time. I reply, with due submission, that your grace has already done too much, and that you ought to have done nothing. *God does not approve of the disquietudes which have now taken place.* If your grace has faith, it will procure you peace and security,

at least that is my conviction; and *I shall not therefore hint to your grace the punishments which God has in store for the incredulous.*

"I will explain myself more fully afterwards, if necessary. I have hurriedly written the present letter, lest your grace should be afflicted at the news of my arrival; for, to be a sincere Christian, I ought to offer consolation to all, but give offence to none.

"If your grace believed, you would duly appreciate the beneficence of God; but as you do not yet believe, you have hitherto seen nothing. Let us love God, and we will glorify him to all eternity. Amen. Written at Bonn, by the side of my guide, Ash Wednesday, (5th March,) 1522, by the most humble servant of your electoral grace,

"MARTIN LUTHER."

Letter to the Elector.

NOTE 15, PAGE 64.

"A youth nursed up in wintry whirlwinds, in desolate darkness and difficulty, that he may step forth at last from his stormy Scandinavia, strong as a true man, as a god; a Christian Odin, a right Thor once more with his thunder-hammer to smite asunder ugly enough *Jötuns* and giant monsters."—*Carlyle's Hero-Worship*, p. 208.

NOTE 16, PAGE 64.

The following is a summary of the principal facts in Luther's early life, as given by Milner from Melancthon's account, after his friend's death:

The Rev. Martin Luther had given reason to hope, that in the preface to this part of his writings he would have favoured us with some account of his own life, and of the occasions of those contests in which he was so much concerned. And no doubt he would have done so, if, before this volume was printed, he had not been called from the present mortal life, to the

eternal enjoyment of God and the heavenly church. A luminous review of his private life would have been peculiarly useful: the narrative must have been full of lessons for the admonition of posterity, and also full of examples for the encouragement of piety: moreover, it would have confuted the slanderous fictions of his enemies; who insinuate that he was stirred up by princes, or others to undermine the dignity of bishops, or that he was induced, through the violence of private ambition, to break the bonds of monastic slavery.

It were much to be wished that such a narrative had been executed by himself with a copiousness of detail. For though the malevolent might have objected, that the author was trumpeting his own praise, we know very well that HE was too grave a character to have allowed the smallest deviation from truth. Besides, as many good and wise men are yet alive who, he must have known, were well acquainted with all the transactions,—to have devised falsehoods under such circumstances must have been perfectly ridiculous.

I now proceed to recite, with the strictest regard to truth, such matters relative to his life as I either actually saw or was told of by himself.

The parents of Luther took especial care in their daily instructions to educate their son in the knowledge and fear of God, and in a sense of his duty. The youth soon displayed very great talents, and particularly in an inclination to eloquence. With great ease he surpassed his schoolfellows in copiousness of language, both in prose and verse; and if he had been so fortunate as to have met with suitable teachers, his great capacity would have enabled him to go through all the sciences; neither is it improbable but the milder studies of a sound philosophy and a careful habit of elaborate composition might have been useful in moderating the vehemence of his natural temper: but at Erfurt he was introduced to the dry, thorny, logic of the age; and his penetrating genius quickly made him master of all that was valuable in that subject.

His capacious mind, eager for knowledge, was not content with this. He proceeded to Cicero, Virgil, Livy, and the rest. Nor did he read these authors, as boys do, for the sake of the words, but for the instruction they furnish. He entered into the spirit of the writers; and as his memory was in an extraordinary degree tenacious, almost everything he had read, was at hand for practice. Hence the superior genius of Luther became the admiration of the whole university.

His parents had intended these great powers of eloquence, and this vast strength of genius, to be employed in public business for the advantage of the state; but Luther, contrary to their judgment, suddenly left the study of the law, and entered the Augustine monastery at Erfurt. There he not only gave the closest attention to ecclesiastical learning, but also personally submitted to the severest discipline. He far exceeded every one in all kinds of religious exercises,—in reading, in arguing, in fasting, in praying. And as he was neither a little, nor a weak man, I have often been astonished to observe how little meat or drink he seemed to require. I have seen him, when he was in perfect health, absolutely neither eat nor drink during four days together; at other times I have seen him, for many days, be contented with the slight allowance of a very little bread and a herring on each day.

The immediate occasion of his commencing that course of life which he judged most adapted to sacred duties and the promotion of piety, was this,—as he himself told me, and as many persons well know. While he was deeply reflecting on the astonishing instances of the divine vengeance, so great alarm would suddenly affect his whole frame, as almost to frighten him to death. I was once present, when through intense exertion of mind in the course of an argument respecting some point of doctrine, he was so terrified, as to retire to a neighbour's chamber, place himself on the bed, and pray aloud, frequently repeating these words, "He hath concluded all under sin, that he might have mercy upon all." These alarming agitations came upon him either for the first

time, or certainly, they were the severest in that year when he lost an intimate companion, who was killed; but I know not by what accident.

It was not, therefore, poverty, but the love of a pious life, which induced Luther to enter the monastery. And as this was his grand object, he was not content with the usual scholastic learning, though his proficiency in it was surprising. He was not in quest of fame, but of religious improvement. He soon comprehended the subtle processes of the schools, but his heart was not in those things. The fountains of SACRED AND HEAVENLY LEARNING, that is, the writings of the prophets and the apostles, were more suited to his taste; and these he studied with the greatest avidity. The anxieties and terrors above mentioned had increased this turn of mind. He wished to know the WILL OF GOD, to build his faith on the firmest foundations, and to cultivate an habitual reverence for the divine commands.

He used to say, that an elderly priest in the monastery, to whom he had opened the distresses of his conscience, had been of great use to him, by his discourses on the nature of faith, and by drawing his attention to that expression in the creed, "I believe in the remission of sins." The elderly priest interpreted this article as implying not merely a GENERAL BELIEF,—for the devils had a faith of that sort,—but, that it was the command of God that each particular person should apply this doctrine of the remission of sins to his own particular case: and this interpretation, he said, was confirmed by a reference to a passage of St. Bernard, in one of his sermons, who maintains the same sentiment, and also produces the Apostle Paul in support of the doctrine of free justification by faith.

This conversation proved a great comfort to the mind of Luther. He was led to attend to St. Paul's doctrine of justification by faith, which is so often inculcated by that apostle. By reading and comparing together different parts of the Old and New Testament, and by an increased dependence on God

in daily prayer, he gradually acquired more light and saw the emptiness of the usual interpretations of scripture.

He then began to read the works of Augustine, where he found many decisive passages which confirmed his idea of faith, and gave him much satisfaction. He read other divines, but stuck close to Augustine.

Frederic, the elector of Saxony, heard him preach; and much admired the excellent matter of his sermons, as well as the nervous language and genius of the preacher.

Afterwards Luther undertook to expound the Psalms and the epistle to the Romans. He shewed the difference between the law and the gospel; he refuted the ancient Pharisaical error, at that time prevalent both in the schools and the pulpit,—that men by their own works may merit the remission of their sins, and be accounted righteous before God. Thus he recalled men's minds to the office of the Son of God; and, like John the Baptist, shewed them the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Moreover, he taught them, that remission of their sins is freely for Christ's sake, and that this benefit is to be received by faith.

This revival of most excellent doctrine procured him a great and extensive authority; especially as the LIFE of the man harmonized with his professions. His language was not merely that of the lips, but proceeded from the heart. The proverb was remarkably verified in this case—"The pious conduct of a man maketh his speech persuasive." It was this circumstance, namely, the sanctity of his life, that induced some excellent characters to comply with the plans which he afterwards proposed of changing certain established ceremonies.

Not that Luther, at this time, meditated the smallest innovation on the customary observances. On the contrary, he was a most rigid disciplinarian; and had broached nothing to alarm. But he was illustrating more and more those doctrines of which ALL stand in need,—the doctrines of repentance, remission of sins, faith, and the true consolations of the

cross. Pious Christians were delighted with these things; and even learned men were much pleased to see Christ, the prophets and the apostles, brought, as it were, out of darkness and prison; and to hear of the difference between law and gospel and their promises, and between philosophy and the word of God, concerning which important matters, not a line was to be found in Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and such like. Add to this, the writings of Erasmus proved great incitements to the cultivation of the Greek and Latin languages. Luther himself diligently studied Hebrew and Greek for the purpose of obtaining a more perfect knowledge of the Scriptures.

Such were the employments of Luther at the time when those prostitute indulgences were first proclaimed by that most impudent Dominican Tetzel. Burning with the love of everything that was godly, and irritated by Tetzel's shameful discourses, he published some propositions concerning the nature of indulgences. The Dominican, in return, publicly burnt Luther's propositions, and menaced the heretic himself with the flames. In a word, the outrageous conduct of Tetzel and his associates absolutely compelled Luther to discuss the subject at length, in support of the cause of truth.

In this manner began the controversy between the reformers and the papists. As yet Luther never dreamt of changing any one of the rites of the church, nor even of entirely rejecting indulgences. They, therefore, charge him falsely, who say that he made use of the affair of the indulgences as a plausible pretext for subverting the establishment, or for increasing either his own power or that of others.

Frederic of Saxony, in particular, conducted himself agreeably to the known character of that prince. He neither incited nor applauded Luther: he was ever distinguished as a lover of peace; and it was with a painful concern that he beheld the prospect of still greater dissensions.

But he was a wise man, and was influenced not merely by worldly maxims, which always direct us to crush as quickly as possible the slightest beginnings of every innovation; he

reverenced the DIVINE commands, which enjoin attention to the gospel, and forbid an obstinate resistance to the truth. Thus this prince submitted to God, read his word with diligence, and never discouraged whatever his judgment pointed out to him as sound doctrine. Moreover, I know that he often asked wise and learned men to give him their sentiments freely on the disputed points; and in particular at Cologne, he besought Erasmus to open his mind to him respecting the controversies in which Luther was engaged. There Erasmus spoke without disguise: "The man is right; but there is a want of mildness in him."

On this head duke Frederic afterwards wrote to Luther, and exhorted him in the most serious manner to moderate the asperity of his style.

It is also well known that Luther promised Cardinal Cajetan, to be silent, provided his adversaries were also enjoined silence. From which it most clearly appears that he had, at that time, formed no purpose of raising contests in the church, but wished for peace; till ignorant writers provoked him on all sides, and drew him into fresh disputes.

The grand question concerning the supremacy of the Roman See was raised by Eckius for the purpose of inflaming the hatred of the pope and of princes against Luther.

Our reformer, not only in the beginning of the contest, undertook the cause of truth, without the least motive of private ambition, but also remained, throughout the course of it, always mindful of his own peculiar department; so that though he was naturally of an ardent and passionate temper, yet he constantly disclaimed the use of force, or of any other arms but those of argument and instruction. He wisely distinguished between things that were totally different in every way; for example, the duties of a bishop instructing the church of God, and of a magistrate holding the sword as a restraint on the licentious multitude.

Accordingly, when Satan, who loves to disgrace religion by the ruinous errors of poor miserable men, raised up several seditious characters to excite tumults and irregu-

larities, Luther was ever the man to condemn such outrages in the strongest language; and, both by his precept and example, to adorn and strengthen the bonds of social order and polity. WHEN I SERIOUSLY REFLECT ON THIS MATTER, and consider how many men in the church have failed in this very point, I do not hesitate to affirm distinctly, that no human care or diligence alone could have been equal to this effect; but that there must also have been a divine principle which illumined and directed his mind, and preserved him so constantly within the proper limits of his duty.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," was his constant exhortation; in other words, worship God in true penitence and in an open avowal of the truth, in true prayer and in a conscientious discharge of duties: and obey with reverence and in the fear of God all the civil regulations of the community to which you belong. These were the very rules to which Luther himself adhered in his practice. He gave to God the things which are God's. He taught the truth, and he offered up his prayers to God on right principles; he likewise possessed the other virtues which are pleasing to God. Lastly, as a citizen, he avoided everything that had the smallest tendency to sedition. These virtues rank so high in my estimation, that in this life, I think, greater accomplishments cannot be desired.

But while we praise the excellences of the man who made so becoming a use of his heavenly gifts, it is our bounden duty to give particular thanks to God, that he hath been pleased, through Luther's means, to restore to us the light of the gospel, and it is also our duty to preserve and spread the doctrine which he taught. It is this doctrine which must guide our prayers, and even our whole lives. It is this doctrine of which the Son of God says, "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

In fact, a false philosophy, and the succeeding errors of Pelagius, had exceedingly corrupted the pure faith of the Scriptures. St. Augustine was raised up by God to restore it

in a measure; and I doubt not but if he could now judge of the controversies of the present age, he would be decidedly with us.

With my whole heart, I pray to the eternal God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that for his own and his Son's glory, he would collect together the eternal church by the voice of his gospel: and may he direct our wills by his Holy Spirit, and preserve in its purity that doctrine which he hath revived among us through the ministry of Martin Luther!

The Son of God himself prayed, Father, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." To this prayer of our High Priest we would add our own petitions,—That true religion may ever shine among us and direct our lives. These were the daily prayers of Luther; and continued to be so till his soul was called from his mortal body, which took place without struggle, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The reader has now before him the SUBSTANCE of a considerable part of Melancthon's account of Luther, written very soon after the death of that reformer. The known integrity, piety, and moderation of the writer render his preface to the second volume of Luther's Works peculiarly valuable. An exact translation was deemed unnecessary. It was thought best to condense the MATTER into as little room as possible, and not to interrupt the detail of the biographer by introducing any particulars from other authorities. The facts which were already mentioned in the preceding history are in general omitted in these extracts. A trifling repetition could not well be avoided, and will be excused by the indulgent reader, on account of the instructive remark or opinion which accompanies it. The positive judgment and declaration of Melancthon, whenever they can be had, respecting the circumstances or events in which he himself was immediately concerned, cannot fail to be instructive.

But in this instance, as in many others, it has unfortunately happened that those passages of this little tract which are most deeply practical, and which peculiarly relate to Luther's penitential convictions, and to his progress in spiritual un-

derstanding, during the earlier years of his religious course, have been almost entirely overlooked by historians and memorialists. The consequence has been, that certain precious fragments of the secret thoughts and practice of the reformer, though authentic beyond all dispute, are scarcely known among Protestants in general. The pious and enlightened reader of every denomination will, no doubt, be gratified in seeing them brought forward and recorded here.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

Melancthon, in another place, has given a very decided testimony to the talents of Luther.

"Pomeranus," says he, "is a grammarian, and explains the force of words; I profess logic; and teach both the management of the matter, and the nature of argumentation. Justus Jonas is an orator, and discourses with copiousness and elegance; but Luther is OMNIA IN OMNIBUS, complete in everything; a very miracle among men; whatever he says, whatever he writes, penetrates their minds, and leaves the most astonishing stings in their hearts.

The same author assures us that he often found Luther at prayer, with vehemence and tears imploring God for the whole church. He daily set apart a portion of time for reading psalms, and for earnest supplication; and would often say, he was not pleased with those who, through indolence or a multiplicity of employments, contented themselves with mere sighs instead of actual prayers. Forms of prayer, he said, were prescribed to us by the will of God; that the reading of them might warm our affections, and that our voices might profess aloud the God whom we serve and implore.*

The religious student of ecclesiastical history naturally finds himself interested in every event where Luther is materially concerned. This does not arise from curiosity alone. Much light is often thrown on the characters of eminent men

* Melch. Adam.

from a knowledge of their conduct under peculiar or extraordinary circumstances, provided the facts be but stated with accuracy.

The various accounts of authors, respecting the immediate incidents which determined Luther to retire from the world into a monastery, agree in the main; but not precisely in every circumstance. It is very remarkable, that Melancthon, who speaks of the occasion of this sudden resolution, as a thing which was well known, and which he himself had heard Luther relate, is not only silent concerning any storm of thunder and lightning, but, as we have mentioned above, expressly says, he does not know by what accident Luther's companion was killed. The story of the thunder storm appears also to have had little weight on the mind of Melchior Adamus.* Yet, from the very respectable evidence collected by Seckendorf and others, the most probable conclusion seems to be—

1. That Luther's companion was not killed by lightning, but murdered by some unknown person, who left him miserably bruised and wounded. His name is said to have been Alexius.

2. That Luther himself, while walking at a distance from house or town, was so alarmed by a storm of thunder, that he fell upon the ground, and in that situation made a sort of vow to lead a monastic life in future, if he should be delivered from the impending danger.

3. That he afterwards considered this vow as binding on his conscience, which was at that time in a remarkably tender state.

4. That soon after these events, which took place when he was about twenty-one years of age, he called together his particular friends and fellow-students, and entertained them in his usual way with music and a convivial treat; and when they had not the smallest suspicion of his intentions, he be-

* Who wrote the lives of the German Divines who promoted the Reformation.

sought them to be cheerful with him that evening, for it was the last time, he said, they would ever see him in his present situation, as he had actually determined to begin the monastic life. In the morning he wrote farewell letters to them; and sent his parents the ring and gown which belonged to him as Master of Arts; and at the same time he unfolded to them in writing the grounds of his resolution. They grieved excessively that so great talents should be buried in a state of almost non-existence. But for the space of a month nobody was admitted to speak to him.*

Note 17, Page 66.

"When the young scholar was pinched with hunger, he was forced, as at Magdeburg, to join his fellow-students, and sing before the doors with them to obtain a morsel of bread. This custom of Luther's days has continued to ours in several towns of Germany, where sometimes youths may be heard singing thus, in admirable harmony. It frequently happened that poor modest Martin, instead of bread, received only hard words: overwhelmed with sadness on such occasions, he shed many a tear in secret, and thought of the future with trembling.

"One day, among others, he had been repulsed from three houses, and was thinking of returning still fasting to his lodging, when, reaching St. George's-place, he stopped short, and fell into a deep and melancholy train of thought opposite the house of an honest burgher. Must he, for want of bread, abandon his studies, and go and work with his father in the mines of Mansfeld? Suddenly the door opens, a woman appears on the threshold; it is the wife of Conrad Cotta, the daughter of the burgomaster of Ilefeld. Her name was Ursula. The chronicles of Isenac call her 'the pious *Shunammite*,' after her who so pressingly invited the prophet Elijah to eat bread with her. The Christian Shunammite had already frequently remarked young Martin in the assemblies of the faithful, and had been touched by the sweetness of his

* Seck. Luth. Ep. Melch. Adam.

singing and by his devotion. She had just heard the harsh words that had been spoken to the poor scholar, and seeing him so dejected before her door, she came to his aid, beckoned him in, and laid before him wherewith to appease his hunger.

"Conrad approved of his wife's benevolence, and was so much pleased with young Luther's society, that, some days afterwards, he took him entirely into his house. From that moment his studies were secured: he was not compelled to return to the mines of Mansfeld, and bury the talent God had committed to him. When he knew not what was to become of him, God opened to him the heart and the doors of a Christian family. This event disposed his soul to that confidence in God which the fiercest tempests could not shake in after-life."—*D'Aubigné.*

Note 18, Page 70.

"The young student passed at the university library every moment he could snatch from his academic duties. Books were still rare, and it was a high privilege in his eyes to be enabled to profit by the treasures collected in that vast collection. One day (he had then been studying two years at Erfurt, and was twenty years of age) he opened one after another several books in the library, in order to become acquainted with their authors. A volume he opens in its turn arrests his attention. He has seen nothing like it to this moment. He reads the title—it is a Bible! a rare book, unknown in those days. His interest is excited to a high degree; he is overcome with wonder at finding more in the volume than those fragments of the Gospels and Epistles, which the Church had selected to be read in the temples every Sunday throughout the year. Till then, he had supposed these constituted the entire word of God; and now behold, how many pages, how many chapters, how many books, of which he had not before had a notion. His heart beat as he held in his hand that Scripture all divinely inspired. He devoured with avidity, and with feelings beyond

description, all those divine pages. The first on which he fixes his attention relates to him the history of Hannah and young Samuel: he reads, and his heart can hardly contain its joy. The child whom his parents lend to Jehovah for all the days of his life; Hannah's song, in which she declared that the Lord raises the poor from the dust, and lifts the needy out of the mire, to make them sit with princes; the young lad Samuel, who grows up in the temple in the presence of the Lord;—the whole story, all this word which he has discovered, fill him with emotions till then unknown."—*D'Aubigné.*

NOTE 19, PAGE 85.

"But this journey was especially important to Luther in another point of view. Not only was the curtain drawn aside, and the Sardonic laughter, the buffoon incredulity that lurked behind the Roman superstitions, were revealed to the future reformer, but also the living faith God had implanted in him was rightly strengthened.

"We have seen how he devoted himself at first to all the vain practices which the Church had prescribed as the price for the expiation of sins. One day amongst others, wishing to gain an indulgence which the pope had promised to whoever should ascend on his knees what was known by the name of Pilate's staircase, the poor Saxon monk humbly toiled up those steps, which they told him had been miraculously transported to Rome from Jerusalem. But whilst he was performing this meritorious act, he thought he heard a voice of thunder crying to him from the bottom of his heart, as at Wittemberg and at Bologna: *The just shall live by faith!* This phrase, which twice before had smote him like the voice of an angel of God, resounded incessantly and loudly within him. He springs upright in alarm on the steps along which he was dragging his body; he abhors himself; he is ashamed to see to what a degree superstition has debased him, and he flies far from the place of his folly."—*D'Aubigné.*

Note 20, Page 88.

"The Romanists teach that sins committed after baptism—that is, for the immense majority of Christians having Christian parents, all their sins from the cradle to the grave, are not so remitted, for Christ's sake, but that we must suffer the extremity of punishment which they deserve; and therefore, either we must afflict ourselves in such sort and degree of extremity as may answer the demerit of our sins, or be punished by God here, or in the world to come, in such degree and sort that his justice may be satisfied.

"As the encysted venom, or poison-bag, beneath the adder's fang, so does this doctrine lie beneath the tremendous power of the Romish hierarchy. The demoralizing influence of this dogma, and that it curdled the very life-blood in the veins of Christendom, it was given to Luther, beyond all men since Paul, to see, feel, and promulgate."—*Field, as quoted by Coleridge, in "Aids to Reflection,"* p. 239, 240, fourth edition.

Note 21, Page 91.

The following are some of the propositions written by the monk, and affixed to the gates of the church in Wittemberg:—

"1. When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ says, 'Repent,' he means that the whole life of his followers on earth should be a constant and continual repentance.

"2. This word cannot be understood of the sacrament of penance (that is to say, of confession and satisfaction) as it is administered by the priest.

"3. Yet the Lord does not mean, in this, to speak only of internal repentance: internal repentance is null, if it does not produce externally all kinds of mortification of the flesh.

"4. Repentance and grief, that is to say, true penitence, last as long as a man is displeased with himself, that is to say, until he passes from this life into the life eternal.

"5. The pope cannot and will not remit any other penalty

than that which he has imposed at his own good pleasure, or in conformity with the canons, that is, with the papal orders.

" 6. The pope cannot remit any condemnation, but only declare and confirm the remission that God himself has made of it; unless he do so in the cases that pertain to himself. If he does otherwise, the condemnation remains wholly the same,

" 8. The laws of ecclesiastical penance should be imposed only on the living, and in no respect concern the dead.

" 21. The commissioners of indulgences deceive themselves when they say, that by the pope's indulgence man is delivered from all punishment, and saved.

" 25. The same power which the pope has over purgatory throughout the entire church, every bishop has in his own diocese, and every vicar in his own parish.

" 27. They preach devices of human folly, who assert, that the moment the money sounds at the bottom of the strong box, the soul flies away out of purgatory.

" 28. This is certain, to wit, that as soon as the money sounds, avarice and the love of gain spring up, increase, and multiply. But the succour and the prayers of the Church depend only on the good pleasure of God.

" 32. Those who think themselves sure of salvation with their indulgences will go to the devil with those who taught them so.

" 35. They teach doctrines of Antichrist who assert, that to deliver a soul from purgatory, or to buy an indulgence, there is no need of contrition or repentance.

" 36. Every Christian who feels a true repentance for his sins has a full remission of the penalty and of the transgression, without its being necessary that he should have recourse to indulgences.

" 37. Every true Christian, living or dead, has part in all the good things of Christ or of the church, by the gift of God, and without letter of indulgence.

" 38. Still we must not despise the pope's distribution and pardon; for the pope's pardon is a declaration of God's pardon.

"40. True repentance and sorrow seek and love chastisement; but the pleasantness of indulgence detaches from chastisement, and makes one conceive a hatred against it.

"42. Christians must be taught, that the pope thinks not nor wishes that any one should in any wise compare the act of buying indulgences with any act of mercy.

"43. Christians must be taught, that he who gives to the poor or who lends to the needy does better than he who buys an indulgence.

"44. For the work of charity enlarges charity and makes the man more pious, whereas indulgences do not render him better, but only more confident in himself and more secure from punishment.

"45. Christians must be taught, that he who sees his neighbour in want, and who, in spite of that, buys an indulgence, does not buy the pope's indulgence, but lays upon him the wrath of God.

"46. Christians must be taught, that if they have nothing superfluous, it is their duty to reserve what is required for their houses to procure necessaries, and that they ought not to lavish it on indulgences.

"47. Christians must be taught, that to buy an indulgence is a free-will act, and not one by command.

"48. Christians must be taught, that the pope, having more need of a prayer offered with faith than of money, more desires the prayer than the money when he distributes indulgences.

"49. Christians must be taught, that the pope's indulgence is good, if one does not put one's trust in it, but that nothing can be more pernicious if it cause the loss of piety.

"50. Christians must be taught, that if the pope knew of the extortions of the indulgence-preachers, he would rather the metropolis of St. Peter was burnt and reduced to ashes, than see it built with the skin, the flesh, and the bones of his sheep."

Note 22, Page 91.

"To a man like Luther, whose religion was one of inward experience, who was filled with the ideas of sin and justification which had been propounded by German theologians before his time, and confirmed in them by the study of the Scriptures, which he had drunk in with a thirsting heart, nothing in the world could be so shocking as the sale of indulgences. Forgiveness of sins to be had for money, must be the most deeply offensive to him whose consciousness of the eternal relation between God and man sprang from this very point, and who had learned to understand the Scriptures for himself. He certainly began his opposition to the church of Rome, by denouncing this particular abuse; but the ill-founded and partial resistance which he received led him on step by step. He was not long in discovering the connexion which existed between this monstrous practice and the general corruption of the church. His was not a nature to quail before the last extremity; he attacked the head of the church himself, with dauntless intrepidity. From the midst of the most devoted adherents and champions of papacy, the Mendicant Friars, arose the boldest and most powerful assailants it had ever encountered. *Luther, with singular acuteness and perspicuity, held up to view the principle from which the power originally based upon it had so widely departed; he gave utterance to an universal conviction;* his opposition, which had not yet unfolded all those positive results with which it was pregnant, was pleasing to unbelievers, and yet, while it attracted them, satisfied the earnestness of believers: hence his writings produced an incalculable effect; in a moment, Germany and the world were filled with them."—*Ranke's History of the Popes*, vol. i. p. 77.

Note 23, Page 93.

"Christ's Life being looked upon as an action of his Divine nature, and not an action of the Holy Ghost in manhood,—which I hold to be a hiding of the Holy Spirit's chief

work, and a virtual destruction of Christ's manhood, or else a confusion of it with His Godhead; the total loss of one great end of his life, as the exemplar of the spiritual man, and, I think, the defeat of the whole purpose;—yea, and, I think, of the merit of the Incarnation, which consisteth in this: that the *Divine nature should exert its activity to bring the peculiar act of a self-existent being itself into quiescence, in order that the human nature inhabited by the Holy Spirit might wholly act;* or, as the divines say, that the Divine nature might be the golden altar on which the human nature might offer itself."—*Irving's Sermon on Fast Day*, 1828, p. 21, 22.

Vide, also, *Hooker on Sacramental Union*, &c.

Note 24, Page 93.

"The intention of the reformers was, in principle, to free themselves from the despotism and infallibility of the popes; to depend only on the sacred writings for the grounds of their belief; and, in short, to overthrow the scholastic divinity which was become the soul of the Roman theology, and the firm support of the hierarchy. Hence it follows that, in its essence, the Reformation must have had an influence on the liberty of thought, so precious to man, and the basis of his civil liberty; on the manner of contemplating religion, of establishing the proofs of it, and of interpreting the Scriptures; in the third place, on philosophy, and on the ramifications of the tree of science arising from any of these three principal points. Order and perspicuity require that each of these articles should be separately treated of." — *Villers' Essay*, p. 190.

Note 25, Page 95.

"Just where most men would have commenced their attack upon the errors of Rome, Luther ended his. In the devout perusal of the Scriptures, while yet, not merely a monk, but a devoted son of the church, he had discovered the glory and peculiarity of the Christian system. This, the doctrine of

grace, became from that moment *his* doctrine; it was to him a rock of strength, and his steady adherence to it was manifestly the prime reason of his success. When, early in his course, roused to profess against the shameless traffic in indulgences, the horrible abuses that were connected with that traffic furnished only incidental reasons, with him, for withstanding the rapacity of the Romish court in this particular. Minds of inferior stamp, or minds not 'taught from above,' would almost certainly have spent themselves in decrying the *abuses* of the practice. Luther at once denounced the *principle*; for he felt that the doctrine assumed by the church, in pretending to have pardon at her disposal, could never be made to consist with the first article of a genuine Christian belief. The sinner *needs* nothing which he may not immediately obtain by looking to the Saviour, who once offered himself, 'the just for the unjust.' The sinner who has already believed in Christ, *has* 'passed from death into life,' and is no more liable to condemnation; nor can the church either sell or give that which can never either be at her disposal, or even exist at all. There *is* no supererogatory merit—there can be none; the outrageous impiety, therefore, of selling licences to sin, is preceded by an error even more fatal—that of denying the first truth of the gospel."—*Taylor's Introduction to Life of Luther, by Pfizer.*

Note 26, Page 98.

"Such an authority as this pretence claimeth, must necessarily (if not withheld by continual miracle) throw the church into sad bondage. All the world must become slaves to one city; its wealth must be derived thither, its quiet must depend on it. For it (not being restrained within any bounds of place or time, having no check on it of equal or co-ordinate power, standing on divine institution, and therefore immutably settled,) must of its own nature become absolute and unlimited.*

* Vid. Hist. Conc. Trid., p. 61.

"Let it be, however, of right limited by divine laws or human canons, yet will it be continually encroaching and stretching its power, until it grows enormous and boundless. It will not endure to be pinched by any restraint; it will draw to itself the collation of all preferments, &c.

"It will assume all things to itself, trampling down all opposite claims of right and liberty; so that neither pastor nor people shall enjoy or do anything otherwise than in dependence on it, and at its pleasure.

"It will be always forging new prerogatives, and interpreting all things in favour of them, and enacting sanctions to establish them; which none must presume to contest.*

"It will draw to itself the disposal of all places; the exaction of goods. All princes must become his ministers, and executors of his decrees.

"It will mount above all law and rule; not only challenging to be uncontrollable and unaccountable, but not enduring any reproof of its proceedings, or contradiction of its dictates. A blind faith must be yielded to all its assertions, as infallibly true; and a blind obedience to all its decrees, as unquestionably holy. Whosoever shall anywise cross it in word or deed, shall certainly be discountenanced, condemned, ejected from the church;† so that the most absolute tyranny that can be imagined will ensue. All the world hath groaned and heavily complained of their exactions, particularly our poor nation; it would raise indignation in any man to read the complaints.

"That tyranny soon had crept into the Roman church, Socrates telleth us.‡

"They have rendered true that definition of Scioppius, 'The church is a stall, or herd, or multitude of beasts, or asses.'§

* P. Steph. apud Grat. Caus. 9. qu. iii. cap. 20.

† Greg. IV. (Dist. xix. cap. 5.) Bonif. VIII. Extrav., Com. i. s. i.

‡ Card. Zab. de Sch. Innoc. VII., p. 560.

§ Eccl., cap. 47.

"'They bridle us, they harness us, they spur us, they lay yokes and laws on us.'*

"The greatest tyranny that ever was invented in the world is the pretence of infallibility; for Dionysius and Phalaris did leave the mind free, (pretending only to dispose of body and goods according to their will,) but the Pope, not content to make us do and say what he pleaseth, will have us also to think so; denouncing his imprecations and spiritual menaces, if we do not.

"3. Such an authority will inevitably produce a depravation of Christian doctrine, by distorting it in accommodation of it to the promoting its designs and interests. It will blend Christianity with worldly notions and policies.

"It certainly will introduce new doctrines, and interpret the old ones, so as may serve to the advancement of the power, reputation, pomp, wealth, and pleasure of those who manage it, and of their dependents.

"That which is called καπηλεύειν τὸν λόγον τοῦ Θεοῦ, to make a trade of religion will be the great work of the teachers of the church. It will turn all divines into mercenary, slavish, designing flatterers.†

"This we see come to pass, Christianity by the papal influence being from its original simplicity transformed into quite another thing than it was from a divine philosophy designed to improve the reason, to moderate the passions, to correct the manners of men, to prepare men for conversation with God and angels; modelled to a system of politic devices, (of notions, of precepts, of rites,) serving to exalt and enrich the pope with his court and adherents, clients, and vassals.

"What doctrine of Christian theology, as it is interpreted by their schools, hath not a direct aspect, or doth not squint that way, especially according to the opinions passant and in vogue among them.

"To pass over those concerning the Pope, (his universal pastorship, judgeship in controversies, power to call councils,

* Eccl. cap. 47. † 1 Tim. vi. 5; 1 Thess. ii. 5; Eph. iv. 14.

presidency in them, superiority over them, right to confirm or annul them, his infallibility, his double sword, and dominion * * *

" There are who dare in plain terms call him omnipotent, and who ascribe infinite power to him. And that he is infallible is the most common and plausible opinion; so that at Rome the contrary 'is erroneous, and within an inch of being heretical.'*

" We are now told that 'if the Pope should err by enjoining vices or forbidding virtues, the church should be bound to believe vices to be good and virtues evil, unless it would sin against conscience.'†

" The greatest princes must stoop to his will, otherwise he hath power to cashier and depose them.

" Now what greater inconvenience, what more horrible iniquity, can there be, than that all God's people (that free people who are called to freedom) should be subject to so intolerable a yoke and miserable a slavery?"—*Barrow's Treatise of the Pope's Supremacy.*

NOTE 27, PAGE 99.

" The works, as well as the name of God, have been ascribed to the Pope by Innocent, Jacobatius, Durand, Decius, Lainez, the canon law, and the Lateran council. 'The Pope and the Lord,' in the statement of Innocent, Jacobatius, and Decius, 'form the same tribunal, so that, sin excepted, the Pope can do nearly all that God can do.' Jacobatius, in his modesty, uses the qualifying expression nearly, which Decius, with more effrontery, rejects as unnecessary. The pontiff, say Jacobatius and Durand, 'possesses a plenitude of power, and none dare say to him, any more than to God—Lord, what dost thou? He can change the nature of things, and make nothing out of something, and something out of nothing.' These are not the mere imaginations of Jacobatius, Durand,

* Bell. de Pont. iv. 2. † Ibid. iv. 5.

and Decius; but are found, in all their absurdity, in the canon law, which attributes to the Pope, the irresponsibility of the Creator, the divine power of performing the works of God, and making something out of nothing. The Pope, according to Lainez at the Council of Trent, 'has the power of dispensing with all laws, and the same authority as the Lord.' 'This,' exclaimed Hugo, 'is a scandal and impiety which equals a mortal to the immortal, and a man to God.' An archbishop, in the last Lateran synod, called Julius 'prince of the world;' and another orator styled Leo, 'the possessor of all power in heaven and in earth, who presided over all the kingdoms of the globe.' This blasphemy, the holy, unerring, Roman council heard without any disapprobation, and the pontiff with unmingled complacency. The man of sin then 'sat in the temple of God, and shewed himself that he was God.' 'Some popes,' says Coquille, 'have allowed themselves to be called omnipotent.'*

"A fourth variety on this subject makes the Pope superior to God. Equality with the Almighty, it might have been expected, would have satiated the ambition of the pontiff, and satisfied the sycophancy of his minions. But this was not the giddiest step in the scale of blasphemy. The superiority of the Pope over the Creator has been boldly and unblushingly maintained by pontiffs, theologians, canonists, and councils.

"According to Cardinal Zabarella, 'the pontiffs, in their arrogance, assumed the accomplishment of all they pleased,

* Papa et Christus faciunt idem consistorium, ita quod, excepto peccato, potest Papa fere omnia facere, quæ potest Deus. Jacob. III. Papæ nullus audeat dicere, Domine, cur ita facis? Extrav. tit. iv. c. ii. Sicut Deo dici non potest, cur ita facis? Ita nec in iis, quæ sunt juris positivi, Papæ potest dici cur hoc facis? Jacob. III. De aliquo facit nihil, mutando etiam rei naturam. De nihilo, aliquid facit. Durand, 1. 50; Extrav. De Trau. c. 1. q. 6. Coram te, hoc est, coram totius orbis principe. Labb. 19. 700. Tibi data est, omnis, potestas, in cœlo et in terra. Super omnia regna mundi sedens. Labb. 19, 920, 927; Du Pin. 3. 602; 2 Thess. ii. 4.' Aucuns ont enduré d'etre appellez omnipotens. Coquille, 408.

even unlawful things, and thus raised their power above the law of God.' The canon law declares that 'the Pope, in the plenitude of his power, is above right, can change the substantial nature of things, and transform unlawful into lawful.'* Bellarmine's statement is of a similar kind. The Cardinal affirms that 'the Pope can transubstantiate sin into duty, and duty into sin.' He can, says the canon law, 'dispense with right.' Stephen, Archbishop of Petraca, in his senseless parasitism and blasphemy, declared, in the council of the Lateran, that Leo possessed 'power above all powers, both in heaven and in earth.'† The son of perdition then 'exalted himself above all that is called God.' This brazen blasphemy passed in a general council, and is, therefore, in all its revolting absurdity, stamped with the seal of Roman infallibility."

"But the chief prerogative of the Roman hierarch seems to be his power of creating the Creator.‡ Pascal and Urban plumed themselves on this attribute, which, according to their own account, raised them above all subjection to earthly sovereigns. This, however, is a communicable perfection, and, in consequence, is become common to all the sacerdotal confraternity. His Holiness keeps a transfer office at the Vatican, in which he can make over this prerogative to all his deputies through Christendom. These, in consequence, can make and eat, create and swallow, whole thousands of pastry-gods every day. But these deities, in the opinion of

* Pontifices multa sibi arrogaverunt, et omnia se posse existiment, et quicquid liberit, etiam illicita; sicque supra Dei præceptum potestatem illam extendisse. Zabarel. de Schism. Thuan. 6. 397. Habet plenitudinem potestantis, et supra jus est. Gibert, 2. 103. Immutat substantialem rei naturam puta faciendo de illegitimo, legitimum. Durand, 1. 80.

† Si Papa erraret præcipiendo vitia, vel prohibendo virtutes, teneretur ecclesia credere vitia esse bona, et virtutes malas. Bellarmin, iv. 5. Possumus supra jus dispensare. Decret. Greg. iii. 8. iv. Extrav. Comm. 208. Potestas supra omnes potestates tam cœli, quam terræ. Labb. 19. 924.

‡ Deum cuncta creantem creent. Hoveden, 268. Labb. 12. 960. Elévés a cet honneur supreme de créer le Createur. Bruy. 2. 535.

their makers, are perhaps not new gods, but merely new editions of the old one.

" Those who would restrict his infallibility to a presidency, and those who would exalt his dignity to a sovereignty, contending with one another, have also to contend with such as maintain his equality or superiority to God. The two latter descriptions, indeed, seem to be divided by a thin partition. Having elevated a sinful mortal to an equality with Jehovah, the remaining task of conferring a superiority was easy. But both vary from the French and Italian schools, as well as from reason and common sense.

" Such are a few of the opinions which speculators have entertained of the Pope's jurisdiction and authority. These opinions have not been confined to empty speculation; but have, as far as possible, been realized in action on the wide theatre of Christendom, and before the public gaze of an astonished world. The Roman hierarchy has, in reality, passed through all the gradations of humility, pride, power, despotism, and blasphemy.

" The friends of Romanism differ as much in the proof of the supremacy as in its extent and signification. The pontiffs and their minions, about the beginning of the fifth century, fabricated an extraordinary story about Pope Peter's Roman episcopacy and ecclesiastical supremacy; and his transmission of all this honour and jurisdiction to his pontifical successors. The tale, if arranged with judgment, and written with elegance, would make an entertaining religious novel, but as destitute of evidence as ' Roderick Random,' ' Tristram Shandy,' or the ' Seven Champions of Christendom.' The fiction, too, has been composed by bungling and tasteless authors. The plot is far inferior to that of ' Don Quixote' or ' Tom Jones.' The characters, emblazoned with ridiculous and legendary miracles, the offspring of credulity and tradition, bear no resemblance to probability, whilst the language in which it has been uniformly couched is unpolished and repulsive." — *Edgar's Variations of Popery*, p. 129—132, second edition.

NOTE 28, PAGE 106.

The attention of the reader is requested to the following notes bearing on this counterfeit aspect of Popery. The first is from Edgar, in reference to that consummation of ecclesiastical atrocities — THE INQUISITION (p. 230, 231); the second from M'Gavin's "PROTESTANT" (vol. i. p. 157—160); and the third a brief summary from Scott:—

"The convicted were sentenced to an ACT OF FAITH. The ecclesiastical authority transferred the condemned to the secular arm, and the clergy, in the meantime, in mockery of mercy, supplicated the magistracy in a hypocritical prayer, to shew compassion to the intended victim of barbarity. But the magistracy who through pity should have deferred the execution, would, by the relentless clergy, have been compelled by excommunication to proceed in the work of death. The heretic, dressed in a yellow coat variegated with pictures of dogs, serpents, flames, and devils, was then led to the place of execution, tied to the stake, and committed, amid the joyful acclamations of the populace, to the flames. Such has been the death of myriads. Torquemada, on being made inquisitor-general, burned alive, to signalize his promotion to the holy office, no less than two thousand of these 'sons of heresy.'

"The inquisition, in all its horrors, was founded and fostered by the whole Romish church or popish hierarchy. Several popish kingdoms, indeed, deprecated and expelled this enemy of religion and man. The only places in which this tribunal, prior to the Reformation, obtained a permanent establishment, were Languedoc, and in modern times Spain, Portugal, and Goa. The holy office, with all its apparatus of inquisitors, qualificators, familiars, jailors, dungeons, racks, and other engines of torture, was driven, with indignation and ignominy, out of the Netherlands, Hungary, France, Germany, Poland, and even Italy. The Neapolitans and Romans expelled the inhuman nuisance with determined resolution. Spain itself, notwithstanding its red-hot persecutions, witnessed a scene of a similar kind. The citizens of Cordova,

on one occasion, rose in insurrection against this infernal tribunal, stormed the palace of the inquisition, pillaged its apartments, and imprisoned the jailor.

"All this opposition, however, was the work, not of the priesthood, but of the people. The populace dreaded its horrors, deprecated its cruelty, and therefore prevented its establishment. The clergy, on the contrary, have, with all their influence, encouraged the institution in all its inhumanity. The Pope and the prelacy, who, in the Romish system, are the church, and possess infallibility, have, with the utmost unanimity, declared in favour of the holy office. No Roman Pontiff or popish council has ever condemned this foul blot on pretended Catholicism, this gross insult on reason and man.

"The inquisition, beyond all other institutions that ever appeared in the world, evidences the deepest malignancy of human nature. Nothing, in all the annals of time, ever exhibited so appalling and hateful a view of fallen and degenerate man, demoralized to the lowest ebb of perversity by Romanism and the popedom. No tribunal equally regardless of justice and humanity ever raised its frightful form in all the dominions of heathenism or Mahometanism.

"The following is the form of this sentence, as used on ordinary occasions. The original Latin may be seen in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, Art. *Excom.*: 'In name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and of our blessed and most holy Lady Mary; also by the power of the Angels, Archangels, &c.; WE separate M. and N. from the bosom of the holy mother church, and condemn them with the anathema of a perpetual malediction. And may they be cursed in the city, cursed in the field; cursed be their barn, and cursed be their store, cursed be the fruit of their womb and the fruit of their land, cursed be their coming in and going out. Let them be cursed in the house, and fugitives in the field; and let all the curses come upon them which the Lord, by Moses, threatened to bring on the people who forsook the divine law; and let them be anathema mara-

natha—that is, let them perish at the second coming of the Lord. Let no Christian say an *Ave* to them. Let no priest presume to celebrate mass with them, or give them the holy communion. Let them be buried with the burial of an ass, and be dung upon the face of the earth. And as these lights are this day cast out of our hands and extinguished, so let their light be put out for ever, unless they repent, and, by amendment and condign penance, make satisfaction to the church of God which they have injured.'

"There were, however, extraordinary occasions, and extraordinary offenders, who required extraordinary forms of cursing. I believe the most masterly piece of the kind extant is that which is given in my fifth Number. Queen Elizabeth of England was a great eyesore to the Pope, insomuch that he made a special act of cursing and excommunication on her account, which is as follows:—

"'The damnation and excommunication of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and her adherents, with an addition of other punishments. PIUS, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, *ad perpetuam rei memoriam.*

"'He that reigneth on high, to whom is given all power in heaven and in earth, committed one holy Catholic and Apostolic church (out of which there is no salvation) to one alone upon earth—namely, to Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and to Peter's successor, the Bishop of Rome, to be governed in fulness of power. Him alone he made prince over all people, and all kingdoms, to pluck up, to destroy, scatter, consume, plant, and build, that he may contain the faithful that are knit together with the band of charity in the unity of the Spirit, and present them, spotless and unblamable, to their Saviour.

"'§ 1. In discharge of which function, we, which are by God's goodness called to the government of the said church, do spare no pains, labouring with all earnestness, that unity, and the Catholic religion (which the author thereof hath, for the trial of his children's faith, and for our amendment, suffered to be punished with so great afflictions,) might be preserved uncorrupt. But the number of the ungodly hath gotten

such power, there is now no place left in the whole world which they have not essayed to corrupt with their most wicked doctrines; amongst others, ELIZABETH, the pretended Queen of England, a slave of wickedness, lending thereunto her helping hand; with whom, as in a sanctuary, the most pernicious of all men have found a refuge. This very woman having seized on the kingdom, and monstrously usurping the place of supreme head of the church in all England, and the chief authority and jurisdiction thereof, hath again brought back the said kingdom into miserable destruction, which was then newly reduced to the Catholic faith and good fruits.

" ' § 2. For having by strong hand inhibited the exercise of the true religion, which MARY, lawful queen, of famous memory, had, by the help of this See, restored, after it had been formerly overthrown by HENRY the Eighth, a revolter therefrom; and following and embracing the errors of heretics, she hath removed the royal council, consisting of the English nobility, and filled it with obscure men being heretics; oppressed the embracers of the Catholic faith; placed unpious preachers, ministers of iniquity; abolished the sacrifice of the mass, prayers, fastings, choice of meats, unmarried life, and the Catholic rites and ceremonies; commanded books to be read in the whole realm, containing manifest heresy; and impious mysteries and institutions by herself entertained, and observed according to the prescript of CALVIN, to be likewise observed by her subjects; presuming to throw bishops, parsons of churches, and other Catholic priests, out of their churches and benefices, and to bestow them and other church livings upon heretics, and to determine of church causes; prohibited the prelates, clergy, and people to acknowledge the Church of Rome, or obey the precepts and canonical sanctions thereof; compelled most of them to condescend to her wicked laws, and to abjure the authority and obedience of the Bishop of Rome, and to acknowledge her to be sole lady in temporal and spiritual matters, and this by oath; imposed penalties and punishments upon those who obeyed not, and exacted them of those who persevered in the unity of

the faith and obedience aforesaid; cast the Catholic prelates and rectors of churches in prison, where many of them, being spent with long languishing and sorrow, miserably ended their lives. All which things, seeing they are manifest and notorious to all nations, and by the gravest testimony of very many so substantially proved, that there is no place at all left for excuse, defence, or evasion.

"'§ 3. We, seeing that impieties and wicked actions are multiplied one upon another; and, moreover, that the persecution of the faithful, and affliction for religion, groweth every day heavier and heavier, through the instigation and means of the said ELIZABETH; because we understand her mind to be so hardened and indurate, that she hath not only condemned the godly requests and admonitions of Catholic princes, concerning her healing and conversion, but also hath not so much as permitted the nuncios of this See to cross the seas unto England; are strained of necessity to betake ourselves to the weapons of justice against her, not being able to mitigate our sorrow, that we are drawn to take punishment upon one to whose ancestors the whole state of Christendom hath been so much bounden. Being, therefore, supported by his authority, whose pleasure it was to place us (though unable for so great a burden) in this supreme throne of justice, we do, out of the fulness of our Apostolic power, declare the aforesaid ELIZABETH, being a heretic and a favourer of heretics, and her adherents in the matters aforesaid, to have incurred the sentence of anathema, and to be cut off from the unity of the body of Christ.

"'§ 4. And, moreover, we do declare her to be deprived of her pretended title to the kingdom aforesaid, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever.

"'§ 5. And also the nobility, subjects, and people of the said kingdom, and all others, who have in any sort sworn unto her, to be for ever absolved from any such oath, and all manner of duty, of dominion, allegiance, and obedience; as we also do, by authority of these presents, absolve them, and to deprive the same ELIZABETH of her pretended title to the

kingdom, and all other things abovesaid. And we do command and interdict all and every the noblemen, subjects, people, and others aforesaid, that they presume not to obey her monitions, mandates, and laws. And those who do the contrary, we do innodate with the like sentence of anathema.'

"§ 6. Regards merely the publication of this Bull, for which I have not room. It is dated at Rome, at St. Peter's, May 5th, 1570, and the fifth year of Pope Pius V. The Bull itself, in Latin and English, with a Commentary by Bishop Barlow, forms a quarto volume, entitled, 'Brutum Fulmen.'"

"No computation can reach the numbers who have been put to death in different ways on account of their maintaining the profession of the gospel and opposing the corruptions of the church of Rome. A million of poor Waldenses perished in France; 900,000 orthodox Christians were slain in less than 30 years after the institution of the order of the Jesuits. The Duke of Alva boasted of having put 36,000 to death in the Netherlands by the hands of the common executioner during the space of a few years. The Inquisition destroyed by various tortures 150,000 within 30 years. These are a few specimens, and but a few of those which history has recorded; but the total amount will never be known till the earth shall disclose her blood and no more cover her slain. If such be the awful character and effects of Popery, and it be now increasing amongst us, it becomes us to speak very distinctly about it."

Note 29, Page 107.

"The first canon on the Eucharist is, 'Whosoever shall deny that in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist there are truly, really, and substantially contained the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, together with his soul and divinity, and consequently Christ entire, but shall affirm that he is present therein only in a sign or figure, or by his power, let him be accursed.'"

In support of this hideous fiction, the following is the ORACULAR and CONVINCING evidence, as afforded to us by the "CATECHISM OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT, PUBLISHED BY COMMAND OF POPE PIUS THE FIFTH, as "TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY THE REV. J. DONOVAN, Professor, &c., Royal College, Maynooth," p. 230:—

"To explain this mystery in a proper manner is extremely difficult. On the manner of this admirable conversion, the pastor, however, will endeavour to instruct those who are more advanced in the knowledge and contemplation of divine things: those who are yet weak may, it were to be apprehended, be overwhelmed by its greatness. This conversion, then, is so effectuated that the whole substance of the bread and wine is changed by the power of God, into *the whole substance of the body of Christ, and the whole substance of the wine, into the whole substance of his blood, and this, without any change in our Lord himself;* he is neither begotten, nor changed, nor increased, but remains entirely and *substantially* the same. This sublime mystery, S. Ambrose thus declares: 'You see how efficacious are the words of Christ; if, then, the word of the Lord Jesus is so powerful as to summon creation into existence, shall it not require a less exercise of power to make that subsist which already has existence, and to change it into another thing?'* Many other Fathers, whose authority is too grave to be questioned, have written to the same effect: 'We faithfully confess, says S. Augustine, 'that before consecration it is bread and wine, the produce of nature; but after consecration it is the body and blood of Christ, consecrated by the blessing.'† 'The body,' says Damascene, 'is truly united to the divinity, the body assumed of the Virgin; not that the body thus assumed descends from heaven, but that the bread and wine are changed into the body and blood of Christ.'‡

* D. Ambr. l. 4. de sacr. c. 4.

† Citatur de consec. dist. 2, can. Nos autem.

‡ Lib. iv de orthod. fid. c. 14.

This admirable change, as the Council of Trent teaches, the Catholic church most appropriately expresses by the word 'transubstantiation.'* When, in the natural order, the form of a being is changed, that change may be properly termed 'a transformation;' in like manner, when, in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, the whole substance of one thing passes into the whole substance of another, the change our predecessors in the faith wisely and appropriately called 'transubstantiation.' But according to the admonition so frequently repeated by the Holy Fathers, the faithful are to be admonished against the danger of gratifying a prurient curiosity, by searching into the manner in which this change is effected. It mocks the powers of conception, nor can we find any example of it in natural transmutations, nor even in the wide range of creation. The change itself is the object, not of our comprehension, but of our humble faith; and the manner of that change forbids the temerity of a too curious inquiry.†

"The same salutary caution should also be observed by the pastor, with regard to the mysterious manner in which the body of our Lord is contained whole and entire under the least particle of the bread.‡ Such inscrutable mysteries should scarcely ever become matter of disquisition. Should Christian charity, however, require a departure from this salutary rule, the pastor will recollect first to prepare and fortify his hearers, by reminding them, that 'no word shall be impossible with God.'§

The pastor will next teach, that our Lord is not in the Sacrament as in a place; place regards things, only inasmuch as they have magnitude; and we do not say that Christ is in the Sacrament, inasmuch as he is great or small, terms which belong to quantity, but inasmuch as he is a substance. The

* Trid. sess. 13, c. 4, et can. 2, et de consec. distinct. 2, c. panis.

† Eccl. iii. 22.

‡ D. Thom. 3, p. q. 76, Trid. sess. 13, c. 3, et can. 3, et Florent. in decret. Eugen.

§ Luke, i. 37.

substance of the bread is changed into the substance of Christ, not into magnitude or quantity; and substance, it will be acknowledged, is contained in a small as well as in a large space. The substance of air, for instance, whether in a large or in a small quantity, and that of water, whether confined in a vessel, or flowing in a river, must necessarily be the same. As, then, the body of our Lord succeeds to the substance of the bread, we must confess it to be in the Sacrament, after the same manner as the bread was before consecration: whether the substance of the bread was present in greater or less quantity is a matter of entire indifference.

"We now come to the third effect produced by the words of consecration, the existence of the species of bread and wine in the Sacrament without a subject, an effect as stupendous as it is admirable. What has been said in explanation of the two preceding points must facilitate the exposition of this mysterious truth. We have already proved that the body and blood of our Lord are really and truly contained in the Sacrament, to the entire exclusion of the substance of the bread and wine: the accidents cannot inhere in the body and blood of Christ: they must, therefore, contrary to the physical laws, subsist of themselves, inhering in no subject. This has been, at all times, the doctrine of the Catholic church; and the same authorities by which we have already proved that the substance of the bread and wine ceases to exist in the Eucharist, go to establish its truth. But it becomes the piety of the faithful, omitting subtle disquisitions, to revere and adore, in the simplicity of faith, the majesty of this august Sacrament; and with sentiments of gratitude and admiration, to recognise the wisdom of God in the institution of the holy mysteries, under the species of bread and wine. To eat human flesh, or to drink human blood, is most revolting to human nature, and therefore has God, in his infinite wisdom, established the administration of the body and blood of Christ, under the forms of bread and wine, the ordinary and agreeable food of man. From its administration under these forms

also flow two other important advantages: it obviates the calumnious reproaches of the unbeliever, to which a manducation of the body and blood of our Lord, under human form, must be exposed; whilst, by receiving him under a form in which he is impervious to the senses, our faith is augmented, 'which,' as S. Gregory observes, 'has no merit in those things which fall under the jurisdiction of reason.' But what has been hitherto said on this subject demands much prudent precaution in its exposition; and in this the pastor will be guided by the capacity of his hearers, by times and circumstances.

"We therefore confess that the sacrifice of the Mass is one and the same sacrifice with that of the cross; the victim is one and the same, Christ Jesus, who offered himself, once only, a bloody sacrifice on the altar of the cross. The bloody and unbloody victim is still one and the same, and the oblation of the cross is daily renewed in the eucharistic sacrifice, in obedience to the command of our Lord, 'This do for a commemoration of me.'* The Priest is also the same, Christ our Lord; the ministers who offer this sacrifice consecrate the holy mysteries, not in their own but in the person of Christ. This the words of consecration declare: the priest does not say, 'This is the body of Christ,' but, 'This is my body;' and thus invested with the character of Christ, he changes the substance of the bread and wine into the substance of his real body and blood.† That the holy sacrifice of the Mass, therefore, is not only a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, or a commemoration of the sacrifice of the cross, but also a sacrifice of propitiation, by which God is appeased and rendered propitious, the pastor will teach as a dogma defined by the unerring authority of a General Council of the church. If, therefore, with pure hearts and a lively faith, and with a sincere sorrow for past transgressions, we immolate and offer

* Luke, xxii. 19; 1 Cor. xi. 24.

† Chrys. hom. 2. in 2. ad Timoth. et hom. de prod, Judæ. Ambr. lib. 4. de Sacram. c. 4.

in sacrifice this most holy victim, we shall, no doubt, receive from the Lord 'mercy and grace in seasonable aid.' So acceptable to God is the sweet odour of this sacrifice, that through its oblation he pardons our sins, bestowing on us the gifts of grace and of repentance. This is the solemn prayer of the church; as often as the commemoration of this victim is celebrated, so often is the work of our salvation promoted, and the plenteous fruits of that bloody victim flow in upon us abundantly through this unbloody sacrifice."—*Catechism of Council of Trent*, p. 244, 250.

After reading the above, the reader will be prepared fully to *appreciate* the CATHOLICITY of the following doctrines and statements as now *circulated* by the unerring Mother of Rome. They have been previously quoted by Bickersteth.

Extracts from a few of the first pages of the prayers of the Roman Missal, for the use of the laity. Published by Keating, the Roman-catholic bookseller. 1815.

"I beseech the blessed Mary, ever a Virgin, blessed Michael the archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints, and you, O father, to pray to the Lord our God for me."—p. xvii.

"We beseech thee, O Lord, by the merits of thy saints whose relics are here, and of all the saints, that thou wouldest vouchsafe to forgive me all my sins."—p. xviii.

"By the intercession of glorious and blessed Mary, the ever Virgin mother of God, of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, of blessed —— and of all the saints, grant us in thy mercy, health and peace."—p. xx.

"Accept, O holy Father, Almighty and eternal God, this unspotted host which I thy unworthy servant offer unto thee, my living and true God, for my innumerable sins, offences, and negligences, and for all here present, and also for all faithful Christians, both living and dead, that it may avail both me and them unto everlasting life."—p. xxiii.

"We offer unto thee, O Lord, the chalice of salvation, be-

seeching thy clemency, that it may ascend before thy Divine Majesty as a sweet odour for our salvation, and for that of the whole world."—p. xxiv.

"After pronouncing the words of consecration, the Priest, kneeling, ADORES and elevates the sacred host."—p. xxv.

"The adoration of the cross (notwithstanding a previous note that they only adore Jesus Christ) is awfully idolatrous. One hymn is left untranslated. It is indeed too open for the light of this country. This is the meaning of one verse in the hymn, 'Hail, O Cross, our only hope in this time of the passion; increase the grace of the faithful, and pardon our sins.'—See p. 294, 295.

"But I cannot transcribe any more of these idolatries and blasphemies. They run through the whole Missal, with such an intermixture of the Scriptures and pious prayers, as to make it eminently THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY.

"The Council of Trent is the chief standard of the Roman-catholic religion. The following extracts from the DECREES OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT, on the Rule of Faith, will shew how it adds to God's word. The sacred Council 'receive and reverence with EQUAL piety and veneration all the books as well of the Old (in this is included a great part of the Apocrypha) as of the New Testament, the same God being the author of both, and ALSO the aforesaid TRADITIONS, pertaining to faith and manners, whether received from Christ himself, or dictated by the Holy Spirit, and preserved in the Catholic church by continual succession.' This is contrary to Deut. iv. 2; Matt. xv. 3—9; Rev. xxii. 18. 'It has not appeared expedient to the Fathers that the Mass should be everywhere celebrated in the vulgar tongue.' This perpetuates prayers in an unknown tongue, directly contrary to 1 Cor. xiv. The Catechism of the Council of Trent says, 'This our church cannot err in the delivery of faith and discipline of manners.'—p. 96. This is contrary to Rom. xi. 20—22."

NOTE 30, PAGE 109.

"Dominic, it must be granted, was well qualified for his office. He possessed all that impregnable cruelty which enabled his mind to soar above every feeling of compassion, and to extract pleasure from scenes of torture and misery. The torments of men, or, at least, of heretics, were his enjoyment. The saint, in satanic and unsated malignity, enjoyed the spectacle of his victim's bleeding veins, dislocated joints, torn nerves, and lacerated limbs, quivering and convulsed with agony.

"Proofs of his inhumanity appeared, in many instances, in the holy war and in the holy office. During the crusade against the Albigenses, though a pretended missionary, he encouraged the holy warriors of the cross in the work of massacre and murder. He marched at the head of the army with a crucifix in his hand; and animated the soldiery to deeds of death and destruction.* This was the way of disseminating Dominic's gospel. The cross, which should be the emblem of peace and mercy, became, in perverted application, the signal of war and bloodshed; and the professed apostle of Christianity preached salvation by the sword and the inquisition.

"The holy office as well as the holy war shewed Dominic's cruelty. The inquisition, indeed, during his superintendence, had no legal tribunal, and the engines of torment were not brought to the perfection exhibited in modern days of Spanish inquisitorial glory. But Dominic, notwithstanding, could, even with this bungling machinery, and without a chartered establishment, gratify his feelings of benevolence in all their refinement and delicacy. Dislocating the joints of the

* Dominique animoit les soldats, le crucifix à la main. Dominique marchoit à la tete de l'armée, avec un crucifix à la main. Bened. 1, 248, 249. Les Catholiques animés par les exhortations de S. Dominique. Marian. 2. 689

refractory Albigensian, as practised in the Tolosan Inquisition, afforded the saint a classical and Christian amusement. This kind operation he performed by 'suspending his victim by a cord affixed to his arms, that were brought behind his back, which, being raised by a wheel, lifted off the ground the suspected Waldensian, man or woman, who refused to confess till forced by the violence of torture.'* Innocent commissioned Dominic to punish, not only by confiscation and banishment, but also with death; and, in the execution of his task he stimulated the magistracy and populace to massacre the harmless professors of Waldensianism. 'His saintship, by words and MIRACLES, convicted a hundred and eighty Albigenses, who were at one time committed to the flames.'

"*Such was the man, or monster, who, to the present day, is a full-length saint in the Roman calendar. The miscreant is an object of worship in the Popish communion.* The Roman breviary lauds 'his merits and doctrines, which enlightened the church; his ingenuity and virtue, which overthrew the Tolosan heretics; and his many miracles, which extended even to the raising of the dead.' The Roman missal, having eulogized his merits, prays for 'temporal aid through his intercession.' The holy infallible church, in this manner, prefers adoration to the canonized Dominic, who was the first Inquisitor-General, and one of the greatest ruffians that ever disgraced humanity.

"The inquisition was first established in Languedoc. The Council of Thoulouse, in 1229, appointed a priest and three laymen to search for the partisans of heresy. The synod of Alby, in 1254, commissioned a clergyman and a layman to engage in the same odious task; and this commencement constituted this infernal institution in its infancy. The tribunal afterward received various alterations and fresh accessions of power, till, at length, it was authorized in Spain, Portugal,

* In chorda levatus aliquantulum. Negans se quicquam de hæresi confessum nisi per violentiam tormentorum.—Limborch, iv. 29.

and Goa, to try the suspected, not only for heresy, but also for blasphemy, magic, sorcery, witchcraft, infidelity, and Judaism, and to punish the convicted with infamy, imprisonment, galley-slavery, banishment, outlawry, confiscation of property, and consignment to the flames in an ACT of FAITH."—*Edgar's Variations*, p. 228, 229, 2nd edition.

"This application of the rack, without evidence, caused many to be tortured who had never committed the sin of heresy. A young lady who was incarcerated in the dungeon of the inquisition at the same time with the celebrated Bohorquia, will supply an instance of this kind. This victim of inquisitorial brutality, notwithstanding her admitted attachment to Romanism, endured the rack till all the members of her body were rent asunder by the infernal machinery of the holy office. An interval of some days succeeded, till she began, notwithstanding such inhumanity, to recover. She was then taken back to the infliction of similar barbarity. Small cords were twisted round her naked arms, legs, and thighs, till they cut through the flesh to the bone; and blood, in copious torrents, streamed from the lacerated veins. Eight days after, she died of her wounds."

NOTE 31, PAGE 112.

"What are we to say to this? Men would indeed persuade you that the enlarged intelligence of the times, the diffusion of knowledge, and the increase of liberality, are an ample security against the revival, to any great extent, of a system so absurd and repulsive as Popery. But they quite forget, when they hastily pronounce that Popery has no likelihood of being revived in an enlightened age, that it is emphatically the religion of human nature; and that he who can persuade himself of its truth, passes into a position the most coveted by the mass of our race, that in which sin may be committed, with a thorough security that its consequences may be averted. We find no guarantee against the reinstatement of Popery, in the

confessed facts of a vast outstretch of mind, and of a general development of the thinking faculties of our people. It is an axiom with us, that people must have some kind of religion; they cannot so sepulchre their immortality that it will never struggle up, and compel them to think of provision for the future. And when a population shall have grown vain of its intelligence, and proud of its knowledge—when, by applying universally the machinery of a mere mental education, and pervading a country with literature rather than with Scripture, you shall have brought men into the condition—oh, too possible!—of those who think it beneath them to inquire after God; then, do we believe, the scene will be clear for the machinations of such a system as the Papacy. The inflated and self-sufficient generation will feel the need of some specific for quieting conscience. But they will prefer the least spiritual and the least humiliating. They will lean to that which, if it insult the understanding, bribes the lusts and buys reason into silence by the immunities which it promises. It is not their wisdom which will make them loathe Popery. Too wise to seek God prayerfully and humbly in the Bible, they will be as open to the delusion which can believe a lie, as the ignorant to the imposition which palms off falsehood for truth. They will not want God, but a method of forgetting Him, which shall pass at the same time for a method of remembering Him. This a definition of Popery, that masterpiece of Satan, constructed for two mighty divisions of humankind, the men who would be saved by their merits, and the men who would be saved in their sins. Hence, if a day of great intellectual darkness be favourable for Popery, so may be a day of great intellectual light. We may as well fall into the pit with our eyes dazzled, as with our eyes blindfolded; ignorance is no better element for a false religion than knowledge, when it has generated conceit of our own powers; and intellect, which is a defender when duly honoured and employed, becomes a betrayer when idolized as omnipotent."—*H. Melville.*

NOTE 32, PAGE 114.

"It has often been matter of surprise that the church of Rome, liberal as it is in its allowance of other amusements, should so pointedly oppose the theatre, and should even deny the rites of burial to all performers on the stage. It appears to me, however, not difficult to assign the reason. It is an old proverb, that '*two of a trade never agree.*' There is, in fact, a close resemblance between Popery and the stage. The church of Rome is dramatic in all its features. It seems to be its office and its very essence to ACT Christianity, and to hold out, in exterior exhibition, that which, in its true life, no eye but God's can see. No wonder the church of Rome is so fond of sacraments, when the definition of one so admirably suits herself; she is 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual church.' Thus, with her, repentance is changed to penance; because the latter is to act the former. * * * * In full keeping with all this, the celebration of the mass is an apparatus calculated altogether to engage the senses. But still all these fall short of the brilliancy and attractions of the theatre. Hence the jealousy of the church of Rome. The theatre is her rival; and as such she fears her, as an enemy who meets her on her own ground, and who encroaches on her own immediate province—namely, that of exciting the passions, and acting on the senses, of mankind."—*Woodward's Essays*, p. 240, 241, 3rd edition.

NOTE 33, PAGE 130.

"To the false philosophy of modern times may be imputed much of the reigning infidelity and atheism. This philosophy has been supported, as well as broached, by great names, and has therefore carried with it a splendour of authority which has dazzled the eyes of mankind. Trace this philosophy with attention, and you will find it little better than disguised materialism. Everything, in their statement, is to be accounted

for from matter; though matter is inert, and has nothing in itself but dead incapacity. Our ears are dinned with the centrifugal and centripetal motions of inactive substance, and with attractions which have never been explained, and which none can attempt properly to explain. We are also assured by these philosophists, who are wise above what is written, of the truth of the proposition of more ancient heathens, that *nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuit in sensu*—that 'there is nothing in the intellect which was not before in the sense;' or, in other words, that there is nothing in mind which was not previously in matter. A discerning eye may observe to what conclusions this principle must necessarily lead, and that its obvious tendency is to support the favourite materialism of the day. For if matter be prior to mind, or be indispensably necessary to the actions of the mind, then is matter eternal; and all that we can understand by the word 'God' is, that matter influences his activities, and he cannot act without it. How different is the wisdom which the Most High hath imparted to man, and which blinded man will not receive, because he hath not found it out by himself, but must stand indebted for it to another! The great axiom, which oversets all the fables and fanciful hypotheses of wisdom merely human, is, 'in God all things live, are moved, and have their being.' He, and he alone, 'upholdeth all things by the word of his power.' Not a star passes through the sky, not an atom of substance floats in the air, but which are altogether recognised by his omniscience, and directed by his irresistible strength. 'All things serve him.' The whole, as a whole, is constructed and supported by his providence, and consequently, every part which belongs to the whole. If *anything* could escape him, *all* might soon be in disorder, and rush towards ruin. What we call *little* is the same to his observing mind as what we think to be great."—*Serle.*

Note 34, Page 130.

"Some ancient and some modern philosophers, of great name, have, I am sensible, held a different opinion; but it may well be questioned whether they may not have mistaken a various composition or decomposition for transmutation; or (as Bishop Berkeley expresses it) 'whether what is thought a *change*, be not only a *disguise*.' Where an acid is blended with an alkali, and thereby forms a neutral substance apparently heterogenous from either of those by the union of which it was composed, there is no dissolution of the original atoms, but an alteration only in their forms, from whence arose a consequent fitness for operations different from what either of them was capable of in their uncompounded state. Hence it is that various kinds of plants, deriving the same salts and other fluids for nourishment from the earth and air surrounding them, do, by their different configurations in the hand of God, not alter the atoms of what they receive, but compound them, so as to result to such different ends, or produce such very different fruits, tastes, and virtues, as we find for our use and comfort. So the action of God (reverently carrying our thoughts yet higher) is *one*, and the three great mechanical agents by which he works in the material world are *simple;* but the effects produced by them are various, almost inconceivably various and complicated, in their orders, times, and degrees; *and yet there is no change or loss (which there must be were there any change) in these agents, but they continue their appointed circulation, are diversified or united by one supreme activity, and so rise at length, in an intellectual or spiritual view, into God himself, as their last great end, as well as their first and original cause."—Serle.*

Note 35, Page 139.

Without presuming to encroach upon the unrevealed secrets of Jehovah, we cannot be arrogant in saying that, however

pure, ethereal, and transcending angelic nature may be, it is represented in Scripture as being ROUND ABOUT DEITY; but, by the incarnation, human nature has been assumed INTO DEITY. "He took not on Him the nature of ANGELS, but the *seed of Abraham*," says St. Paul. And there is a remote, but magnificent symbol of this in the Apocalypse, where (Rev. vii. 11) the angels are represented as being *round about the elders*; intimating, it is presumed, that human nature is, through Christ, nearer, in *one sense*, to the Divine, than even the angelic.

NOTE 36, PAGE 154.

"It was at the moment when sacrifice had just been offered, when the incense filled the temple, and the hymn was reverberating in the vaulted roofs, and, as it were, in the immediate presence of God, that the seal was to be set to the destruction of the enemy of Rome. The Emperor, in the most gracious manner,* took a pen, and attached his signature to the edict. Aleander withdrew in triumph, and instantly sent the decree to the printer, and thence to every part of Christendom.† This result of Roman diplomacy had cost no small pains to the Papacy. We learn from Pallavicini himself that the edict, though dated the 8th of May, was written and signed some days later, but antedated, in order that it might appear sanctioned by the presence of the whole Diet.

"'We, Charles the Fifth, &c.,' said the Emperor, 'to the Electors, Princes, Prelates, and all to whom these presents shall come.

"'The Almighty having confided to us for the defence of our holy faith more extensive dominion and rule than He hath given to any of our predecessors, we purpose to employ all our powers to preserve our holy empire from being polluted by any heresy.

* Festivissimo vultu.—Pallavicini, i. p. 122.

† Et undique pervulgata.—Ibid.

"'The Augustine monk, Martin Luther, regardless of our exhortations, has madly attacked the holy church, and attempted to destroy it by writings full of blasphemy. He has shamefully vilified the unalterable law of holy marriage; he has laboured to incite the laity to imbrue their hands in the blood of their priests;* and, defying all authority, has incessantly excited the people to revolt, schism, war, murder, theft, incendiarism, and the utter destruction of the Christian faith. . . . In a word, and passing over many other evil intentions, this being, who is no man, but Satan himself under the semblance of a man in a monk's hood,† has collected, in one offensive mass, all the worst heresies of former ages, adding his own to the number.

"'We have therefore dismissed from our presence this Luther, whom all reasonable men count a madman, or possessed by a devil: and it is our intention that so soon as the term of his safe-conduct is expired, effectual measures be forthwith taken to put a stop to his fury.

"'For this end, and on pain of incurring the penalty of treason, we hereby forbid you to receive the said Luther from the moment when the said term is expired, or to harbour or to give him meat or drink, or by word or act, publicly or in private, to aid or abet him. We further enjoin you to seize, or cause him to be seized, wherever he may be, and to bring him before us without delay, or hold him in durance until you shall be informed how to deal with him, and have received the reward due to your co-operation in this holy work.

"'As to his adherents, you are enjoined to seize upon them, putting them down and confiscating their property.

"'Touching his writings—seeing that the best of food is held in horror by all men when the least poison is mixed therewith, how much more should such writings, wherein the main

* Ihre Hände in der Priester Blut zu waschen.—L. Opp. (L.) xvii. p. 598.

† Nicht ein Mensch, sondern als der böse Feind in Gestalt eines Menschen mit angenommener Mönchshütten.—Ibid.

object is a mortal venom, be not merely rejected, but destroyed? You will, therefore, burn, or in other ways utterly destroy them.

"'As to the authors, poets, printers, painters, venders, or purchasers, of caricatures or placards against the Pope or the church, you are enjoined to seize on their persons and property, and deal with them as may seem fit.

"'And if any one, whatever may be his rank, should dare to act contrary to this decree of our imperial majesty, we command that he be placed under ban of the empire.

"'Let each one observe this decree.'

"Such was the edict signed in the cathedral of Worms. It was more than a Roman bull, which though issued in Italy might not be carried into execution in Germany. The emperor himself had spoken, and the diet had ratified the decree. The whole body of Romanists shouted for joy. 'The tragedy is over!' exclaimed they. 'For my part,' said Alphonzo Valdez, a Spaniard of Charles's court, 'I am persuaded it is not the last act, but the beginning.' Valdez clearly perceived that the movement was *in* the church, the people, the age,—and that were Luther to fall, his cause would not perish with him. But none could help seeing the imminent and inevitable danger in which the Reformer was placed, and the superstitious multitude were impressed by a feeling of horror at the thought of that incarnate Satan whom the emperor pointed to as clothed with a monk's habit."—*D'Aubigné*, vol. ii. p. 238—241.

Note 37, Page 159.

"Of the tune, which also is by Luther, we have no copy, and only a second-hand knowledge. To the original words, *probably never before printed in English*, we subjoin the following translation, which, if it possess the only merit it can pretend to, that of literal adherence to the sense, will not prove unacceptable to our readers. Luther's music is

heard daily in our churches, several of our finest psalm-tunes being of his composition. Luther's sentiments also are, or should be, present in many an English heart; the more interesting to us is any of the smallest articulate expression of these." "Luther wrote this song in a time of blackest threatenings, which, however, could in no wise become a time of despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognise the accent that summoned man (summoned not by Charles . . . but by God Almighty also), who answered his friends' warning not to enter Worms in this wise, 'Were there are as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on:'—of him who, alone in that assemblage, before all emperors, and principalities, and powers, spoke forth these final and for ever memorable words:—'It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God assist me. Amen.' The song is entitled in German, '*Ein' feste Burg est unser Gott;*' and the writer now quoted observes, that 'it is universally regarded as the best of Luther's Spiritual Songs, and indeed still retains its place and devotional use in the psalmodies of Protestant Germany.' On Luther's love of music some remarks are offered in the sequel, but there are few who will not cordially unite in sentiment with the observations of the able writer above quoted. It is this feature, among others, in his character, which has made him the hero of the people to this day in Germany. His memory is as much beloved and venerated by his countrymen as it is execrated and anathematised by the papists. But we need not be surprised at the resentments of the latter. He smote the objects of their idolatry 'under the fifth rib;' a peasant—a miner's son—gave them their mortal blow."

ORIGINAL.

" Ein' feste Burg est unser Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen:
Er hilft uns frey ans aller Noth,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.
Der alte böse Fiend,
Mit Ernst ers jetzt meint;
Gross Macht und viel List
Sein gransam' Rüstzeuch ist,
Auf Erd'n ist nicht seins Gleichen.

" Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts gethan
Wir sind gar bald verloren:
Es street't für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott selbst hat erkoren.
Fragst du wer er ist;
Er heisst Jesus Christ,
Der Herre Zebaoth.
Und ist kein ander Gott,
Das Feld muss er behalten.

" Und werm che Welt voll Teufel wür,
Und wolt'n uns gar verschlingen,
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürste dieser welt.
Wie sauer er sich stellt,
Thut er uns doch nichts;
Das Macht er ist gerichtt.
Ein Wörtlein Kann ihn fällen.

" Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn,
Und keinen Dank dazu haben,
Er ist bey uns wohl auf dem Plan
Mit seinem Geist and Gaben.
Nehmen sie uns den Leib,
Gut', Ehr', Kind, und Weib,
Lass fahren dahin.
Sie haben's kein Gewinn,
Das Reich Gottes mus unss bleiben.

TRANSLATION.

" A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell,
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

" With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zeboath's Son,
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

" And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not that they can o'erpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit,
For why? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

" God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, houses, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small,
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth."

"Such is Luther's hymn, written immediately after his noble appearance at the Diet of Worms, and before he left that city. It evinces feelings and dispositions worth a thousand arguments; it shews that religion regulated his conduct, and guided him in his perilous enterprise; it shews, in a word, that he was a truly good as well as a truly great man. There is something in it, whatever may be the opinions formed of it as a poetical composition, 'like the sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes, in the very vastness of which dissonance a higher unison is revealed to us.' How strongly is his character contrasted with his popish enemies! Departing from the diet to his peaceful habitation at Wittemberg, while he knows that an edict is to be published against him, he says in his native German, '*Ein' feste Burg est unser Gott*'—'A safe stronghold our God is still;' while his adversaries are anxious for his assassination, urging the emperor to violate solemn pledges and declarations. Well might Luther exclaim, while he likened the popedom to the 'ancient fiend of hell,'

'On earth is not his fellow.'"*

Note 38, Page 175.

"Luther, in a letter to Philip Melancthon, which he curiously dates *from my own hell*, thus writes: 'What say you now, my Philip? Do you not still pray for me? As for myself, idle the whole day, I can only fancy the appearance of the church renewed and invigorated, and I perceive the meaning of that passage in the 38th Psalm, 'Thou hast not constituted in vain the sons of men.' O God, how awful will be the appearance of thy judgments! how fearful and abominable is the reign of the antichrist of Rome! It is surely because my heart is hardened, that I do not weep fountains of tears for the sins of my deluded countrymen. There are few to be found who rise from their sleep and seek refuge in God, and make for themselves a rampart of defence in the house of

* From Lawson's *Life of Luther*.

Israel, before the great day of God's vengeance comes. O reign of the Pope, worthy of the vengeance of ages! May God have mercy upon us!' (12th May, 1521.) 'When I reflect on these horrible times of blasphemy, I wish my eyes to weep rivers of tears for the unhappy desolation of those souls living under the reign of sin and perdition. The monstrous chair at Rome, placed in the midst of the church, affects to honour God; the pontiffs pretend to render him homage, while the pretenders to piety outrage his laws; in short, according to them, there is nothing which they would not undertake for his service. Meanwhile, Satan is on the alert; his heart is yearning for the destruction of men, and he opens wide his mouth of torment. He delights in the perdition of men. Here I do nothing all the day; I am in idleness; I merely eat and drink. The only consolation is my Bible, which I regularly peruse both in Greek and Hebrew. I intend to write a tract on auricular confession. I am resolved, also, to continue my annotations on the Book of Psalms, and the books and documents which I have received from Wittemberg will greatly aid me. Among other things, I have commenced a short discourse on the *Magnificat*." (24th May.)

"Luther, however, appears to have become dissatisfied with the solitude and inactivity of his retirement. On the 11th of June, 1521, he thus writes to Melancthon, who had answered the preceding letter: — 'You have afforded me a twofold anxiety; first, because you appear to be impatient, yielding too much to the affections, and thus allowing your naturally mild disposition to obtain the mastery over you. And, second, because you think too highly of me, for I am persuaded you have fallen into an error in ascribing to me such things as those to which you allude; as if I were too zealous in the cause of God. Alas! I must deplore my deficiencies, and acknowledge that I am a sinful creature. The high opinion you have formed of me annoys and distracts me, when I see myself not only hardened and careless, but given up to idleness. Rarely in my prayers do I utter a petition for the present state of the church of God. But what am I saying? My unsubdued

spirit still glows with the fire of heaven. Yet I am enervated by luxuries, laziness, idleness, and drowsiness. Is it because you do not pray for me that God is turned against me? If so, it is your duty to occupy my place, for he only will have the blessing of God who is agreeable to him.

"'It is now eight days since I have written or studied anything. I have prayed that I may be preserved in the faith and for the service of God. My situation is now becoming tiresome—the dullness distracts me. If I am not better, I will appear publicly at Erfurt. You will meet me there, for I must consult the physicians.'

"Luther was then ill. His inactivity had caused a severe internal disorder, which greatly affected his mind. While in this mood, he wrote the following extraordinary letter to Melancthon:—'Since I departed from Worms, and was taken captive near Eisenach, and since I inhabited the castle of Wartburg, my *Patmos*, I have seen no one. Only two little boys attend me, who bring me my victuals twice a-day. They purchased a bag of hazel-nuts for me, which I placed in a chest. The night when I entered my bed-room I fell into a kind of sleep; the nuts all appeared to move and to be thrown against my bed. I did not, however, feel disquieted. When I awoke I heard a loud noise on the staircase, yet I knew that it was closed with chains, and protected by an iron gate, and that it was impossible any person could enter. Yet I rose to see what it was. 'Who art thou?' I asked. 'Ah! well, be it so.' I commended myself to Christ, of whom it is written in the eighth Psalm, 'Thou hast subdued all things under his feet,' and I returned to my bed. At that time the wife of John of Berblitz had come to Eisenach. She conjectured I was in the castle, and she wished to see me, but it was impossible. I have been removed into another part of the castle, and the lady of Berblitz has been consigned to the chamber which I occupied. She heard that night such a noise, as induced her to believe it was caused by ten thousand devils.'"

NOTE 39, PAGE 177.

"Now, in this my age, I am vexed and tormented with nothing except the tribulations of the devil, who walketh with me in my bedchamber: he strongly scowleth upon me. When he can gain nothing of me in my heart, he falleth on my head, and soundly plagueth me."—*Luther's Colloqu. Mens.*

"He often troubles me on the subject of prayer. He striketh cogitations into my heart, as though I neglected to pray diligently; although I know, that in one day I pray more than all the popish priests and friars, only I babble not so much. My earnest advice is, that no man despise written or described prayers; for whoso prayeth a psalm, the same shall be made thoroughly warm."—*Ibid.*

"The devil oftentimes objecteth against me the whole cause which (through God's grace) I lead. He objecteth also against Christ; but better were it that the temple brake in pieces than that Christ should therein remain obscure and hid."—*Ibid.*

"I have found by myself, that in my highest tribulations, (which tormented and exhausted my body so much that I could scarcely pant and take my breath) I went dried up and pressed out like a sponge. No creature was able to comfort me, insomuch that I said, 'Am I alone the man that must feel such tribulations in the spirit?' But ten years past, when I was solitary and alone, God comforted me again through his angels, and enabled me to strive and fight against the Pope." —*Ibid.*

Dr. Jeronymus Weller being deeply plunged into melancholy fits and humours, Luther said unto him, "Be of good courage; you are not alone that suffereth tribulation; I also am one; and as for sins, I have greater upon me than you and your father have; for I blasphemed my God fifteen years together, with celebrating that abominable idol the Mass, insomuch that I wish from my heart that I had been at that time rather a pander or a thief."—*Ibid.*

" Your letter has displeased me on two grounds; first, because I perceive that you are not sufficiently patient under the cross, yielding too much to sorrow, and your own peculiar temptations; and, secondly, because you raise me much too high, and err most egregiously in ascribing to me the great honour of being seriously persecuted for the cause of God. Your excellent opinion of me tortures and perplexes me, the more because I am sitting here like a senseless and hardened man; praying also but little to God, sighing still less for the church of God, and burning with the violent flame of my own unruly flesh; so that, to sum up all, when I should be ardent in the spirit, I am only sunk in sensuality, indolence, idleness, and sloth. I know not whether it is because you have ceased to pray for me, that God has forsaken me; you occupy now my place, more enriched with God's gifts, and more pleasing in his sight. It is now eight days since I have been able to write, to pray, or to study; partly tormented by temptations of the flesh, and partly plagued with other infirmities. If the evil is not lessened, I must go to Erfurt openly, and obtain advice from either physician or surgeon, for I can no longer bear this suffering, and would rather have ten large wounds than this irksome annoyance. It may be, that the Lord sends me this visitation in order to draw me forth from the wilderness." Then again:—" All is going on well, except that this despondency will not give way, and the same weakness of faith and want of spirituality still continue." On another occasion, he made use of somewhat obscure expressions:—" There are evil and subtle devils, who rob me of my time, as people say, in a very troublesome manner. Pray for me, that Christ may not forsake me."—*Letter to Melancthon.*

" Believe me," says he, in a letter to Gerbel, " I am delivered over to a thousand imps of Satan in this solitude; and it is much easier to contend with incarnate fiends—that is, men—than with spiritual wickedness in high places." " I fall off, but I am raised up again by the right hand of the Most High." And again, " Pray for me, I am sunk in sin in this desert."

NOTE 40, PAGE 180.

"No sooner was order re-established, when the Reformer turned to his beloved Melancthon, and requested his co-operation in the final revision of the translation of the New Testament, which he had brought with him from the Wartburg. As early as the year 1519, Melancthon had laid down the grand principle that the Fathers must be explained conformably to the Scripture, and not Scripture according to the Fathers. Meditating daily on the books of the New Testament, he felt at once charmed by their simplicity, and solemnly impressed by the depth of their import. 'In *them*, and them only,' affirmed this adept in ancient philosophy, 'do we find the true "food of the soul."' Gladly, therefore, did he comply with Luther's desire, and many were the hours the two friends, from that time, spent together, studying and translating the inspired Word. Often would they pause in their labours to give free expression to their wonder. 'If Reason could speak,' said Luther, 'it would say, O that I could once hear the voice of God! I should think it worth a journey to the very uttermost parts of the earth! Give ear, then, my fellow man—God, the creator of heaven and earth, now speaks to thee!'"—*D'Aubigné*, vol. iii. p. 101.

NOTE 41, PAGE 183.

"Of the works of creation he spoke with pleasure and edification. On one occasion, he was filled with unbounded admiration on beholding the profusion of the fruit in the orchards, and exclaimed, 'If Adam had not fallen, all creatures would have equally answered the purposes of their creation; every tree and blade of grass would have been more regular and beautiful than if made of gold and silver. But since the fall of Adam, the world has known neither God their Creator, nor his creatures; they live more brutish than the beasts that perish, and neither praise nor honour God

their Maker. Had man not sinned, how would he have recognised the glory of God in all his creatures, and have loved and exalted his holy name; so that in the smallest flower he would have acknowledged the almighty power, wisdom, and goodness of God! For what mind can comprehend how the Almighty Creator has produced from the dry earth the innumerable multitude of flowers, of such varied and dazzling beauty and charming perfume, such as no art of painting or apothecary could imitate? As his children were one day, with longing eyes, observing the fruit upon the table, he exclaimed: 'Whoever desires to see a picture of those who are rejoicing in hope, may here behold the very image. Oh! that we could anticipate the solemn wonders of the last day with as eager a desire!'

"He looked forward also with delight to our regaining a knowledge of the secrets and wonders of nature; he writes, 'We are already witnesses of the opening dawn of a future life of bliss, for we begin again to obtain a knowledge of all the wonders of creation, which was lost by Adam's fall. By the grace of God we recognise his glorious works and wonders, even in the simplest flowers; and in all his creatures we see the greatness of the power of his word. He spoke, and all things stood fast. Even the kernel of a peach-stone, although the shell is so extremely hard, opens in due time, forced by the soft kernel within. Such things are too mean for the observation of Erasmus: he cares for none of these things.'"—*Pfizer*.

Note 42, Page 189.

"At the news of these atrocities, a cry of horror was uttered by the friends of the Reformation, and Luther's feeling heart was violently agitated. On one hand, the peasantry, ridiculing his counsel, asserted that they had a revelation from Heaven,—impiously perverted the threatenings contained in the Old Testament,—proclaimed an equality of conditions, and a community of goods,—defended their cause

with fire and sword, and rioted in barbarous executions. On the other hand, the enemies of the Reformation, with malicious sneer, inquired if the Reformer did not know that it was easier to kindle a fire than to extinguish it. Indignant at these excesses, and alarmed at the thought that they might check the progress of the gospel, Luther no longer hesitated; he laid aside his former forbearance, and denounced the rebels with all the energy of his character, overpassing, perhaps, the just bounds within which he should have contained himself.

"'The peasantry,' said he, 'are guilty of three horrible crimes against God and men, and thus deserve both the death of the body and that of the soul. In the first place, they rebel against their rulers, to whom they have sworn allegiance; next, they rob and plunder convents and castles; and, to crown all, they cloak their crimes under the profession of the gospel! If you neglect to shoot a mad dog, yourself and all your neighbours will perish. He who dies in the cause of the magistrates will be a true martyr, provided he fight with a good conscience.'"—*D'Aubigné*, vol. iii. p. 235, 236.

Note 43, Page 198.

There is much beauty of suggestion in the following view of the sacramental adumbrations of nature, by a thoughtful writer of our day:—

"This principle obviously applies no less to all the great simple facts in nature: it is the principle of natural piety, 'things are such, because God made and keeps them such.' The most skilful analyst, the most dexterous combiner of machinery, must come to this at last: and if he would but be content to refer to it, and realize his dependence on it throughout, he would go far towards securing himself from the peculiar dangers of his line of study.*

"But the one great and effectual safeguard against such

* Comp. St. Amb. Hex. vi. 8; ii. 7.

idolizing of the material world, or rather, of our own minds acting upon it, is the habit of considering it in that other point of view, to which Christian antiquity would guide us, as earnestly as it would withdraw us from the speculations of the mere natural philosopher. I mean the way of regarding external things, either as fraught with imaginative associations, or as parabolical lessons of conduct, or as a symbolical language in which God speaks to us of a world out of sight: which three might, perhaps, be not quite inaptly entitled, the poetical, the moral, and the mystical phases or aspects of this visible world.

"Of these, the poetical comes first in order, as the natural groundwork or rudiment of the other two. This is indicated by all languages, and by the conversation of uneducated persons in all countries. There is everywhere a tendency to make the things we see represent the things we do not see, to invent or remark mutual associations between them, to call the one sort by the names of the other.

"The second, the moral use of the material world, is the improvement of the poetical or imaginative use of it, for the good of human life and conduct, by considerate persons, according to the best of their own judgment, antecedent to, or apart from, all revealed information on the subject.

"In like manner, the mystical, or Christian, or theological use of it is the reducing it to a particular set of symbols and associations, which we have reason to believe has, more or less, the authority of the great Creator himself.

"Now the first peculiarity of the fathers' teaching on this head having been shewn to be their jealousy of the merely scientific use of the external world, the next appears to be their instinctively substituting the mystical use in its room; not a merely *poetical*, or a merely *moral*, but a *mystical* use of things visible, according to the exposition of the word *mystical* just above given.

"To state the matter somewhat differently: If we suppose poetry in general to mean the expression of an overflowing mind, relieving itself, more or less indirectly and reservedly,

of the thoughts and passions which most oppress it:—on which hypothesis each person will have a poetry of his own, a set of associations appropriate to himself for the works of nature and other visible objects, in themselves common to him with others: if this be so, what follows will not perhaps be thought altogether an unwarrantable conjecture; proposed, as it ought, and is wished to be, with all fear and religious reverence. May it not, then, be so, that our blessed Lord, in union and communion with all his members, is represented to us as constituting, in a certain sense, one great and manifold person, into which, by degrees, all souls of men, who do not cast themselves away, are to be absorbed? and as it is a scriptural and ecclesiastical way of speaking, to say, Christ suffers in our flesh, is put to shame in our sins, our members are part of Him; so may it not be affirmed that He condescends in like manner to have a poetry of His own, a set of holy and divine associations and meanings, wherewith it is His will to invest all material things? And the authentic records of His will, in this, as in all other truths supernatural, are, of course Holy Scripture, and the consent of ecclesiastical writers.

"It may be as well here to anticipate an objection, not unlikely to occur on first meeting with the above statement. How, it may be asked, are we to know, whether any particular image in an ancient Christian writer be properly mystical, or merely moral or poetical? the momentary flight of some pious fancy, the edifying analogy observed by some impressive teacher, or a true token from the Creator of all things, given to our senses, of some truth which He would fix in our hearts? Any given image on the face of it, may be either of these three: how are we to distinguish, with any certainty, the one from the other?"

NOTE 44, PAGE 202.

"If the influence of the female sex is negative, it is yet of immense reality and strength, from the mere fact that it acts

by removing the barriers opposed to the positive display of the intellectual nature of man.

"Women might at least *tolerate* the aspirations of a lofty spirit, the development of enlarged and generous opinions, the kindlings of a living vigorous will. At least, they might abstain from throwing ridicule on the enthusiasm which *is possible*; at least they might forgive youth, if its quick fire flames up above the low enclosures of the conventional. They know not their own power; they know not how and whence they can elevate existence: they commonly know it not even in detail, though they might, it should seem, observe how powerfully one single intelligent glance of sympathy—the silent accompaniment and completion of half-formed thoughts,—may act on the general direction of the mind and character; how the conviction of being understood and appreciated gives wings to thoughts, and eagle pinions to exertions: what it is to be able to look forward to praise and honour, as a reward for every victory over low desires.—*Mrs. Austin's Fragments from the German.*

Note 45, Page 208.

"Thus St. Ambrose, being about to enter on the detail of creation in the second day's work, prefaces his remarks with a solemn caution,* 'not to weigh what should be said by the traditions of philosophy, and its empty deceit, nor to gather up persuasive probabilities; but to choose for their standard the rule of truth, as expressed in the oracles of the Divine word, and poured into the bosom of the faithful by the co templation of so high majesty: since it is written, "Establish me in Thy words. The ungodly have propounded unto me discourses—διηγήσαντο ἀδολεσχίας,—but not after Thy law. All Thy commandments are truth."

"'It is not, therefore, by the nature of the elements, but by the nature of Christ, who hath done all according to his

* Hexaëm., ii. 3.

will, abounding in the fulness of His Godhead, that we are to order our thoughts of what was made, and our inquiries into that which nature could bring about. Even as in the Gospel, when He was curing the leprous, and pouring light anew on the eyes of the blind, the people present and beholding his works acknowledged not any course of medical cure, but, in admiration of the Lord's power, gave, as it is written, glory to God. Nor was it on calculation of the numbers of the Egyptians, the combinations of the heavenly bodies, the proportions of the elements, that Moses stretched forth his hand to the division of the Red Sea, but in simple obedience to the commandment of God's power. Whence, also, he saith himself, "Thy right hand, O Lord, hath waxed glorious in power: Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy."

"'That way, therefore,' concludes St. Ambrose, 'that way do ye lift up your minds, ye who form this holy congregation; and turn your whole spirit in that direction. God seeth not as man seeth; God looketh on the heart, man on the outward appearance. By the same rule, neither doth man see as God doth. Thou hearest, that God saw and approved: far be it, then, from thee to judge by thine eyes of the things which He made, or by thine own thoughts to argue concerning them; rather, what God saw and approved, see that thou account not those things matter of free discussion.'

"This by way of general caution. Afterwards, in a question about the conflux of the waters on the third day, he gives a specimen of the mode in which ancient piety would silence physical objections. He supposes a mere physiologist objecting to the literal truth of the Mosaical statement, that, according to the nature of water, it must have found its level before; it could not need the special Divine command. St. Ambrose's answer is, virtually,* 'How do you know, that before God gave the command it was the nature of the waters so to glide or flow? For this is a quality which they have of

* Lib. iii. 8, t. i. 41.

their own, not after the manner of the other elements, but special and peculiar; not by any certain order of causes, but by the direct will, rather, and operation, of the Most High God. What he commanded, they hear. Now the voice of God is that which gives being to nature. The actual operation of things was, and is, but the fulfilment of that word. Presently water begins to flow, and to pour itself into one assemblage, having hitherto been diffused over the earth, and keeping its place in many different receptacles. I read nothing of its course before; of its motion, before, I learn nothing; mine eye hath not seen, nor mine ear heard. The water was stationary in divers places; at the voice of God it was put in motion. Doth it not appear that its nature was communicated to it by the aforesaid voice of God? His creature followed His commandment, and turned His law into an usage. Thus the law of his first establishment of things bequeathed them a form to all future time. To conclude: He made day and night once for all. From that moment continues the alternation and renewal of each of them, throughout so long a time. Even so was the water commanded to run into one assemblage, and from thenceforth it does so run.' "

Note 46, Page 209.

"But creating and preserving love has not provided a mirror for itself in thee alone. Around us and afar off has it also erected its tabernacle. The morning stars of heaven rejoice in their Maker, and the modest flower of the earth praises him in the lovely vale. When a man, who hath first received into his own heart the full consciousness of that love which encircles heaven and earth in the embrace of its motherly arms, when such a man goeth forth on a bright day of spring into the solitary temple of nature; oh! what a unison doth he feel between his own heart and all created objects, as they adore and sing—'Eternal, all-protecting love! Hallowed be thy name!' Yea, my brethren, in the work of his creation God the Father hath approached near unto us, inexpressibly

near unto us, even as man to man;—to us, his poor children, standing in the need of help;—and let everything which hath breath praise and exalt the Lord!"—*Tholuck's Sermon on Special Presence of God.*

Note 47, Page 211.

"From this passage we obtain some intimation of the means by which our heroic Reformer was enabled to soar so high, and to maintain such an elevation of confidence in God. The secret, however, is best discovered to us by the following account given by Vitus Theodorus, one of his companions in the castle of Coburg:—'I cannot,' he says, 'enough admire the extraordinary cheerfulness, constancy, faith, and hope of this man, in these trying times. He constantly feeds these good affections by a very diligent study of the Word of God. Then, not a day passes in which he does not employ in prayer at least three of his very best hours. Once I happened to hear him at prayer. Gracious God! what spirit, what faith is there in his expressions! He petitions God with as much reverence as if he were actually in the Divine presence; and yet with as firm a hope and confidence as he would address a father or a friend. "I know," said he, "thou art our Father and our God: therefore I am sure thou wilt bring to nought the persecutors of thy children. For, shouldst thou fail to do this, thine own cause, being connected with ours, would be endangered. It is entirely thine own concern; we, by thy providence, have been compelled to take a part. Thou, therefore, wilt be our defence!"—While I was listening to Luther praying in this manner at a distance, my soul seemed on fire within me, to hear the man address God so like a friend, and yet with so much gravity and reverence; and also to hear him, in the course of his prayer, insisting on the promises contained in the Psalms, as if he was sure his petitions would be granted.'"—*Scott's Luther.*

NOTE 48, PAGE 222.

"'I always loved music,' said Luther: 'whoso hath skill in this art, the same is of a good kind, fitted for all things; we must, by all means, maintain music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, otherwise, I would not regard him, neither should we ordain young fellows to the office of preaching, except they have been well exercised beforehand, and practised in the school of music. Music is a fair gift of God, and near allied to divinity. I would not, for a great matter,' said Luther, 'be destitute of the small skill in music which I have. The youth ought to be brought up and accustomed to this art, for it maketh fine and expert people.'"—*Luther's Colloquia Mens.*

NOTE 49, PAGE 239.

"Whatever is against RIGHT REASON, that no faith can oblige us to believe. For though reason is not the positive and affirmative measure of our faith, and our faith ought to be larger than reason, and take something into her heart that reason can never take into her eye; yet in all our creed there can be nothing AGAINST reason. If reason justly contradicts an article, it is not of the household of faith. For although reason is a right judge, yet it ought not to pass sentence in an inquiry of faith until all the information brought in. * * * For else reason may argue very well, and conclude falsely. *It may conclude well in logic and yet be a false proposition in theology.*"—*Taylor.*

NOTE 50, PAGE 250.

No man whose inner spirit has waded through the "deep waters" of trial and temptation, but will peruse the following utterances of Luther's agonized heart, but with profound sympathy:—

"My sins have brought upon me the heavy wrath of God. It is not enough that the pope, the emperor, the princes, and

bishops, should aim at my life, but my religious brethren also must torment my spirit. My sins. and all the powers of death, Satan and his angels, rage without ceasing. And what is my hope?—I say, if Christ should forsake me, I am undone. But he never will forsake such a poor miserable sinner. Mine enemies are mighty; and add affliction to affliction, now that I am under the divine chastisement. But enough; let me not be querulous or impatient under the rod of him, who smites and heals, who kills and makes alive. Blessed be His holy will! When the world and the prince of the world hate me in this manner, it is surely some proof that I belong to Christ. The critical situation of my wife increases my anxiety; and I am quite alarmed at what has just now happened to another pregnant lady, one of our neighbours, whom you know. She has been carried off rapidly by the prevailing epidemic. My present trials are great; but the all-powerful One has done great things for me. May Christ, whose pure doctrine I have taught and openly avowed, be my rock and my fortress! Amen."*

"It so pleases God, that I, who have been accustomed to comfort others, do myself stand in need of consolation. I have but one prayer, and I beseech you join with me in it;—that whatever Christ may be pleased to do with me, he would preserve me from ungratefully rebelling against him, whom I have hitherto preached and served with so much zeal; though at the same time I have offended him by many and great sins. —I still hope he will forgive me, and say, 'I am thy salvation.'"†

"There is nothing that my sins do not deserve; but nevertheless I have comfort in the thought that I have taught the gospel of Christ in godly sincerity to the salvation of many souls. This galls Satan; and he would destroy me together with the WORD itself. While others are called to the stake by the cruel tyrants, I suffer internally in spirit from the prince of this world. May the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ per-

* To Jonas, ii. 343. b. † To Amsdorf., ii. 344.

fect in me his holy will! Oh! how precious and delightful is the secret contemplation of that will!"*

"I am still under the malice of Satan, who continues to buffet me. Pray for me. I have now languished for nearly three months, yet not so much in body as in mind: and am still far from well."†

"So may Christ comfort you," says Luther to his beloved friend Hausman, "as you comfort me. I thank my God, that Satan, with all his wonderful craft, and all his powerful exertions, hath not yet been able to gain his will upon me. This is no ordinary temptation; and so skilful is that WICKED ONE in perverting the Scriptures, that my own knowledge of the sacred writings fails me on this occasion; I stand in need of the help of my friends, and I am thankful for their consolatory communications. I open my case to you in this manner, that you may pray the more earnestly for me; and may also yourself in like circumstances, if ever they should happen, be aware of the depths of Satan."‡

In the midst of his humiliation and confession of sin, we find Luther repeatedly taking comfort, as holy David did from a consciousness of the integrity and purity of his motives. Thus to his friend Melancthon: "Pray for me—I am a miserable abject worm of the earth, distracted with sorrow. But as this is the good will of the Father of mercies, glory be to him, whatever be my sufferings. In regard to myself, there is but one thing on which I lay any stress; namely, that I have ever taught the word of God in its purity; and on no occasion corrupted the truth, either through a love of glory, or of gain."§

To another friend he says, "Be serious in your prayers for me, that Christ may not leave me destitute; for I am utterly without strength. I am sensible that I stand in need of temptations, that God may be glorified in me, and that I may be humbled; and I have still a good hope that Christ will accept

* To Agric., ii. 347. † To Stifel. and to Jonas, ii. 353, 354.
‡ To Agric., ii. 358. § Ibid., ii. 356.

me, though I have listened and do listen too much to the devices of Satan." It is astonishing how he can transform himself, not to say into an angel of light, but into Christ himself. I am compelled to own his power; for he is outrageous in his attacks upon me. But Christ has faithfully preserved me, and will preserve me unto the end."*

NOTE 51, PAGE 267.

"The Jesuits had no hesitation in deriving the sovereign power from the people. They incorporated their theory of the sovereignty of the people, and of the omnipotence of the Pope into one system. Bellarmine first endeavoured to establish it on a firm and thoroughly worked-out basis. He maintains that God had conferred supreme temporal power on no individual in particular, and consequently had conferred it on the many;—that this power, therefore, resided in the people, who might commit it either to one or to several; that they retained an indefeasible right to alter the forms of government, to resume the sovereignty, and to transfer it into new hands. It must not be supposed that these views were peculiar to him; this is the prevailing doctrine of the Jesuit schools of that time." * * * * "But the writer who develops the idea of the sovereignty of the people with the greatest complacency and emphasis is Mariana. He suggests all the questions which can arise out of this idea, and decides them without hesitation in favour of the people, and to the prejudice of the kingly authority. He does not question that a king may be dethroned, nay, put to death, if his life is injurious to religion." * * * "Strange union of spiritual pretensions and democratic ideas; of absolute freedom and complete subjection; self-contradictory and anti-national. Yet such was the doctrine that bound all minds as with a mysterious spell."—*Ranke*, vol. ii. p. 191—193.

* To Brisger, ii. 359. b.

NOTE 52, PAGE 276.

The utter incapacity of the intellect, apart from a Divine Influence, to protect itself from the paralysing tyranny of religious error and superstition, is one of those lessons which the mental haughtiness of our age requires to be taught, perhaps, more than any other. Let those, then, who doubt that the fabrications of popish imposture and priestly jugglery can be received in "*these enlightened times*" peruse the following, to which the accomplished Earl of Shrewsbury has given his seal and sanction, in a "Letter to Ambrose Philips, Esq." His lordship intends it as a miraculous attestation to the truths of Popery, as witnessed by him in his tour on the Continent.

"We found her in her usual state of ecstasy, kneeling upon her bed, with her eyes uplifted, and her hands joined in the attitude of prayer, as motionless as a statue. She was dressed in white, with her head uncovered, but with very long, flowing, black hair; and there was much of elegance in her figure, and grace in her attitude. Our first feeling was that of awe at finding ourselves in the presence of so favoured a creature. When this had partially subsided, we might have mistaken her for a waxen image; for it appeared impossible that any being possessed of a soul could seem so inanimate—could remain so motionless; still a closer inspection soon proved that that soul was at work. When in this state, she neither sees nor hears; all her senses are absorbed in the object of her contemplation; she is entranced—but it is neither the trance of death, nor the suspension of life, but a sort of supernatural existence—death, indeed, to this world, but most feelingly alive to the other; one might fancy that the spirit were dwelling in heaven, while the body (without, however, losing its consciousness,) remained expecting its return. After contemplating her in this condition for some minutes, she closed her eyelids, but without any other, even the slightest, movement, and certainly without the least perception of our presence. She might have remained in this state and posture for several hours, had not her confessor, by a slight touch or a word, we

could not exactly say which, so quiet and imperceptible it was, caused her to fall back upon her pillow, which she did with the most perfect ease, placing herself in a sitting posture, with her legs extended out under the counterpane, without the slightest effort, and without awaking from her ecstacy, remaining with her eyes shut and her hands joined as before, in the attitude of prayer, her lips motionless, and her soul transfixed in the same profound meditation. After again contemplating her for a few moments in this new position, her confessor proposed to us that he should awaken her entirely from her trance. We had no sooner assented, than he addressed her in a mild, gentle tone, as did the assistant priest from the other side of the bed, which was placed with its head against the centre of one side of the room, we standing close at her feet,—when, in an instant, the most perfect animation was restored to her. She let fall her hands and opened her eyes, while her countenance beamed with a most heavenly, benignant smile, full of gratitude and joy, looking first to one side, then to the other, as if it were the unexpected meeting of friends whom she had not seen for years. She then took the hand of her confessor and kissed it with most unaffected devotion, and turning with equal kindness to the assistant, paid him the same mark of affectionate respect. Her consciousness of our presence was merely signified by an occasional glance of the eyes, which otherwise were kept modestly cast down upon her hands. These she was continually covering with the ruffles of her sleeves, which were wide and ample for the express purpose of hiding the stigmata with which they were marked. Both the confessor and assistant said a few words to her at short intervals, which appeared to give her great pleasure, and to which she ever assented by an inclination of the head, with that same placid, benignant, and heavenly smile, which stamped the moment of her awakening with an inexpressible charm. Amongst other things, the assistant said to her, 'Maria, this is an easy life,' to which she replied, 'Yes,' with her usual sweetness. This was said in Italian, which we understood, while the rest was spoken in

German, which we understood not. We all agreed it was the sweetest scene we ever beheld. It was, however, soon and abruptly terminated; for one of our party happening incautiously to ask the confessor' in her hearing, whether she was marked with the stigmata, she instantly changed countenance, as if she had heard that which should make her sorrowful, and without any perceptible transition, became again transfixed in ecstacy, with her hands, as before, joined over her breast in the attitude of prayer. Her confessor then told us that she had the stigmata on her hands, feet, and side, and that they occasionally emitted blood, a statement which was afterward confirmed by the assistant, who remarked that he could only vouch for the wound in the side by the assertion of the woman who had dressed her, but the others he had seen with his own eyes.

"After allowing her to remain for a few minutes in this second ecstasy, her confessor again brought her to herself by speaking gently to her, and she once more awoke with the same angelic countenance. The assistant then asked her to present us each with a small holy print, of which he took a box full out of a drawer, and handed them to her for the purpose. She selected them one by one, presenting them to us with great complacency and affability; and it was upon this occasion that we distinctly observed the stigma on her hands, though marked only by a red spot, perhaps a quarter of an inch in diameter. Only a few minutes more had elapsed, when she again became absorbed in ecstatic contemplation, and not wishing to trouble her or her attendants any longer, we reluctantly took our leave, inexpressibly delighted, interested, and edified by our visit to this singularly favoured child of heaven. Her ecstasy aside, the circumstance which struck us as the most extraordinary, was the extreme facility with which her confessor transformed her from a state of unconsciousness as to sensible objects, to one of ordinary life. Though we all entered the room at once, accompanied by her confessor and the assistant, and all conversed together, yet, though her eyes were wide open, she was most certainly wholly ignorant of our presence,

and would probably have remained so for several hours. Her confessor had found her in that same state at half-past six in the morning, though he then put her out of it, in which we found her at eleven. It is, indeed, become so completely her ordinary condition, that every day she is frequently in ecstacy, and even passes much of the night in ecstatic contemplation. She has been known to remain thirty-six hours together in the state and position in which we first saw her, and on Sunday it generally happens that she is raised off her knees, resting only on the tips of her feet, as if enjoying a nearer prospect of heaven, and participating in the glorious mystery of that auspicious day. Yet, with all this, it requires no effort, no noise, hardly any ostensible agency, to break the spell; a gentle touch or whisper from her confessor, or any ecclesiastic with whom she is acquainted, is sufficient to dissolve the charm completely and at once." *

"On the day following, being Friday, she was visited by one of our party, who found her in the state of ecstasy usual to her on that day,—following our Saviour in all the stages of his passion,—so feelingly alive to all his sufferings, that each fresh occasion of sorrow could be distinctly read in her countenance,—till, frequently convulsed with grief, the lower part of her face became almost black, and the accumulation of misery was such that she threw herself back upon her pillow in a paroxysm of woe, with her arms outstretched, as if she herself were nailed to the cross, but without in any degree reviving from her ecstasy. He left her in that condition, and was informed that she usually remained so from one to two hours. The room was crowded with people, all being freely admitted, and deeply moved by this miraculous manifestation of the power of God."

"* Gorres signifies this to be the result of her vow of obedience, taken upon entering the third order of St. Francis."

NOTE 53, PAGE 280.

On the subject of "INFALLIBILITY!"—Edgar has thus expressed himself:—

"No valid reason could be given why God, in his goodness to man, should confer doctrinal and withhold moral infallibility. Impeccability in duty, is as valuable in itself, and as necessary for the perfection of the human character, as inerrability in faith. Holiness, in scriptural language, is enjoined on man with as unmitigated rigour as truth. Criminality in manners, is, in Revelation, represented as equally hateful to God and detrimental to man, as mistake in judgment. The Deity 'is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;' and 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'* Moral apostasy is, indeed, in many cases, more culpable than doctrinal error. The one is sometimes invincible; while the other is always voluntary. But no individual or society is gifted with impeccability, or has reason to claim infallibility. God does not keep man, either in a personal or collective capacity, from error in practice: and only presumption, therefore, will conclude, that he keeps any from misapprehension in belief or theory.

"The moral impossibility of infallibility, without individual inspiration and the special interposition of heaven in each case, is as clear as its improbability or absurdity. God, by his extraordinary interference extended to each person, could, no doubt, preserve all men from error, and convey with undeviating certainty, a knowledge of the truth. His power of bestowing this perfection appeared in the Jewish prophets and Christian apostles. These communicated the will of God to men, under the Old and New Testament, without any liability to mistake. The Holy Spirit, in these instances, acted in a supernatural manner on each individual's mind; which,

* Habak. i. 13; Heb. xii. 14.

in consequence, became the certain channel of Divine truth, to the Jewish theocracy, and the Christian commonwealth.

"But infallibility, though it may be conferred in an extraordinary or miraculous way by God to man, cannot be transferred by ordinary or common means from man to man. God could inspire men with a certain knowledge of his will; but these again could not inspire others with a certainty of understanding their oracles without any possibility of misapprehension. A person who is himself uninspired may misinterpret the dictates of inspiration. This liability to misapprehension was exemplified in both the Jewish and Christian revelations. Many Jews misunderstood the Jewish prophets. The misapplication of Scriptural truth, at the advent of the Messiah, was so gross, that they rejected his person and authority. The Christian apostles, prior to the effusion of the Spirit, mistook on several occasions the clear language of Immanuel; and these apostolical heralds of the gospel, though afterward guided into "all truth," have been misapprehended in many instances by the various denominations of Christendom.

"Papal bulls and synodal canons, like the Jewish and Christian revelations, are liable to misconception by uninspired or fallible interpreters. Suppose infallibility to reside in the Pope. Suppose the pontiff, through Divine illumination, to deliver the truth with unerring certainty, and contrary to custom, with the utmost perspicuity. Admit that the pontifical bulls, spoken from the chair, are the fruits of divine influence and the declarations of heaven. Each of the clergy and laity, notwithstanding, even according to the popish system, is fallible. The patrons of infallibility, in a collective capacity, grant that the several individuals, taken separately, may err. Some of the clergy, therefore, may misunderstand and therefore misinterpret the Romish bulls to the people. But suppose each of the clergy, in his separate capacity, to understand and explain the pontiff's communications with the utmost precision and with certain exemption from error; the laity, nevertheless, if uninspired or fallible, may misapprehend

the explanation of the clergy, and, in consequence, embrace heresy. The papal instructions, therefore, though true in themselves, may be perverted in their transmission through a fallible medium to the people.

"Or suppose infallibility to reside in a council, and the synodal canons to declare the truth with the utmost certainty and without any possibility of mistake. The canons, when circulated through Christendom, are liable to misapprehension from some of the clergy or laity, if each is not inspired or infallible in his interpretation. An individual, who, according to popish principles, is not unerring, cannot be certain he has interpreted any synodal decision in its proper and right sense. A clergyman, if he mistake the meaning, will lead his flock astray. A layman, if fallible in apprehension, may misconceive the signification of any instruction issued either by synodal or papal authority. Each individual, in short, must be an infallible judge of controversy, or, from misapprehension, he may be deceived, and there is an end to the infallibility of the church." —*Edgar's Variations*, p. 176—178, second edition.

As an appendix to the above, let us add a thoughtful extract from Ranke, whose work has JUST had the honour to be put in the "*Index Purgatorius*," by the Inquisition at Rome! "Never, however, has either a political power, or a political doctrine, succeeded in acquiring absolute and sole dominion over Europe. Nor is it possible to imagine one which, when compared with the ideal, and with the loftiest conception of which man is capable, does not appear inevitably fatal to largeness and impartiality of mind. In all times this opposition arises to opinions which strive for exclusive domination, an opposition springing out of the fathomless depths of the feelings and interests of the mass, and evolving new powers and new energies. We have remarked that no kind of power ever rises into importance which does not repose on the basis of ideas; we may now add, that in ideas it finds its limits. The struggles of opinion which generate great political acts and events, also find their accomplishment in the regions of conviction and of thought."—*Ranke*, vol. ii. p. 197.

Note 54, Page 296.

The following is St. Jerome's note on Dan. vii. 8:—"Ne eum putemus juxta quondam opinionem vel Diabolum esse, vel Dæmonem, sed *unum de hominibus, in quô totus Satanas habitaturus* CORPORALITER."—*Op.*, vol. v., p. 667.

Note 55, Page 320.

"The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention—the catalogue of those we loved and have lost perpetually increasing. You ask me if I have got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? I think that impossible; for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, *that, were the same friends restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves to enjoy them.* But as, when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room, so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal, and, instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use by accident. Thus, I have acquired a few chance acquaintance of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and *therefore* the future may have some hopes of them. *I find my heart hardened and blunted to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday, and those friends who have been dead these twenty years are more present to me now than those I see daily."—Pope's Letters to Swift.*

Note 56, Page 315.

Luther's Death.

The thought of death had never been long absent from the mind of Luther. In the year 1527, he took leave of all his friends; and ten years later, he, with his friends, gave up every hope of his restoration. And, not only did the thoughts and

the expectations of death often present themselves before him, but he did not even fly from its terrors—for example, during the plague in Wittemberg, he remained, and personally attended on the sick. Indeed, he seemed at times to desire the death of a martyr; and particularly in his latter years, he often wished to be released from his cares.

In 1535, when writing upon the subject of the union with the Swiss brethren, he says, "If this reconciliation be confirmed, then with tears of joy I shall sing, Now lettest thou thy servant depart, for I have seen the church at peace. May the Lord conduct and conclude this great work, that my joy may be complete, and that after so many troubles and trials I may happily depart!" And again he writes:—"I witness this reunion, after so long an estrangement, with heartfelt delight, before my death, which I hope and believe is not far distant."

In 1544, he says in a preface, "Beware, for the future, of bestowing on me such commendation, which, had I not known your sincerity, I had almost termed deceitful. I know that I am nothing. Farewell in the Lord; pray for me, that I may happily cast off the body of this death, the sins of the flesh, and enter into the joy of the Lord."

In answer to inquiries from the Elector, respecting his health, he answered, "I am well, and better than I deserve to be; and that my head is sometimes weak is no wonder. Old age is with me, and he is always infirm and decrepit, weak and sickly. The pitcher, after long use, must at last be broken at the fountain. I have lived long enough, and only wait till God shall grant me that blessed hour, when my worthless body shall be gathered to my people. I have, I am convinced, lived in the best times; all things now appear to be taking a retrograde movement."

On St. Martin's day, 1545, he invited all his intimate friends to dine with him, and at the close of the entertainment, said to them: "As long as I live, there will, please God, be no cause for fear, and Germany will remain at peace; when I am dead, then pray, for you will have great need for all your sup-

plications; our children will have to grasp the spear, and then their country will use them despitefully; therefore I say to you, after my death, pray without ceasing."

In a writing, also bearing the date of 1546, he observes:—"If I could live a hundred years, and had not only through the grace of God been able to quiet former and present factions and disorders, but also all that should arise in that space of time, yet I know that our posterity would still enjoy no peace; because Satan still lives and reigns in the heart of man; I therefore pray only for a peaceful departure, and no longer desire a continuance in this dreary vale. And ye our children, pray in spirit and search the Scriptures. Preserve the candlestick of the Lord, and watch for your enemy, ready girded for the fight; for he may come in an hour when ye think not, and seek an entrance into your habitation, to extinguish your light."

At this period, he complained of multiplicity of business, and wrote to an acquaintance:—"I, a decrepit, weary, idle, indifferent, and now half blind old man, (Luther had for some time been afflicted by a disease in one eye,) write to you; I had hoped, that, oppressed by the infirmities of age, I should have been left to repose, which were but reasonable; instead of which, I am overburdened with writing, speaking, business, and excitement, as if I had never written, preached, or been excited before."

The desire of the papists for Luther's removal, caused, more than once, the report that he was dead; and absurd letters were circulated, with the addition—that the devil had carried off his body. Luther was much amused with the invention of this tale, and said he should by no means dislike that their wishes should be fulfilled.

On the 23rd of January, 1546, Luther left Wittemberg for Eisleben, from which place he never returned. The occasion of his journey was a disagreement of the Dukes of Mansfeldt with each other, and with some of their subjects, respecting some mines and turf lands. The dispute had lasted a consi-

derable time; and Luther, being a relation of the proprietors, and acquainted with the dukes, had already endeavoured, but in vain, to procure an amicable arrangement.

They now encouraged the old man to undertake the journey, that he might personally adjust the disagreement; he had given his promise the preceding year, with these words:— "Although I have much business on my hands, yet I feel that it is necessary to give a few days to this affair, that I may peacefully lie down in my grave, after having seen my beloved princes reconciled, and again amicably disposed towards us."

At Halle, where he was detained three days on account of the high water, his life was endangered in crossing the river, in a small boat. He was accompanied by his three sons, and Jonas, a clergyman at Halle. He turned to the latter, saying:— "Dear Dr. Jonas, would not that be a great triumph of Satan, were you and I, with my children, to perish in the flood?" He appeared very weak, so that they had many fears he would not arrive at the end of his journey; but he recovered so far, as to enter into the affair for which he came, but without bringing it to any happy issue. The Dukes of Mansfeldt had met him, at the boundary of their territory, with a hundred and thirteen persons on horseback, and shewed him the greatest respect. He preached four times, during the twenty-one days he remained in Eisleben; he ordained two pastors; and twice administered the sacrament. His conversation at table was always cheerful, and often jocular. He prayed every evening after supper, for half an hour, in the most energetic and impressive manner, to the edification and astonishment of his friends; he then again turned to the company, appearing as if he had laid aside all his cares, and after conversing another half hour, he went to bed. How entirely he was in possession of his mind, will be seen in a letter to his wife, which we think interesting enough to insert.

It is dated Halle, January 25th: "Grace and peace in the Lord, dearest Kate. We arrived here at eight o'clock this morning, but have not been able to pursue our journey; for we met with a powerful Anabaptist, who covered the land with

water and pieces of ice, so that we were threatened with the ceremony of immersion. We could not return, on account of the overflowing of the Mulda, and were obliged to remain in Halle, between the two rivers, and wait till the Saale had spent its displeasure; we did not, however, quench our thirst with these waters; no, we comforted ourselves with good Torgau beer, and Rhenish wine; and as the driver, and the people, with ourselves, were not without fear, we would not tempt God by going through the water: for the devil is an evil water sprite, and better avoided than resisted; and it was by no means necessary, that we should make ourselves a laughing-stock for the Pope and his minions. Had you been here, I believe you would have advised the same; and we should at least have followed your good advice once in our lives," &c.

From Eisleben, on the 6th February, he wrote:—'To the deeply-learned Mrs. Catherine Luther, my gracious wife, at Wittemberg,—Dearest Kate, we are here sitting like martyrs, and wish again to be with you; but it cannot be arranged in eight days, as I thought. Tell Magister Philippus that I wish him to correct his sermon, for he has not rightly understood why the Lord, in his parable, has compared riches to thorns. Here is the school, where we can thoroughly learn what that means, and it grieves me, that in every part of the Scriptures they are threatened to be burned; and for this reason I have great patience, that if possible I may work some good in this place. Your sons are still in Mansfeldt, and we are most hospitably entertained, and could be very comfortable, were it not for the vexatious contention."

Note 57, Page 316.

The favourite position of Luther in devotion is alluded to in an interesting account of the Reformer's closing hours by Justus Jonas:—

"From time to time he would stop, and, looking out at the window, in that attitude, (as his custom was,) address fervent prayers to God; so that I and Cœlius, who were in the room

with him, could not but perceive it; and then he would say, 'I was born and baptized here at Eisleben; what if I should remain, or even die here?'

"Though, however, Luther passed the day in his study, he did not choose to sup there, but in the large dining room: observing, that 'to be solitary did not help the spirits.' During supper, he quoted and made observations on many interesting passages of Scripture. The conversation also happening to turn on the question, whether the righteous in a future state of blessedness would recognise those who had been their friends on earth, he gave his opinion decidedly in the affirmative. In the course of more ordinary conversation, he remarked, 'If I can but establish peace among the counts, the rulers of my country, I will then go home, lay myself down in my coffin, and give my body for food to the worms.'"

Note 58, Page 319.

"In person, he was of the middle size, strongly built. His eye was brilliant and penetrating, so that not every one could bear to meet its full gaze. It is said that a man, once sent to assassinate him, was so overpowered by his glance, that he hastily retired from his presence. His voice was neither powerful, nor very clear."—*Armsdorff.*

Note 59, Page 324.

"The tender and conscientious Melancthon, in particular, was so deeply affected with the whole affair, that his distress of mind brought on an illness which threatened to prove fatal to him. With this illness, some interesting and important occurrences are connected. Melancthon was seized with it at Weimar, on his way to the appointed conference at Haguenau. When Luther, at the elector's express desire, visited his suffering friend, he found him apparently at the point of death: 'His sight was obscured, his understanding nearly gone, he had lost his hearing and his speech, he recognised

no one, and took no sustenance.' Luther, filled with consternation and grief, exclaimed, 'Gracious God! how hath Satan prevailed to derange and disfigure this noble instrument of thine!' Then, turning to the window (as his custom was), he stood and prayed for him in an extraordinary tone of confidence and earnestness, pleading that God must indeed hear them, to preserve their confidence in Him for the time to come. After which, taking him by the hand, he thus affectionately addressed him: 'My dear Philip, be of good cheer, you shall not die! Though God can never want sufficient occasion against us, yet he willeth not the death of a sinner: he hath pleasure in his life, not in his death. He hath pardoned the greatest of sinners: never, assuredly, will he cast you from his presence, or suffer you to die overwhelmed with sin and grief. Give not way to your sadness, nor become your own destroyer; but trust in God, who is able to kill and to make alive!' While Luther thus addressed him, Melancthon began a little to revive. Henceforward he gradually improved in health, and was eventually restored. 'I should have died,' he himself afterwards said, 'but for Luther's visit to me.'

"In a will which he a short time before composed, under symptoms of this attack of illness coming on, and with the presentiment of death on his mind, he thus speaks of Luther: 'I return my thanks to the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther—first, because from him I received the knowledge of the gospel, and next because of his singular kindness shewn to me on a thousand occasions; and I desire my family to regard him as a father. Having found him to be endowed with a distinguished and heroic genius, with many great virtues, and with eminent piety and learning, I have always honoured and loved him, and thought his friendship worthy of the most assiduous cultivation.' 'Such friendships as I here record,' he beautifully adds, 'I am persuaded are not to be extinguished by death, but will soon be renewed in heaven, where they will be enjoyed to much greater advantage, and yield unspeakably higher delight.'"—*Scott's Luther.*

NOTE 60, PAGE 325.

Luther died early in the morning of the 18th of February, 1546, at Eisleben, his native place. The Counts of Mansfeldt wished to have him interred in their own territories; but by command of the Elector, the body was brought to Wittemberg, and buried with all public honours in the church of All Saints. His tomb has a brass plate with the following inscription on it:—

MARTINI · LUTHERI · S · THEOLO-
GIÆ · D · CORPUS · H · L · S · E · QUI
AN · CHRISTI · M · D · XLVI · XII.
CAL · MARTII · EYSLEBII · IN · PA-
TRIA · S · M · O · C · V · ANN · LXIII.
M · II. D · X.

When Melancthon first received the intelligence of his friend's death, he exclaimed, "My Father! my Father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." (2 Kings, xi. 12.) For the following translation of the funeral oration, as delivered by Melancthon at the funeral of Luther, we are indebted to Dr. Cox.—*Life of Melancthon*, second edition, p. 439—452.

ORATION.

"Although amidst this general mourning my voice is so obstructed by deep affliction and tears, yet something I would attempt to say, not to eulogize the dead as the heathen do, but to admonish the living in this vast assembly, and especially to impress just sentiments upon the junior part of the auditory respecting the government of the church and its dangers, that they may learn what to desire, and by what examples to regulate their lives. Wicked and infidel men represent everything in the present apparent confusion of human affairs as the result of mere chance; but confiding in the numerous and explicit declarations of God himself, we distinguish the church from the promiscuous multitude of mankind, and affirm that it is under Divine superintendence

and protection. To this we constantly look, obeying our lawful governors, and cherishing a pious reverence for those guides and instructors whom we choose.

"It will be necessary to advert to these considerations as often as the name of the Reverend Doctor Martin Luther, our most beloved father and teacher, is introduced, whom we love and honour, detestable as he appears in the eyes of many wicked men, and whom we know to have been raised up by heaven as a minister of the true gospel, by evidences which, notwithstanding the charges of our opponents, prove that his doctrines were neither seditious, nor dispersed abroad with a blind and impetuous zeal.

"In this place, and on these occasions, many things are usually said in a panegyrical strain respecting the personal endowments of the deceased; I propose, however, to omit these, and advert chiefly to his ecclesiastical function. Intelligent and pious persons will admit, if he were the means of promoting useful and necessary truth in the church, we ought to be grateful to the providence of God for raising up such a light, while his labours, faith, perseverance, and other virtues, ought to be duly acknowledged, and his memory tenderly cherished by all worthy men.

"The Apostle St. Paul represents Christ as 'having ascended on high to give gifts unto men'—that is, the preaching of the gospel and the Holy Spirit; for the purpose of communicating which, 'he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, selecting them from amongst those who read, study, and delight in the sacred writings. Nor are they only called into the Christian service who occupy the more ordinary stations, but others are frequently introduced, under the direction of learned men, into this holy warfare: and it is both pleasing and profitable to witness the care of God to his church throughout all ages, in sending a continued succession of useful men, that as some fall in the glorious field, others may instantly rush forward to take their places. The first of our race who nobly occupied the foremost ranks were Adam,

Seth, Enoch, Methuselah, Noah, Shem and Lot. The latter, being yet alive, and dwelling in the neighbourhood of Sodom, when the inhabitants of the earth, forgetting the instructions of Noah and Shem, became addicted to idolatry, God raised up a coadjutor to Shem in the person of Abraham, to co-operate in the great work of propagating divine truth. To him succeeded Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, who kindled the light of true religion in Egypt, at that period the most flourishing empire in the world; and to them, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Elijah and Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Zachariah. After them arose Esdras, Onias, and the Maccabees; then Simeon, Zacharias, John the Baptist, Christ and his Apostles. I am delighted to contemplate this unbroken succession, which affords conspicuous evidence of the presence of God in his church. The apostles were succeeded by a troop, so to speak, of inferior warriors, but nevertheless distinguished of heaven—Polycarp, Irenæus, Gregory of Neocæsarea, Basil, Augustin, Prosper, Maximus, Hugo, Bernard, Talerus, and others; and although the latter ages present a more barren prospect, God has always preserved a proportion of his servants upon the earth, and now, through Martin Luther, a more splendid period of light and truth has appeared.

"To this enumeration of the most eminent amongst the sons of men who gathered and reformed the church of God, may be added others who may be regarded as the flower of mankind. Solon, Themistocles, Scipio, Augustus, and others, who either established or ruled over mighty empires, were indeed truly great men, but very far inferior to our illustrious leaders, Isaiah, John the Baptist, St. Paul, Augustin, and Luther, and it becomes us to study this distinction. What, then, are those great and important things which Luther has disclosed to our view, which render his life so remarkable, and for which many are exclaiming against him as a disturber of the church and a promoter of inexplicable controversies? I answer, that when the Holy Spirit, in his regulation of the church, reproves the world for sin, dissensions arise out of

the pertinacity of wicked men, and they alone are culpable who refuse to listen to the proclamation of the eternal Father concerning his Son—'This is my beloved Son, HEAR HIM.' Luther explained the true and important doctrine of penitence, which was involved in the profoundest darkness. He shewed in what it consists, and where refuge and consolation could be obtained under a sense of Divine displeasure. He illustrated the statements of St. Paul respecting justification by faith, and shewed the distinction between the law and the gospel, civil and spiritual justification. He pointed out the true principle of prayer, and exterminated that heathenish absurdity of the church, that God was not to be invoked if the mind entertained the least doubt upon an academic question. He admonished men to pray in the exercise of faith and a good conscience, to the only Mediator and Son of God, who is seated at the right hand of the Father, making intercession for us, and not to images or deceased saints, according to the shocking practice of the ignorant. He also pointed out other services acceptable to God, was singularly exemplary himself in all the duties of life, and separated the puerilities of human rites and ceremonies, which prevent instead of promoting genuine worship, from those services which are essential to obedience. In order that heavenly truth might be transmitted to posterity, he translated the prophetic and apostolic writings into the German language, and with so much accuracy, that his version of itself places Scripture in a more perspicuous light than most commentaries. But he published also various expositions upon the sacred writings, which, in the judgment of Erasmus, by far excelled all others; and as it is recorded respecting those who rebuilt Jerusalem, 'with one hand they laid the stones, and with the other they held the sword;' so while he composed annotations on Scripture, replete with heavenly instruction, and consoled afflicted consciences by his pious counsels, he was necessitated at the same time to wage incessant war with the adversaries of evangelical truth. When it is recollected that this truth, especially the doctrine of faith and the remission of sins, is

not discoverable by the merely human eye, it must be acknowledged he was taught of God; and many of us have witnessed his anxious solicitude to impress the great principle of acceptance by faith. Multitudes of the saints will therefore praise God to all eternity, for the benefits which have accrued to the church by the labours of Luther. To God their gratitude is primarily due, and then they will own themselves much indebted to his labours; although infidels, who ridicule the church in general, will consider these noble performances as no better than empty, trifling or absolute insanity. The true church does not, as some falsely affirm, promote intricate disputations, throw out the apple of contention, and propose the enigmas of the fabled Sphinx; for to those who judge seriously, and without prejudice, it is easy, from a comparison of opposite opinions, to perceive what are consonant to the statements of heavenly truth, and what are otherwise. Christians are no longer in a state of hesitation on the subject of existing controversies, for when God determined to reveal his will, and display his character in the sacred writings, it is not to be imagined that such a communication would be ambiguous, like the leaves of the ancient Sibyl.

"Some, by no means evil-minded persons, however, express a suspicion that Luther manifested too much asperity. I will not affirm the reverse, but only quote the language of Erasmus, 'God has sent in this latter age a violent physician, on account of the magnitude of the existing disorders;' fulfilling, by such a dispensation, the Divine message to Jeremiah—'Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth. See, I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out and pull down, and to destroy and to throw down, to build and to plant.' Nor does God govern his church according to the counsels of men, nor choose to employ instruments like theirs to promote his purposes. But it is usual for inferior minds to dislike those of a more ardent character. When Aristides observed the mighty affairs which Themistocles, by the impulse of a superior genius, undertook

and happily accomplished, although he congratulated the state on the advantage it possessed in such a man, he studied every means to divert his zealous mind from its pursuits. I do not deny that ardent spirits are sometimes betrayed into undue impetuosity, for no one is totally exempt from the weaknesses incident to human nature; but they often merit the praise assigned by the ancient proverb to Hercules, Cimon, and other illustrious characters, ἀκομψος μὲν ἀλλὰ τὰ μέγιστα ἀγαθὸς, 'rough, indeed, but distinguished by the best principles.' In the Christian church, the Apostle St. Paul mentions such as 'war a good warfare, holding faith and a good conscience,' and who are both pleasing to God, and estimable amongst pious men. Such an one was Luther, who, while he constantly defended the pure doctrines of Christianity, maintained a conscientious integrity of character. No vain licentiousness was ever detected in him, no seditious counsels; but, on the contrary, he often urged the most pacific measures, and never, never did he blend political artifices, for the augmentation of power, with ecclesiastical affairs. Such wisdom and such virtue, I am persuaded, do not result from mere human skill and diligence, but the mind must be divinely influenced, especially when it is of the more rough, elevated, and ardent cast, like that of Luther.

"What shall I say of his other virtues? Often have I myself gone to him unawares, and found him dissolved in tears and prayers for the church of Christ. He devoted a certain portion of almost every day to the solemn reading of some of the Psalms of David, with which he mingled his own supplications amidst sighs and tears; and he has frequently declared how indignant he felt against those who hastened over devotional exercises through sloth, or the pretence of other occupations. On this account, said he, Divine wisdom has prescribed some formularies of prayer, that our minds may be inflamed with devotion by reading them; to which, in his opinion, reading aloud very much conduced. When a variety of great and important deliberations respecting public dangers have been pending, we have witnessed his prodigious vigour

of mind, his fearless and unshaken courage. Faith was his sheet anchor, and by the help of God he was resolved never to be driven from it. Such was his penetration, that he perceived at once what was to be done in the most perplexing conjunctures; nor was he, as some supposed, negligent of the public good, or disregardful of the wishes of others; but he was well acquainted with the interests of the state, and pre-eminently sagacious in discovering the capacity and dispositions of all about him. And although he possessed such extraordinary acuteness of intellect, he read both ancient and modern ecclesiastical writings with the utmost avidity, and histories of every kind, applying the examples they furnished to existing circumstances with remarkable dexterity. The undecaying monuments of his eloquence remain, and, in my opinion, he equalled any of those who have been most celebrated for their resplendent oratorical powers.

"The removal of such a character from amongst us, of one who was endowed with the greatest intellectual capacity, well instructed, and long experienced in the knowledge of Christian truth, adorned with numerous excellences, and with virtues of the most heroic cast, chosen by Divine Providence to reform the church of God, cherishing for all of us a truly and paternal affection,—the removal, I say, of such a man demands and justifies our tears. We resemble orphans bereft of an excellent and faithful father; but while it is necessary to submit to the will of Heaven, let us not permit the memory of his virtues and his good offices to perish. He was an important instrument, in the hands of God, of public utility; let us diligently study the truth he taught, imitating in our humble situations his fear of God, his faith, the intensity of his devotions, the integrity of his ministerial character, his purity, his careful avoidance of seditious counsel, his ardent thirst of knowledge. And, as we frequently meditate upon the pious examples of those illustrious guides of the church, Jeremiah, John the Baptist, and St. Paul, whose histories are transmitted to us, so let us frequently reflect upon the doctrine and course of life which distinguished our departed friend.

Let the present vast assembly now unite with me in grateful thanks and fervent supplications, saying, in the spirit of ardent devotion—' We give thanks to thee, Almighty God, the Eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Author and Founder of thy church, together with thy co-eternal Son, and the Holy Spirit, wise, good, merciful, just, true, powerful, and sovereign, because thou dost gather for thy Son a heritage from amongst the human race, and dost maintain the ministry of the gospel, and hast reformed thy church by means of Luther; we present our ardent supplications that thou wouldst henceforth preserve, fix, and impress upon our hearts the doctrines of truth, as our Saviour prayed for his disciples; and that by thy Holy Spirit thou wouldst inflame our minds mith a pure devotion, and direct our feet into the paths of holy obedience.'

" As the removal of illustrious men from the church is frequently a means of punishing their survivors, such of us as are entrusted with the office of tuition, myself personally, and all of us collectively, entreat you to reflect upon the present calamities that threaten the whole earth. Yonder, the Turks are advancing; here, civil discord threatens; and there, other adversaries, released at last from the apprehension of Luther's censures, will proceed with a perverse ingenuity, and with increased boldness, to corrupt the genuine truth. That God may avert these evils, let us be more diligent in tne regulation of our lives and studies, always retaining a deep impression of this sentiment in our minds, that as long as we maintain, hear, obey, and love the pure doctrines of the gospel, God will always have a church and a dwelling-place among us. ' If,' said Jesus Christ, ' a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' Encouraged by this ample promise, let us be stimulated to inculcate the truth of heaven; knowing that the church will be the preservation of the human race and the security of established governments; and let us constantly elevate our minds to that future and eternal state of being, to which God himself calls our atten-

tion, who has not given so many witnesses nor sent his Son into the world in vain, but delights in the communication of these magnificent blessings. Amen."

Note 61, Page 326.

It is the combination of child-like simplicity of heart with heroic grandeur of intellect, which awakens so much of our moral sympathy, when we contemplate Luther, the *Man* as well as the Reformer. The following extracts from his "*Colloquia*" are each delightful in their way. The one testifies his tenderness; the second, his simplicity; the third, the genuine humour of his character.

Epitaph of Magdalena, Martin Luther's daughter, who died anno 1542, aged 14 years, written by the father himself:—

> "Dormio cum sanctis hic Magdalena, Lutheri
> Filia, et hoc strato tecta quiesco meo.
> Filia mortis eram, peccati semine nata,
> Sanguine sed vivo, Christe, redempta tuo."

"When his daughter was very ill, he said, 'I love her well, but, O my God, if it is thy will to take her hence, I must resign myself to thee.' She was lying in bed, and, looking at her, he said, with tears in his eyes, 'My dear little daughter,—my dear little Madaline! You will remain willingly with your father here, or you will go willingly hence to your other Father?' She replied, 'Yes, my dear father, as God pleases.' 'Dear little child,' said Luther, 'thy spirit is willing, but thy flesh is weak.' He walked a long time up and down the room, and at length said, 'Yes, I have loved her well; if the flesh is strong, in what state will the spirit be?' He said, among other things, 'God has not bestowed so many gifts upon any bishop for a thousand years as upon me, for we ought to glorify God for his gifts. Ah! I am enraged at myself that I do not rejoice from my heart and

render thanks. I will sing from time to time a little song of praise to the Lord.'

"The night before the death of his daughter, Madaline, the Doctor's wife dreamt that there appeared to her two beautiful boys, well clothed, who wished to guide her daughter and take her in marriage. Philip Melancthon asked her—'What did you make of your daughter?' She told him her dream; at which he was greatly affected, and said to the others, 'The two boys are sacred angels, who have come to lead the virgin to the true wedlock of the celestial kingdom.' She died that very day.

"When little Madaline was in agony, and was nearly breathing her last, her father fell on his knees at her bedside, wept bitterly, and entreated God to save her. She expired in his arms. Her mother was happily in the same room, but at a little distance from her bed, on account of her affliction. Doctor Luther often exclaimed, 'God's will be done!—my daughter has still a Father in heaven.' Philip Melancthon observed to him, 'The love of parents is a divine image imprinted on the heart of man. God no less loves the human race than parents their children.' When they put her into the coffin, her father said, 'Poor dear little Madaline! behold thee now!' He looked at her, and said, 'Oh, dear infant! you will rise again; you will shine as a star; yes, as a sun. I am joyful in spirit, but I am sorrowful in the flesh. It is a marvellous thing to know that she is certainly in peace, and yet for me to be so sad.'

"During the Diet of Augsburg, Luther wrote the following letter to his son John, then about fourteen years of age. This letter is remarkable for its happy composition and its playful allusions. It is in itself a complete elucidation of Luther's domestic character.

"'Grace and peace to you in Jesus Christ, my dear little child. I perceive with pleasure that you are making good progress in your learning, and that you now give attention to your prayers. Continue to do so, my dear child, and when I return home I will give you beautiful things.

"'I know a lovely and smiling garden, full of children dressed in robes of gold, who play under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes. They sing, they leap, they are all joyful; there are also beautiful little ponies, with bridles of gold and saddles of silver. In passing through the garden, I asked a man what it meant, and who were the children. He replied, 'These are the children who love to pray and to learn, who are pious and good children.' I said to him, 'Dear friend, I have also a child, his name is little John Luther; might he not also come here, and eat these beautiful apples and pears, ride on these beautiful ponies, and play with the other children?' The man replied to me, 'If your child, your dear little John Luther, is wise, if he says his prayers, and learns willingly, he may come, and he may bring little Philip and James* along with him. He will here find fifes, drums, and other fine instruments to produce music; they will dance and amuse themselves with the cross-bow.' While I was speaking, the man pointed out to me, in the middle of the garden, a beautiful grass park where the children danced, and where the fifes, drums, and cross-bows were all lying. But it was morning; the children had not breakfasted, and I only waited till the dance commenced. I then said to the man, 'Dear Sir, I intend to write immediately to my dear little John, and I will tell him to be a good boy, to pray, and learn well, that he may be permitted to come to this garden. He has a dear little sister whom he loves much, her name is Madaline, may he bring her with him?' The man replied, 'Yes, tell him they may both come together.' Be wise, then, my dear little boy; tell Philip and James to be wise also, and you will all be allowed to visit and play in the beautiful garden. I commend my dear child to the protection of God. Salute Madaline, and give her a kiss for me. Your father who loves you, MARTIN LUTHER.'

"'19th June, 1530.'

* The sons of Philip Melancthon. Little is known of them, and it is supposed that they died in early life.

"He wrote to his friends at Wittemberg the following exquisitely humorous and satirical letter, during the sitting of the Diet of Augsburg:—

"'Grace and peace in Christ Jesus our Lord be with you, dear sirs and friends. I have received your letters, and understand from them how it fares with you all. That you may be aware how it fares with us, I hereby give you to know that we, namely, I, Master Veit, and Cyriac, do not go to the Diet at Augsburg; we are, however, here attending another diet.

"'For know, that just beneath our window is a rookery in a small wood, and there the rooks and jackdaws hold their diet. There is such a journeying to and fro, such a cry and clamour day and night, without any ceasing, as if they were all drunken, and old and young chatter all at once, that it is a marvel to me how voice and breath can so long hold it; and I would fain know whether in your parts you have any such like nobles and cavaliers. It seems to me that they are gathered together here from all the ends of the earth.'

"'Their emperor I have not seen, but their nobles and their great merchants are for ever strutting before our eyes, not, in truth, in very costly garments, but rather simply clad in one colour; they are all dressed in black; all are gray-eyed, and sing the same song, except with some pretty differences of old and young, great and small. They reck not of vast palace or stately hall, for their hall is roofed with the fair wide heaven. Their floor is the bare field, strewed with dainty green twigs, and its walls are as wide as the world's end. Nor do they require steed or harness: they have feathered wheels, wherewith they escape from the fire of their enemies, and avoid their rage. There are high and mighty lords amongst them; but what they resolve I know not. Thus much, however, have I gathered from an interpreter, that they have a mighty expedition in hand, and wage war against wheat, barley, oats, rye, and all manner of corn and grain; and herein will many win knighthood, and do great feats of arms. We also sit here in diet, and hear and see with great

pleasure and delight, how the princes and lords, together with the states of the empire, so joyously sing, and make good cheer. But especial joy have we when we see with how haughty an air they strut, clean their bills, and attack the defences, and how they gain conquest and glory against wheat and barley. We humbly salute them all, and wish that they were all well spitted on a hedge-stake together.

"'I hold, however, that they are most like to the sophists and papists with their preaching and writing; for I would fain have them all in a heap before me, that I may hear their sweet voices and preachings, and see how right useful a folk they are to consume all that the earth brings forth, and to while away the heavy time in chattering.

"'To-day we have heard the nightingale for the first time; for she would put no trust in April. It has been right glorious weather all day, nor has it rained, except yesterday a little. With you it is perchance otherwise. Herewith I commend you to God. Fare ye well. From the Diet of the Conturks.* —April 28, 1530.'

"The latter part of Luther's life was chiefly occupied in completing his version of the Scriptures, preaching, and composing tracts in opposition to the papal superstitions, and doctrinal or practical errors among the Protestants. His incessant and unremitting zeal brought upon him premature old age; and during the last years of his life his health and constitution were completely broken and enfeebled. 'His compositions,' observes a writer, "consisting chiefly of controversial tracts, commentaries on scripture, sermons, epistolary disquisitions, and narratives of the chief events of his life, are calculated by Seckendorf at the extraordinary number of eleven hundred and thirty-seven; and if to these be added the labours of his public duty, and the variety of his correspondence, some idea may be formed of his indefatigable application.' His seden-

* *Conturks*, a witty sobriquet which Luther gives to the crows, whose *Diet*, as he calls it, he humorously describes in the above letter.

tary occupations and mental excitement began now seriously to affect his health, which had hitherto been maintained by his remarkably temperate habits. His letters from this period are filled with statements of his ill health, feebleness, and desire for death."

NOTE 62, PAGE 341.

"Religion is the poetry and philosophy of all mankind; unites in itself whatever is most excellent in either; and while it at one and the same time calls into action, and supplies with the noblest materials, both the imaginative and the intellective faculties, superadds the interests of the most substantial and home-felt reality to both, to the poetic vision and the philosophic idea."—*Coleridge's Lay Sermon*, p. 394, 4th edition.

NOTE 63, PAGE 360.

"If we thoughtfully review the course of argument pursued, we shall rest in the following as our sum and ultimatum. The dialectic intellect, by exertion of its own powers exclusively, may enable us to affirm the reality of an absolute Being, generally. But here it stops. It can command neither insight nor conviction concerning the existence (or even the possibility) of the world as distinct and different from Deity. It finds itself constrained to confound the Creator with the creation; and then, cutting the knot it cannot solve, merges the latter in the former, and denies reality to all finite existence. But here the philosophizer is condemned to meet with his sure confutation in his own secret dissatisfaction, and is forced at length to shelter himself from his own importunate queries in the wretched evasion, that of Nothings no solution can be required. Wretched indeed, and weak as desperate! Nature herself—his own inevitable Nature—through every organ of sense, compels his own abused reason to reiterate the demand:—How and whence did this sterile Nothing split or multiply into *plurality?* Whence this portentous transnihilation of Nothing into Nothings? What,

above all, is that inward mirror, the human mind, in and for which these Nothings possess at least a relative existence? Or dost thou wait till, with a more bitter irony, Pain, and Anguish, and Remorse ask thee, Are WE, too, Nothings?

"O youthful reader! (for such the Friend dares anticipate) thou that in my mind's eye standest beside me, like my own youth! Fresh and keen as the morning hunter in the pursuit of truth, glad and restless in the feeling of mental growth! O learn early, that if the head be the light of the heart, the heart is the life of the head; yea, that consciousness itself—that consciousness of which all reasoning is the varied modification—is but the reflex of the conscience when most luminous; and too often a fatuous vapour, a warmthless bewildering mockery of light, exhaled from its corruption or stagnation. Mark the inevitable result of all *consequent* reasoning, when the intellect refuses to acknowledge a higher and deeper ground than itself can supply, and weens to possess within itself the centre of its own system! From Zeno the Eleatrice to Spinoza, and from Spinoza to Schelling, Oken, and the German '*Natur-philosophen*' of the present day, the result has been, and ever must be, PANTHEISM, under some one or other of its modes or disguises; and it is of awful importance to the speculative inquirer to be aware, that the seemliest of these modes differs from the most repulsive, not in its consequences, which in all alike are Atheistic, but only as far as it evinces the efforts of the individual to hide these consequences from his own consciousness.

"This, then, I again repeat, is our ultimate conclusion. All *speculative* disquisition must begin with *postulates*, authorized and substantiated by the conscience exclusively. From whatever point the reason may start, whether from the *things that are seen* to the One Invisible, or from the idea of the ABSOLUTE ONE to the *things that are seen*, it will in either case find a chasm, which the moral being, the *spirit* and the *religion* of man, can alone fill up or overbridge. 'THE LIFE IS THE LIGHT OF MAN;' and 'WE LIVE BY FAITH.'" — *Friend*, vol. iii. p. 263.

NOTE 64, PAGE 377.

"... But man is higher than his dwelling-place; he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, and pure as a tone, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountains of the future world gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below.

"So the inhabitant of polar regions looks into the long night in which there is no sun-rise; but at midnight he sees a light like the first rosy rays of dawn, gleaming on the highest mountain tops,—and he thinks of his long summer in which it never sets."—*Mrs. Austin, from Jean Paul.*

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